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THE

LECTURE-ROOM HYMN-BOOK:

CONTAINING THE

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER,

TOGETHER WITH

A CHOICE SELECTION OF ADDITIONAL HYMNS,

AND

AN APPENDIX

OF

Chants and Tunes suited for Congregational Use.

BY

REV. DUDLEY A. TYNG,
RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY, PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA:
MDCCCLV.

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PHILADELPHIA.

PREFACE.

THE feeling, that the hymns set forth in the Book of Common Prayer are not copious enough for all our necessities, more especially in social and family worship, widely prevails among men of all parties in our Church. Various attempts have been made to meet this want by publication of private selections of additional hymns. Some of these have been much commended and extensively used. Still, it has seemed to many that they could be improved upon in a new selection. Having long felt the want of such an one in his own prayer-meetings, the compiler of this book has at last ventured to undertake its preparation himself. The chief difficulty has been in the exclusion of familiar hymns to which many are deeply attached by association, but which are destitute of all poetic merit. But why should we go on singing *prose in rhyme*, when there are so many poetical hymns, equally instructive and devout, to be procured? Convinced that the pleasure and profit of this department of worship will be greatest where the poetic and devout sensibilities are awakened and moved in unison, the compiler started with the principle of admitting no hymn which could not be approved for poetry as well as piety. From all the hymn-books met with he has been obliged to winnow out a vast deal of chaff. As public taste improves, and more fine hymns are written, a higher rule of criticism will exclude much here retained: nevertheless, it is hoped that nothing here can offend a refined taste, and that every thing will be found conducive to pious affections. It is hoped, also, that the clergy will approve them for the informal services of the lecture-room and for Bible-classes, and that they will find a welcome at the family altar.

The current is beginning to set deep and strong for a restoration of congregational singing. To facilitate this, there has been prepared by able hands, at the request and with the oversight of a committee of clergymen, a Manual of Chants and Hymn tunes suitable for congregational use. As the pages harmonize, that Manual is bound up with these hymns as an Appendix. Suitable music for every hymn can thus be had without trouble, and also an admirable collection of chants. Every one acquainted with music can have the notes in view while singing. Thus, the style of singing in all our religious services can be greatly improved, and the delightful exercise of chanting be introduced into our social and domestic worship. With earnest prayer that it may be the means of enkindling and increasing devout affection in many hearts, the Lecture-Room Hymn-Book is now committed to the press.

D. A. T.

PHILADELPHIA, *Sept.* 14, 1855.

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

PSALMS OF DAVID

IN METRE;

WITH HYMNS,

SUITED TO THE

FEASTS AND FASTS OF THE CHURCH,

AND OTHER

OCCASIONS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1856.

By the Bishops, the Clergy, and the Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, in Convention, this twenty-ninth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two; this book of Psalms in Metre, selected from the Psalms of David, with Hymns, is set forth, and allowed to be sung in all congregations of the said Church, before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons, at the discretion of the minister.

And it shall be the duty of every minister of any church, either by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint the portions of Psalms which are to be sung.

And further, it shall be the duty of every minister, with such assistance as he can obtain from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his Church; and especially, it shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the Sanctuary.

C. Sherman. printer, Philad

SELECTIONS

FROM THE PSALMS OF DAVID IN METRE.

SELECTION 1. C. M.

From the i. Psalm of David.

HOW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk;

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted and dispersed
Like chaff before the wind.

5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their Judge's face;
No formal hypocrite shall then
Among the saints have place.

6 For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend:
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

SELECTION 2. C. M.

From the ii. Psalm of David.

THUS God declares his sovereign will:
"The King that I ordain,
Whose throne is fix'd on Sion's hill,
Shall there securely reign."

2 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree:
"Thou art my son, this day, my heir
Have I begotten thee.

3 "Ask, and receive thy full demands;
Thine shall the heathen be;
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possess'd by thee."

4 Learn then, ye princes; and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
Worship the Lord with holy fear;
Rejoice with awful mirth.

5 Appease the Son with due respect,
Your timely homage pay:
Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
Incensed by your delay.

6 If but in part his anger rise,
Who can endure the flame!
Then blest are they, whose hope relies
On his most holy Name.

SELECTION 3. C. M.

From the iii. Psalm of David.

THOU, gracious God, art my defence;
On thee my hopes rely:
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

2 Since whensoe'er, in my distress,
To God I made my prayer,

He heard me from his holy hill;
Why should I now despair?

3 Guarded by him, I lay me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.

4 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
He only can defend;
His blessing he extends to all
That on his power depend.

SELECTION 4. C. M.

From the iv. Psalm of David.

CONSIDER that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice;
And when to him I make my prayer,
He always hears my voice.

2 Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee every thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your hearts
And bend them to his will.

3 The sacrifice of righteousness
Present to God on high;
And let your hope, securely fix'd,
On him alone rely.

4 While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosperous times to see,
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

5 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More lasting and more true
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
Successively renew.

6 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest;

No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possess'd.

SELECTION 5. C. M.

From the v. Psalm of David.

REGARD my words, O gracious Lord,
Accept my secret prayer;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
And, with the dawning day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

3 Lord, I within thy house will come,
In thy abundant grace;
And I will worship in thy fear,
Toward thy most holy place.

4 Let those, O Lord, who trust in thee,
With shouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
And all that love thy Name.

5 To righteous men, the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend;
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

SELECTION 6. S. M.

From the vi. Psalm of David.

IN mercy, not in wrath,
Rebuke me, gracious God!
Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise,
I sink beneath thy rod.

2 Touch'd by thy quickening power,
My load of guilt I feel;
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclosed,
O let that Spirit heal.

3 In trouble and in gloom,
Must I forever mourn?
And wilt thou not, at length, O God,
In pitying love return?

4 O come, ere life expire,
Send down thy power to save;
For who shall sing thy Name in death,
Or praise thee in the grave?

5 Why should I doubt thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfil thy promised word,
And grant me all my prayer.

SELECTION 7. C. M.

From the viii. Psalm of David.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy Name!

2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

4 O, what is man, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

5 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordained with dignity and state
O'er all thy works to reign.

6 They jointly own his powerful sway:
The beasts that prey or graze;
The bird that wings its airy way;
The fish that cuts the seas.

7 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

SELECTION 8. C. M.

From the ix. Psalm of David.

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring;
Whilst to thy Name, O thou Most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.

3 The Lord forever lives, who has
His righteous throne prepared,
Impartial justice to dispense,
To punish or reward.

4 All those who have his goodness proved,
Will in his truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help relied.

5 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From Sion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

SELECTION 9. C. M.

From the xi. Psalm of David.

THE Lord a holy temple hath,
And righteous throne, above;

Whence he surveys the sons of men,
And how their counsels move.

2 If God the righteous, whom he loves,
For trial does correct,
What must the sons of violence,
Whom he abhors, expect!

3 Snares, fire, and brimstone, on their heads
Shall in one tempest shower;
This dreadful mixture his revenge
Into their cup shall pour.

4 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace,
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

SELECTION 10. C. M.

From the xiii. Psalm of David.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh! never to return?

2 O hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light;
Dawn on my spirit, lest I sleep
In death's most gloomy night.

3 Since I have always placed my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come; and then
My heart with joy shall spring.

4 Then shall my song, with praise inspired,
To thee, my God, ascend,
Who to thy servant in distress
Such bounty didst extend.

SELECTION 11. L. M.

From the xiv. Psalm of David.

THE Lord look'd down from heaven's high tower,
And all the sons of men did view,
To see if any own'd his power,
If any truth or justice knew;

2 But all, he saw, were gone aside,
All were degenerate grown, and base;
None took religion for their guide,
Not one of all the sinful race.

3 How will they tremble then for fear,
When his just wrath shall them o'ertake!
For to the righteous God is near,
And never will their cause forsake.

4 Oh, that from Sion he'd employ
His might, and burst th' oppressive band!
Then shouts of universal joy
Should loudly echo through the land.

SELECTION 12. C. M.

From the xv. Psalm of David.

LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair,
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

2 'Tis he who walketh uprightly,
Whom righteousness directs;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart rejects.

3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report
By malice whisper'd round.

4 Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;

And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect.
5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.
6 Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.
7 The man, who by this righteous course
Has happiness insured,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
By Providence secured.

SELECTION 13. C. M.

From the xvi. Psalm of David.

MY grateful soul shall bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give me light;
And private counsel still afford
In sorrow's dismal night.
2 I strive each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.
3 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Waked by his powerful voice.
4 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shall free;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
The least corruption see.
5 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

SELECTION 14.

From the xviii. Psalm of David.

PART I. L. M.

NO change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in thy mighty power:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad;
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

PART II. L. M.

THOU suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
To various paths of human kind;
They who for mercy merit praise,
With thee shall wondrous mercy find.

2 Thou to the just shalt justice show;
The pure thy purity shall see:
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.

3 That he the humble soul will save,
And crush the haughty's boasted might,
In me the Lord an instance gave,
Whose darkness he has turn'd to light.

4 Who then deserves to be adored,
But God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend?

5 Let the eternal Lord be praised,
The rock on whose defence I rest!
To highest heavens his Name be raised,
Who me with his salvation bless'd!

6 My God, to celebrate thy fame,
My grateful voice to heaven I'll raise;
And nations, strangers to thy Name,
Shall learn to sing thy glorious praise.

SELECTION 15.

From the xix. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

3 Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confined;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display;
Its bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

5 From east to west, from west to east,
His ceaseless course he goes;
And, through his progress, cheerful light
And vital warmth bestows.

PART II. C. M.

GOD's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.

3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd;

4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give:
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.

6 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God that know'st them all!

7 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preserved, I may
The great transgression flee.

8 So shall my prayer and praises be
With thy acceptance blest;
And I, secure on thy defence,
My strength and saviour, rest.

SELECTION 16. S. M.

From the xx. Psalm of David.

MAY Jacob's God defend
And hear us in distress;
Our succour from his temple send,
Our cause from Sion bless!

2 May he accept our vow,
Our sacrifice receive,
Our heart's devout request allow,
Our holy wishes give!

3 O Lord, thy saving grace
We joyfully declare:

Our banner in thy Name we raise—
"The Lord fulfil our prayer!"

4 Now know we that the Lord
His chosen will defend;
From heaven will strength divine afford,
And will their prayer attend.

5 Some earthly succour trust,
But we in God's right hand:
Lo! while they fall, so vain their boast,
We rise, and upright stand.

6 Still save us, Lord; and still
Thy servants deign to bless:
Hear, King of heaven, in times of ill,
The prayers that we address.

SELECTION 17.

From the xxii. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

MY God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
When I with anguish faint?
Oh! why so far from me removed,
And from my loud complaint?

2 Lo! I am treated like a worm,
Like none of human birth;
Not only by the great reviled,
But made the rabble's mirth.

3 With laughter, all the gazing crowd
My agonies survey;
They shoot the lip, they shake the head,
And thus deriding say:

4 "In God he trusted, boasting oft
That he was Heaven's delight;
Let God come down to save him now,
And own his favourite."

5 Withdraw not, then, so far from me,
When trouble is so nigh;

O send me help! thy help, on which
Alone I can rely.

PART II. C. M.

LIKE water is my life pour'd out,
My joints are out of frame;
My heart dissolves within my breast,
Like wax before the flame.

2 My strength is like a potsherd dried,
My tongue is parch'd with drought;
And to the dismal shades of death
My fainting soul is brought.

3 Like dogs, to compass me, my foes
In wicked counsel meet;
They pierced my inoffensive hands,
They pierced my harmless feet.

4 My body's rack'd, till all my bones
Distinctly may be told;
Yet such a spectacle of woe,
As pastime they behold.

5 As spoil, my garments they divide,
Lots for my vesture cast:
Therefore, O leave me not, my God,
But to my succour haste.

PART III. C. M.

LORD, to my brethren I'll declare
The triumphs of thy Name:
In presence of assembled saints,
Thy glory thus proclaim:

2 "Ye worshippers of Jacob's God,
All you of Israel's line,
O praise the Lord, and to your praise
Sincere obedience join.

3 "He ne'er disdain'd on low distress
To cast a gracious eye;
Nor turn'd from misery his face,
But hears its humble cry."

4 Thus in thy sacred courts, will I
My cheerful thanks express;
In presence of thy saints perform
The vows of my distress.
5 The meek companions of my grief
Shall find my table spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.
6 Then shall the glad converted world
To God their homage pay;
And scatter'd nations of the earth
One sovereign Lord obey.
7 'Tis his supreme prerogative
O'er all mankind to reign;
'Tis just that he should rule the world,
Who does the world sustain.
8 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
His bounty must confess;
The sons of want, by him relieved,
Their generous patron bless.
9 With humble worship to his throne
They all for aid resort;
That power, which first their being gave,
Alone can them support.
10 Then shall a chosen spotless race,
Devoted to his Name,
To their adoring sons his truth
And glorious acts proclaim.

SELECTION 18. C. M.

From the xxiii. Psalm of David.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.
2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;

Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

SELECTION 19. C. M.

From the xxiv. Psalm of David.

THE spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her fulness is;
The world, and they that dwell therein,
By sovereign right are his.
2 He framed and fix'd it on the seas;
And his almighty hand
Upon inconstant floods has made
The stable fabric stand.
3 But for himself, this Lord of all
One chosen seat design'd;
O who shall to that sacred hill
Deserved admittance find?
4 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.
5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall shower his blessings down;
Whom God, his Saviour, shall vouchsafe
With righteousness to crown.

6 Such is the race of saints, by whom
The sacred courts are trod;
And such the proselytes that seek
Thy face, O Jacob's God.

7 Erect your heads, eternal gates;
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory: see! he comes
With his celestial train.

8 Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord, for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

9 Erect your heads, ye gates; unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of glory: see! he comes
With all his shining train.

10 Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd;
Of glory he alone is King
Who is with glory crown'd.

SELECTION 20. S. M.

From the xxv. Psalm of David.

TO God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice:
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let thy foes rejoice.

2 Those who on thee rely,
Let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful lot of such
As wilfully offend.

3 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way:
For thou art he that brings me help,
On thee I wait all day.

4 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

5 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

6 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

7 He those in justice guides
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

8 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as, with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.

9 Since mercy is the grace
That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
And so advance thy Name.

10 Whoe'er, with humble fear,
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide,
In all his righteous ways.

11 For God to all his saints
His secret will imparts,
And does his gracious covenant write
In their obedient hearts.

12 To Israel's chosen race
Continue ever kind;
And, in the midst of all their wants,
Let them thy succour find.

SELECTION 21. C. M.

From the xxvi. Psalm of David.*

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
Of righteousness have trod;
I shall not fail, who all my trust
Repose on thee, my God.

2 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And round thine altar go;
Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence,
And thence thy wonders show.

3 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How thy renown excels;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which thine honour dwells.

SELECTION 22. C. M.

From the xxvii. Psalm of David.

WHOM should I fear, since God to me
Is saving health and light?
Since strongly he my life supports,
What can my soul affright?

2 Henceforth within his house to dwell
I earnestly desire;
His wondrous beauty there to view,
And of his will inquire.

3 For there I may with comfort rest,
In times of deep distress;
And safe, as on a rock, abide
In that secure recess.

4 When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise;

* Extract from the Journal of the General Convention, 1832.
Resolved, As the sense and declaration of this Convention, that so much of the rubrics in the Form of Consecration of a Church or Chapel as requires the singing of 'Psalm 26, verses 6, 7, and 8,' will hereafter be duly complied with by singing verses 2 and 3, in the selection from the 26th Psalm, included in the Psalms in Metre authorized by these resolutions to be set forth.

"Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
My grateful heart replies.
5 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
Nor me in wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.
6 Though all of nearest earthly ties,
Me, in my woe, forsake,
Yet thou, whose love excels them all,
Wilt care and pity take.
7 Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord,
My ways directly guide;
Lest sinful men, who watch my steps,
Should see me tread aside.
8 I trusted that my future life
Should with thy love be crown'd;
Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
With sorrow compass'd round.
9 God's time with patient faith expect,
Who will inspire thy breast
With inward strength: do thou thy part,
And leave to him the rest.

SELECTION 23. C. M.

From the xxviii. Psalm of David.

ADORED for ever be the Lord;
His praise I will resound,
From whom the cries of my distress
A gracious answer found.
2 He is my strength and shield; my heart
Has trusted in his Name;
And now relieved, my heart, with joy,
His praises shall proclaim.
3 The Lord, the everlasting God,
Is my defence and rock,
The saving health, the saving strength,
Of his anointed flock.

4 O save and bless thy people, Lord,
Thy heritage preserve;
Feed, strengthen, and support their hearts,
That they may never swerve.

SELECTION 24. L. M.

From the xxix. Psalm of David.

YE that in might and power excel,
Your grateful sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wondrous power to all declare.
2 To his great Name fresh altars raise;
Devoutly due respect afford;
Him in his holy temple praise,
Where he's with solemn state adored.
3 'Tis he that, with amazing noise,
The watery clouds in sunder breaks;
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When he from heaven in thunder speaks.
4 How full of power his voice appears!
With what majestic terror crown'd!
Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
And strews their scatter'd branches round.
5 God rules the angry floods on high;
His boundless sway shall never cease;
His saints with strength he will supply,
And bless his own with constant peace.

SELECTION 25. C. M.

From the xxx. Psalm of David.

IN my distress to God I cried,
Who kindly did relieve,
And from the grave's expecting mouth
My hopeless life retrieve.
2 O to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.

3 His wrath has but a moment's reign,
His favour no decay;
The night of grief is recompensed
With joy's returning day.

4 Therefore, O Lord, I'll gladly sing
Thy praise in grateful verse;
And as thy favours endless are,
Thy endless praise rehearse.

SELECTION 26. S. M.

From the xxxi. Psalm of David.

DEFEND me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in thee;
As just and righteous is thy Name,
From danger set me free.

2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
And speedy succour send;
Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
To shelter and defend.

3 To thee, the God of truth,
My life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'st me from my youth,)
I willingly resign.

4 My hope, my steadfast trust,
I on thy help repose:
That thou, my God, art good and just,
My soul with comfort knows.

5 Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

6 The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And, as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

7 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy Name,

Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim!

8 O all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue;
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.

9 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed;
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

SELECTION 27. L. M.

From the xxxii. Psalm of David.

HE'S blest, whose sins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.

2 No sooner I my wound disclosed,
The guilt that tortured me within,
But thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The harden'd sinner shall confound;
But them who in His truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

4 His saints, that have perform'd his laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

SELECTION 28.

From the xxxiii. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

LET all the just to God, with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet;
And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.

3 For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound:
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

4 By his almighty word, at first,
The heavenly arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.

5 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand:
For, when he spake the word, 'twas made,
'Twas fix'd at his command.

PART II. C. M.

WHATE'ER the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

2 How happy then are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known!
Whom he, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for his own.

3 Our soul on God with patience waits;
Our help and shield is he:
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee

4 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

SELECTION 29.

From the xxxiv. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his Name:
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

4 The Angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

5 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

PART II. C. M.

APPROACH, ye children of the Lord,
And my instruction hear;
I'll teach you the true discipline
Of his religious fear.

2 Let him who length of life desires,
And prosperous days would see,
From slandering language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free:

3 The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace, where 'tis begun,
And where 'tis lost, renew.

4 The Lord from heaven beholds the just
With favourable eyes;
And, when distress'd, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries:

5 But turns his wrathful look on those
Whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth
Blot out their evil name.

6 Deliverance to his saints he gives,
When his relief they crave;
He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
And contrite spirit save.

7 Great troubles may afflict the just,
Yet God will save them still;
The righteous he will keep from harm,
And guard from every ill.

8 The wicked, from their wickedness,
Their ruin shall derive;
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,
Shall them and theirs survive.

9 For God preserves the souls of those
Who on his truth depend;
To them, and their posterity,
His blessing shall descend.

SELECTION 30. L. M.

From the xxxvi. Psalm of David.

O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

2 Thy justice like the hills remains,
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;

Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 With thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day;
O let thy saints thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display.

SELECTION 31.

From the xxxvii. Psalm of David.

PART I. II. 2.

THOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state
Thy anger or thy envy raise;
For they, cut down like tender grass,
Or like young flowers away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.

2 Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want:
Make his commands thy chief delight;
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

3 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect every just design:
He'll make, like light, serene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
And as a mid-day sun to shine.

4 With quiet mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend,
Nor envy the success of crime:
For God will sinful men destroy;
While they his presence shall enjoy,
Who trust on him and wait his time.

PART II. II. 2.

THE good man's way is God's delight:
He orders all the steps aright
Of him that moves by his command;
Though he sometimes may be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
For God upholds him with his hand.

2 With caution shun each wicked deed,
In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy days:
For God, who judgment loves, does still
Preserve his saints secure from ill,
While soon the wicked race decays.

3 The upright shall possess the land,
His portion shall for ages stand;
His mouth with wisdom is supplied,
His tongue by rules of judgment moves,
His heart the law of God approves;
Therefore his footsteps never slide.

PART III. II. 2.

THE wicked I in power have seen,
And like a bay-tree fresh and green,
That spreads its pleasant branches round:
But he was gone as swift as thought;
And, though in every place I sought,
No sign or track of him I found.

2 Observe the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are;
Their roughest days in peace shall end:

While on the latter end of those
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.

3 God to the just will aid afford,
Their only safeguard is the Lord,
Their strength in time of need is he:
Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

SELECTION 32. C. M.

From the xxxviii. Psalm of David.

THY chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all;
Nor let on me the heavy storm
Of thy displeasure fall.

2 My sins, which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And for my feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.

3 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes
All my desires appear;
The groanings of my burden'd soul
Have reach'd thine open ear.

4 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
Nor far from me depart:
Make haste to my relief, O thou
Who my salvation art.

SELECTION 33. C. M.

From the xxxix. Psalm of David.

LORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end:
The numerous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.

2 My life, thou know'st, is but a span,
A cipher sums my years;

And every man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.
3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.
4 Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious cares attend?
On thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.
5 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer,
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.
6 O spare me yet a little time;
My wasted strength restore,
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more.

SELECTION 34. L.M.

From the xl. Psalm of David.

I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchsafed a kind reply;
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heaven my humble cry.
2 The wonders he for me has wrought
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;
And others, to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliverance raise.
3 For blessings shall that man reward,
Who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the proud with disregard,
And hates the hypocrite's disguise.
4 Who can the wondrous works recount
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought!
The treasures of thy love surmount
The power of numbers, speech, and thought.

5 I've learnt that thou hast not desired
Offerings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts required
For man's transgression to atone.

6 I therefore come—come to fulfil
The oracles thy books impart:
'Tis my delight to do thy will;
Thy law is written in my heart.

7 In full assemblies I have told
Thy truth and righteousness at large;
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips withhold
From uttering what thou gav'st in charge;

8 Nor kept within my breast confined
Thy faithfulness and saving grace:
But preach'd thy love, for all design'd,
That all might that and truth embrace.

9 Then let those mercies I declared
To others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy loving-kindness my reward,
Thy truth my safe protection be.

SELECTION 35. C. M.

From the xli. Psalm of David.

HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress'd!
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

2 The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.

3 If he, in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness lie;
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my prayer address'd:

"Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
Though I have much transgress'd"
5 Thy tender care secures my life
From danger and disgrace;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
Before thy glorious face.
6 Let therefore Israel's Lord and God
From age to age be bless'd;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amens express'd.

SELECTION 36. C. M.

From the xlii. Psalm of David.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?
3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn;
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?
5 My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid:
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
And where his promised aid?"
6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

SELECTION 37. II. 5.

From the xlii. Psalm of David.

AS pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling place.

2 Why throb, my heart? why sink, my saddening soul?
Why droop to earth, with various woes oppress'd?
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.

3 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day,
And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

4 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and love.

SELECTION 38. L. M.

From the xliii. Psalm of David.

LET me with light and truth be bless'd;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on Thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.

2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy;
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

SELECTION 39. C. M.

From the xlv. Psalm of David.

WHILE I the King's loud praise renearse,
Indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him
That writes with ready art.

2 How matchless is thy form, O King!
Thy mouth with grace o'erflows;
Because fresh blessings God on thee
Eternally bestows.

3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince;
And clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of power,
Majestic pomp display.

4 Ride on in state, and still protect
The meek, the just, and true;
Whilst thy right hand, with swift revenge,
Does all thy foes pursue.

5 How sharp thy weapons are to them
That dare thy power despise!
Down, down they fall, while through their heart
The piercing arrow flies.

6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd,
For ever to endure;
Thy sceptre's sway shall always last,
By righteous laws secure.

7 Because thy heart, by justice led,
Did upright ways approve,
And hated still the crooked paths,
Where wandering sinners rove:

8 Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
The oil of gladness shed;
And has, above thy fellows round,
Advanced thy lofty head.

SELECTION 40. II. 2.

From the xlvi. Psalm of David.

GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press,
In him, undaunted we'll confide;
Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

3 Submit to God's almighty sway,
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess:
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

SELECTION 41. L. M.

From the xlvii. Psalm of David.

O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God, the universal King.

2 He shall assaulting foes repel,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place were we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, his delight.

3 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpet's sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song rebound.

4 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For him who all the world commands;

Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

SELECTION 42. C. M.

From the xlviii. Psalm of David.

THE Lord, the only God, is great,
And greatly to be praised
In Sion, on whose happy mount
His sacred throne is raised.

2 In Sion we have seen perform'd
A work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come,
His city will uphold.

3 Let Sion's mount with joy resound;
Her daughters all be taught
In songs his judgments to extol,
Who this deliverance wrought.

4 Compass her walls in solemn pomp,
Your eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her towers, and see if there
You find one stone displaced.

5 Her forts and palaces survey,
Observe their order well;
That to the ages yet to come
His wonders you may tell.

6 This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in him confide;
Who, as he has preserved us now,
Till death will be our guide.

SELECTION 43.

From the l. Psalm of David.

PART I. II. 2.

THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
Hath sent his summons all abroad,
From dawning light till day declines:

The listening earth his voice hath heard,
And he from Sion hath appear'd
Where beauty in perfection shines.

2 Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstrued silence as before,
But wasting flames before him send;
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
Whilst he does heaven and earth engage
His just tribunal to attend.

3 Assemble all my saints to me,
(Thus runs the great divine decree,)
That in my lasting covenant live,
And offerings bring with constant care:
The heavens his justice shall declare,
For God himself shall sentence give.

PART II. II. 2.

ATTEND, my people; Israel, hear;
Thy strong accuser I'll appear;
Thy God, thine only God, am I:
'Tis not of offerings I complain,
Which, daily in my temple slain,
My sacred altar did supply.

2 The sacrifices I require
Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
And vows with strictest care made good:
In time of trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free,
And thou shalt praise thy gracious God.

3 Consider this, ye thoughtless men!
My vengeance shall not fall in vain,
And none will dare your cause to own:
Who praises me due honour gives;
And to the man that justly lives
My strong salvation shall be shown.

SELECTION 44. S. M.

From the li. Psalm of David.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd; and, though condemn'd,
Must own thy judgment right.

4 In guilt each part was form'd
Of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceived, and born
The heir of sin and shame.

5 Yet, Lord, thy searching eye
Does inward truth require;
And secretly with wisdom's laws
My soul thou wilt inspire.

6 With hyssop purge me, Lord,
And so I clean shall be:
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,
When purified by thee.

7 Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice;
That so the bones which thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.

8 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view:
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

9 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;

Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

10 The joy thy favour gives
Let me, O Lord, regain,
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

11 So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart;
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.

12 Could sacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds should die,
But on such offerings thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious eye.

13 A broken spirit is
By God most highly prized;
By him a broken, contrite heart
Shall never be despised.

14 Let Sion favour find,
Of thy good will assured;
And thy own city flourish long,
By lofty walls secured.

15 The just shall then attend,
And pleasing tribute pay;
And sacrifice of choicest kind
Upon thine altar lay.

SELECTION 45. C. M.

From the lv. Psalm of David.

GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the earth,
And listen when I pray;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
Thy glorious face away.

2 My heart is pain'd: the shades of death
Their terrors round me spread;
While fearful tremblings seize my breast
Horrors o'erwhelm my head.

3 And thus I breathe my heavy sigh
To him who hears above:
"O that my soul on wings could fly,
And emulate the dove!

4 "Swift I'd escape, and flee afar,
Some secret place to find,
Hide from the world's distracting care,
And rest my weary mind:

5 "I'd wing my everlasting flight,
Bidding the world farewell,
From sin and strife, to realms of light,
Where peace and quiet dwell."

6 Thus will I call on God, who still
Shall in my aid appear;
At morn, at noon, at night I'll pray,
And he my voice shall hear.

SELECTION 46. C. M.

From the lvi. Psalm of David.

LORD, though at times surprised by fear,
On danger's first alarm,
Yet still for succour I depend
On thy almighty arm.

2 God's faithful promise I shall praise,
On which I now rely;
In God I trust, and, trusting him,
The arm of flesh defy.

3 I'll trust God's word, and so despise
The force that man can raise;
To thee, O God, my vows are due,
To thee I'll render praise.

4 Thou hast retrieved my soul from death,
And thou wilt still secure
The life thou hast so oft preserved,
And make my footsteps sure:

5 That thus, protected by thy power,
I may thy light enjoy;
And in the service of my God
My lengthen'd days employ.

SELECTION 47. L. M.

From the lvii. Psalm of David.

O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

2 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute:
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

SELECTION 48. L. M.

From the lxii. Psalm of David.

MY soul, for help on God rely,
On him alone thy trust repose;
My rock and health will strength supply,
To bear the shock of all my foes.

2 God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send;
He is my fortress and defence,
On him my soul shall still depend.

3 In him, ye people, always trust;
Before his throne pour out your hearts:
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

4 The Lord has oft his will express'd,
And I this truth have fully known;
To be of boundless power possess'd,
Belongs of right to God alone.

5 Though mercy is his darling grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight;
Yet he will all the human race
According to their works requite.

SELECTION 49. II. 2.

From the lxiii. Psalm of David.

O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning prayers shall offer'd be,
For thee my thirsty soul does pant;
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
As in a dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 O, to my longing eyes once more,
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays:
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore his Name:
As with its choicest food supplied,
My soul shall be full satisfied,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
And when I wake in dead of night;
Because thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

SELECTION 50.

From the lxv. Psalm of David.

PART I. L. M.

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 Thou, who to every humble prayer
Dost always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives!
'Tis there abundantly we taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

PART II. L. M.

LORD, from thy unexhausted store,
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground;
Makes lands, that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.

2 On rising ridges down it pours,
And every furrow'd valley fills:
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle showers,
In which a blest increase distils.

3 Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
The fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

4 They drop on barren deserts, changed
By them to pastures fresh and green:
The hills about, in order ranged,
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

5 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs; the valleys bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
And seem, for joy, to shout and sing.

SELECTION 51.

From the lxvi. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

LET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his Name,
And spread his glorious praise.

2 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works, art thou!
To thy great power thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forced to bow.

3 Through all the earth, the nations round
Shall thee their God confess;
And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great Name express.

4 O come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own
That he to all the sons of men
Has wondrous judgment shown.

5 O all ye nations, bless our God,
And loudly speak his praise;
Who keeps our souls alive, and stil
Confirms our steadfast ways.

PART II. C. M.

MY offerings to God's house I'll bring,
And there my vows will pay,
Which I with solemn zeal did make
In trouble's dismal day.

2 O come, all ye that fear the Lord,
Attend with heedful care,
Whilst I what God for me has done
With grateful joy declare.

3 As I before his aid implored,
So now I praise his Name;
But, if my heart to sin incline,
My prayer will God disclaim.

4 But God to me, whene'er I cried,
His gracious ear did bend,
And to the voice of my request
With constant love attend.

5 Then bless'd for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my soul,
Nor turns his face away.

SELECTION 52. S. M.

From the lxvii. Psalm of David.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine:

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

4 O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

6 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;

And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless power.

SELECTION 53. L. M.

From the lxviii. Psalm of David.

THE servants of Jehovah's will
His favour's gentle beams enjoy;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
And cheerful songs their tongues employ.

2 To him your voice in anthems raise,
Jehovah's awful name he bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

3 His chariots numberless, his powers
Are heavenly hosts, that wait his will;
His presence now fills Sion's towers,
As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.

4 Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow
Thy gifts and graces freely shed.

5 E'en rebels shall partake thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place,
And all the world pay homage there.

6 For benefits each day bestow'd,
Be daily his great Name adored,
Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the sovereign Lord.

SELECTION 54.

From the lxix. Psalm of David.

PART I. L. M.

SAVE me, O God, from waves that roll
And press to overwhelm my soul:
With painful steps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'erflow my head.

2 O Lord, to thee I will repair
For help, with humble, timely prayer;
Relieve me from thy mercy's store,
Display thy truth's preserving power.

3 From threatening dangers me relieve,
And from the mire my feet retrieve;
From all my foes in safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging deep.

4 Lord, hear the humble prayer I make,
For thy transcending goodness' sake;
Relieve thy supplicant once more
From thy abounding mercy's store.

5 Reproach and grief have broke my heart;
I look'd for some to take my part,
To pity, or relieve my pain;
But look'd, alas! for both in vain.

6 With hunger pined, for food I call,
Instead of food they give me gall;
And when with thirst my spirits sink,
They give me vinegar to drink.

7 For new afflictions they procured
For him, who had thy stripes endured;
And made the wounds thy scourge had torn,
To bleed afresh with sharper scorn.

PART II. L. M.

MY soul, howe'er distressed and poor,
Thy strong salvation shall restore:
Thy power with songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy Name.

2 Our God shall this more highly prize
Than herds or flocks in sacrifice;
Which humble saints with joy shall see,
And hope for like redress with me.

3 For God regards the poor's complaint,
And frees the captive from restraint:

Let heaven, earth, sea, their voices raise,
And all the world resound his praise.

SELECTION 55. C. M.

From the lxxi. Psalm of David.

IN thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame:
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy Name.

2 Be thou my strong abiding-place,
To which I may resort:
Thy promise, Lord, is my defence,
Thou art my rock and fort.

3 My steadfast and unchanging hope,
Shall on thy power depend;
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.

4 Thy righteous acts and saving health
My mouth shall still declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summ'd with utmost care.

5 While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.

6 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my youth,
To praise thy glorious Name;
And ever since, thy wondrous works
Have been my constant theme.

7 Therefore, with psaltery and harp,
Thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise.

8 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful soul, by thee redeem'd,
Shall in thy strength rejoice.

SELECTION 56. C. M.

From the lxxii. Psalm of David.

LO! hills and mountains shall bring forth
The happy fruits of peace;
Which all the land shall own to be
The work of righteousness:

2 While David's Son our needy race
Shall rule with gentle sway;
And from their humble neck shall take
Oppressive yokes away.

3 In every heart thy awful fear
Shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure,
Or time itself shall last.

4 He shall descend like rain, that cheers
The meadow's second birth;
Or like warm showers whose gentle drops
Refresh the thirsty earth.

5 In his blest days the just and good
Shall spring up all around:
The happy land shall every where
With endless peace abound.

6 His uncontroll'd dominion shall
From sea to sea extend;
Begin at proud Euphrates' stream,
At nature's limits end.

7 To him the savage nations round
Shall bow their servile heads;
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust,
Where he his conquest spreads.

8 The kings of Tarshish and the isles
Shall costly presents bring;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Saba's king.

9 To him shall every king on earth
His humble homage pay;

And differing nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.

10 For he shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry;
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

11 For him shall constant prayer be made,
Through all his prosperous days:
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.

12 The memory of his glorious Name
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

13 In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bless'd,
And his unbounded happiness
By every tongue confess'd.

14 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears:
Who only wondrous in his works
Beyond compare, appears.

15 Let earth be with his glory fill'd,
For ever bless his Name;
Whilst to his praise the listening world
Their glad assent proclaim.

SELECTION 57. L. M.

From the lxxiii. Psalm of David.

THY presence, Lord, hath me supplied,
Thou my right hand support dost give;
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,
And then to glory me receive.

2 Whom then in heaven, but thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none,
Compared with thee, that I desire.

3 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

4 For they that far from thee remove
Shall into sudden ruin fall;
If after other gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

5 But as for me, 'tis good and just
That I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wondrous works declare.

SELECTION 58. C. M.

From the lxxiv. Psalm of David.

THINE is the cheerful day, O Lord;
Thine the return of night;
Thou hast prepared the glorious sun
And every feebler light.

2 By thee the borders of the earth
In perfect order stand;
The summer's warmth and winter's cold
Attend on thy command.

SELECTION 59. IV. 1.

From the lxxvi. Psalm of David.

THE Name of our God
In Israel is known;
His mansion beloved
Is Sion alone:
There broke he the arrows
The enemy hurl'd,
And honour'd his mountain
Above all the world.

2 The pride of thy foes
Is turn'd to thy praise;
Their fierceness o'erruled
Thy providence sways;

Their sin overflowing
Thy power will restrain ·
Thy arm on the wicked
New glory will gain.

3 Ye nations, to God
Vow homage sincere ;
Devote to him gifts,
Love, worship, and fear :
Before him, ye mighty,
Your spirits repress ;
Ye high, and ye humble,
His wonders confess !

SELECTION 60. C. M.

From the lxxviii. Psalm of David.

HEAR, O my people ; to my law
Devout attention lend ;
Let the instruction of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.

2 My tongue shall oracles proclaim
Which ancient times have known ;
The truths which our forefathers' care
To us has handed down.

3 We will not hide them from our sons,
Our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength
Has works of wonder wrought.

4 For Jacob he his law ordain'd,
His league with Israel made ;
With charge to be from age to age,
From race to race, convey'd ;

5 That generations yet to come
Should to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to theirs.

6 To teach them that in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;

That they should ne'er his works forget,
But keep his just commands.

SELECTION 61. L. M.

From the lxxx. Psalm of David.

O THOU whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy suffering people pray,
And to their prayers have no return?

2 Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's land,
And, casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with thine own right hand,
And firmly fix it in their place.

3 Before it thou prepared'st the way,
And mad'st it take a lasting root,
Which, bless'd with thy indulgent ray,
O'er all the land did widely shoot.

4 The hills were cover'd with its shade,
Its goodly boughs did cedars seem;
Its branches to the sea were spread,
And reach'd to proud Euphrates' stream.

5 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray,
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;
From heaven, thy throne, this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.

6 Behold the vineyard made by thee,
Which thy right hand did guard so long;
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

SELECTION 62. C. M.

From the lxxxi. Psalm of David.

TO God, our never-failing strength,
With loud applauses sing:

And jointly make a cheerful noise
To Jacob's awful King.

2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy;
Let psalteries and tuneful harps
Your grateful skill employ.

3 Let trumpets at the festival
Their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The solemn day of praise.

4 For this a statute was of old,
Which Jacob's God decreed
To be with pious care observed,
By Israel's chosen seed.

SELECTION 63. C. M.

From the lxxxiv. Psalm of David.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face!

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 The birds, more happy far than I,
Around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.

4 O Lord of hosts, my king and God,
How highly bless'd are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

5 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made,
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead!

6 Who pass through parch'd and thirsty vales,
Yet no refreshment want;
Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou
At their request dost grant.
7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near;
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear.
8 Within thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any other place
A thousand days to spend.
9 Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.
10 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.
11 Thou, God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly bless'd is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Are still reposed on thee.

SELECTION 64. C. M.

From the lxxxv. Psalm of David.

O GOD our Saviour, all our hearts
To thy obedience turn;
That, quench'd with our repenting tears,
Thy wrath no more may burn.
2 For why shouldst thou be angry still,
And wrath so long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
Thy wonted comfort gain.
3 Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,
Which we have long implored;

And, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Thy wonted aid afford.

4 God's answer patiently I'll wait;
For he with glad success,
If they no more to folly turn,
His mourning saints will bless.

5 To all that fear God's holy Name
His sure salvation's near;
His glory in our happy land
For ever shall appear.

6 For mercy now with truth is join'd;
And righteousness with peace,
Like kind companions, absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.

7 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heaven
Shall streams of justice pour;
And God, from whom all goodness flows,
Shall endless plenty shower.

8 Before him righteousness shall march,
And his just paths prepare;
While we his holy steps pursue
With constant zeal and care.

SELECTION 65. C. M.

From the lxxxvi. Psalm of David.

TO my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, distress'd and destitute
Of all relief but thine.

2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy Name adore;
Thy servant keep, and him whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.

3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.

4 Thou, Lord, art good; nor only good,
  But prompt to pardon, too;
  Of plenteous mercy to all those
  Who for thy mercy sue.

5 To my repeated humble prayer,
  O Lord, attentive be;
  When troubled, I on thee will call,
  For thou wilt answer me.

6 Among the gods there's none like thee,
  O Lord, alone divine!
  To thee as much inferior they,
  As are their works to thine.

7 Therefore their great Creator, thee
  The nations shall adore;
  Their long misguided prayers and praise
  To thy bless'd Name restore.

8 All shall confess thee great, and great
  The wonders thou hast done;
  Confess thee God, the God supreme,
  Confess thee God alone.

9 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
  From truth shall ne'er depart;
  In reverence to thy sacred Name
  Devoutly fix my heart.

10 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
  Praise thee with heart sincere;
  And to thy everlasting Name
  Eternal trophies rear.

11 Thy boundless mercy shown to me
  Transcends my power to tell;
  For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
  From lowest deeps of hell.

12 And thou thy constant goodness didst
  To my assistance bring;
  Of patience, mercy, and of truth
  Thou everlasting spring!

SELECTION 66. II. 3.

From the lxxxvii. Psalm of David.

GOD'S temple crowns the holy mount,
The Lord there condescends to dwell:
His Sion's gates, in his account,
Our Israel's fairest tents excel:
Yea, glorious things of thee we sing,
O city of th' Almighty King!

2 Of honour'd Sion we aver,
Illustrious throngs from her proceed;
Th' Almighty shall establish her,
And shall enrol her holy seed:
Yea, for his people he shall count
The children of his favour'd mount.

3 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
Who celebrate his matchless praise;
Who, here in hallelujahs skill'd,
In heaven their harps and hymns shall raise:
O Sion, seat of Israel's King,
Be mine to drink thy living spring!

SELECTION 67. L. M.

From the lxxxviii. Psalm of David.

GOD of my life, O Lord most high,
To thee by day and night I cry;
Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear,
To my distress incline thine ear.

2 Like those whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead;
Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
For thee no more remembrance have.

3 Wilt thou by miracle revive
The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive?
Shall the mute grave thy love confess,
A mouldering tomb thy faithfulness?

4 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn,
My prayer prevents the early morn:

Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsafed a gracious look?
5 Companions dear, and friends beloved,
Far from my sight thou hast removed:
God of my life, O Lord most high,
Vouchsafe to hear my mournful cry!

SELECTION 68. L. M.

From the lxxxix. Psalm of David.

THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn, my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.
2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last;
Thy truth, that does the heavens sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.
3 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice:
"With David I a league have made;
To him, my servant, and my choice,
By solemn oath this grant convey'd:
4 "While earth, and seas, and skies endure,
Thy seed shall in my sight remain;
To them thy throne I will ensure,
They shall to endless ages reign."
5 For such stupendous truth and love,
Both heaven and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.
6 What seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
Or who among the gods of earth
With our Almighty Lord compare?
7 With reverence and religious dread,
His saints should to his temple press;
His fear through all their hearts should spread
Who his almighty Name confess.

8 Lord God of armies, who can boast
Of strength or power like thine renown'd!
Of such a numerous, faithful host,
As that which does thy throne surround?

9 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
And change the prospect of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll;
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

10 In thee the sovereign right remains
Of earth and heaven; thee, Lord, alone,
The world, and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.

11 Thine arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign;
Possess'd of absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.

12 Happy, thrice happy, they who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound;
Who may at festivals appear,
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.

13 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy sacred Name rely;
And, in thy righteousness employ'd,
Above their foes be raised on high.

14 For in thy strength they shall advance,
Whose conquests from thy favour spring:
The Lord of hosts is our defence,
And Israel's God our Israel's King.

SELECTION 69.

From the xc. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

O LORD, the saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or th' earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wast the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word, 'Return,'
'Tis instantly obey'd.

4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams:—
At first we grow like grass, that feels
The sun's reviving beams;

6 But howsoever fresh and fair
Its morning beauty shows,
'Tis all cut down, and wither'd quite,
Before the evening close.

7 We by thine anger are consumed,
And by thy wrath dismay'd;
Our public crimes and secret sins
Before thy sight are laid.

8 Beneath thine anger's sad effects
Our drooping days we spend;
Our unregarded years break off,
Like tales that quickly end.

9 Our term of time is seventy years,
An age that few survive:
But if, with more than common strength,
To eighty we arrive—

10 Yet then our boasted strength decays,
To sorrow turn'd and pain:
So soon the slender thread is cut,
And we no more remain.

PART II. C. M.

BUT who thine anger's dread effects
Does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,
As more or less we fear.

2 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

3 O to thy servants, Lord, return,
And speedily relent:
As we of our misdeeds, do thou
Of our just doom repent.

4 To satisfy and cheer our souls,
Thy early mercy send;
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend.

5 To all thy servants, Lord, let this
Thy wondrous work be known;
And to our offspring yet unborn,
Thy glorious power be shown.

6 Let thy bright rays upon us shine,
Give thou our work success;
The glorious work we have in hand
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

SELECTION 70.

From the xci. Psalm of David.

PART I. II. 2.

HE that has God his guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide:
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

2 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence;
He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

3 No terrors that surprise by night
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day,
Nor plague of unknown rise, that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills
That in the burning noon-tide slay.

4 Because, with well-placed confidence,
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
Thy refuge, even God most high;
Therefore no ill on thee shall come,
Nor to thy heaven-protected home
Shall overwhelming plagues draw nigh.

PART II. III. 3.

GOD shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep:
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

2 On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.

4 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

SELECTION 71. C. M.

From the xcii. Psalm of David.

HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His Name to magnify!

2 With every morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate;
And of his constant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat!

3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalteries join'd;
And to the harp with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd.

4 For through thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

5 How wondrous are thy works, O Lord!
How deep are thy decrees!
Whose winding tracks in secret laid
No careless sinner sees.

6 He little thinks, when wicked men,
Like grass, look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-lived splendour must
For ever pass away.

7 But thou, my God, art still most high;
And all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might securely sin,
Shall be o'erwhelm'd with woes.

8 But righteous men, like rising palms,
Shall grow and flourish still;
Thy flock shall spread like cedars choice
On Lebanon's high hill.

9 These, planted in the house of God,
Within his courts shall thrive;

Their vigour and their lustre both
Shall in old age revive.

10 Thus will the Lord his justice show;
And God, my strong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world
Impartially dispense.

SELECTION 72. L. M.

From the xciii. Psalm of David.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely stablish'd is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

SELECTION 73.

From the xciv. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

SAY ye, the Lord shall not regard,
Shall not your sins discern?
Take heed, ye foolish and unwise;
When will ye wisdom learn?

2 Can he be deaf who form'd the ear,
Or blind, who framed the eye?
Shall earth's great Judge not punish those
Who his known will defy?

3 He fathoms all the hearts of men,
To him their thoughts lie bare;
His eye surveys them all, and sees
How vain their counsels are.

PART II. C. M.

BLESS'D is the man whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.

2 This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress;
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.

3 For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

4 The world shall yet confess thee just
In all that thou hast done;
And those that choose thy upright ways
Shall in those paths go on.

5 Long since had I in silence slept,
But that the Lord was near,
To stay me when I slipp'd; when sad,
My troubled heart to cheer.

6 My soul's defence is firmly placed
In God, the Lord most high:
He is my rock, to which I may
For refuge always fly.

SELECTION 74. L. M.

From the xcv. Psalm of David.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his Name belongs:

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
A King superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to his empire lies.

5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his;
'Twas made by his almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.

6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

7 For he's our God, our shepherd he,
His flock and pasture-sheep are we:
O then, ye faithful flock, to-day
His warning hear, his voice obey.

SELECTION 75. II. 8.

From the xcvi. Psalm of David.

SING to the Lord a new-made song;
Let earth, in one assembled throng,
Her common Patron's praise resound:
Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crown'd:
To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

2 He's great, and greatly to be praised;
In majesty and glory raised

Above all other deities;
For pageantry and idols all
Are they whom gods the heathen call;
He only rules who made the skies:
With majesty and honour crown'd,
Glory and strength his throne surround.

3 Be glory then to him restored
By all who have false gods adored:
Ascribe due honour to his Name,
Peace-offerings on his altar lay,
Before his throne your homage pay,
Which he, and he alone can claim:
To worship at his sacred court,
Let all the trembling world resort.

4 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore:
Let therefore heaven new joys confess,
And heavenly mirth let earth express,
Its loud applause the ocean roar,
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

5 For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring,
And tuneful harmonies awake:
Behold! in truth and justice clad,
God comes to judge the world he made,
And to himself his throne to take:
He's come, to judge the world he's come
With justice to reward and doom.

SELECTION 76. L. M.

From the xcvii. Psalm of David.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the lands, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Judgment and righteousness are made
The habitation of his seat.

3 For thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthroned;
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art own'd.

4 Ye who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem;
He'll keep his servants' souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

5 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just;
And gladness for the heart that's right,
To recompense its pious trust.

6 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

SELECTION 77. C. M.

From the xcviii. Psalm of David.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm,
The conquest he has won.

2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.

3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remotest parts the power
Of Israel's God have seen.

4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,

And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.

5 With harp and hymn's soft melody,
Into the concert bring
The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,
Before th' almighty King.

6 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
With all that seas contain;
The earth and her inhabitants
Join concert with the main.

7 Let floods and torrents clap their hands,
With joy their homage pay;
Let echoing vales, from hill to hill,
Redoubled shouts convey:

8 To welcome down the world's great Judge,
Who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity,
Both to reward and doom.

SELECTION 78. C. M.

From the xcix. Psalm of David.

JEHOVAH reigns; let therefore all
The guilty nations quake:
On cherubs' wings he sits enthroned;
Let earth's foundations shake.

2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
His palace makes her towers;
And thence his sovereignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly powers.

3 Let therefore all with praise address
His great and dreadful Name;
And with his unresisted might,
His holiness proclaim.

4 For truth and justice, in his reign,
Of strength and power take place;
His judgments are with righteousness
Dispensed to Jacob's race.

5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
Before his footstool fall;
And with his unresisted might
His holiness extol.

6 With worship at his sacred courts
Exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is,
Alone should be adored.

SELECTION 79. L. M.

From the c. Psalm of David.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his Name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

SELECTION 80.

From the cii. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

WHEN I pour out my soul in prayer
Do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.

2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress;

Incline thine ear, and, when I call,
My sorrows soon redress.
3 My days, just hastening to their end,
Are like an evening shade;
My beauty does, like wither'd grass,
With waning lustre fade.
4 But thine eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste;
The memory of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

PART II. C. M.

GOD shall arise, and Sion view
With an unclouded face:
For now her time is come, his own
Appointed day of grace.
2 The Name and glory of the Lord
All heathen kings shall fear,
When he shall Sion build again,
And in full state appear.
3 For God, from his abode on high,
His gracious beams display'd;
The Lord from heaven, his lofty throne,
Hath all the earth survey'd.
4 That they, in Sion, where he dwells,
Might celebrate his fame,
And through the holy city sing
Loud praises to his Name.

PART III. C. M.

THE strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands, O Lord, the arch of heaven
With wondrous skill have made.
2 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away;
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay.

3 Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
To thy command they bend;
But thou continuest still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.

4 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt lasting quiet give;
Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
Shall in thy presence live.

SELECTION 81. L. M.

From the ciii. Psalm of David.

MY soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy Name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

3 He with good things thy mouth supplies,
Thy vigour eagle-like restores;
He to the sufferer promptly flies,
Who, wrong'd, his righteous help implores.

4 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

5 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.

6 As high as heaven its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

7 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins removed;

Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear him always loved.

8 For God, who all our frame surveys,
Considers that we are but clay;
How fresh soe'er we seem, our days
Like grass or flowers must fade away.

9 Whilst they are nipp'd with sudden blasts
Nor can we find their former place,
God's faithful mercy ever lasts
To those that fear him, and their race.

10 This shall attend on such as still
Proceed in his appointed way;
And who not only know his will,
But to it just obedience pay.

11 The Lord, the universal King,
In heaven has fix'd his lofty throne:
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength his power is shown.

12 Ye that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred will,
Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.

13 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord; and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

SELECTION 82. S. M.

From the ciii. Psalm of David.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy Name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.

3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 He feeds thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And, like the eagle's, he renews
The vigour of thy youth.

5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, his love proclaim;
Let all that is within me, join
To bless his holy Name.

SELECTION 83.

From the civ. Psalm of David.

PART I. L. M.

BLESS God, my soul; thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds,
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.

3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.

4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill;
They have their sundry tasks assign'd,
All prompt to do their sovereign's will.

5 In praising God while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ;
And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere, as in him is my joy.

PART II. L. M.

HOW various, Lord, thy works are found,
For which thy wisdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

2 All creatures, both of sea and land,
In sense of common want agree;
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms from thee.

3 They gather what thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide;
Thou op'st thy hand, the universe,
The craving world, is all supplied.

4 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
The numerous ranks of creatures mourn;
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
Decay, and to their dust return.

5 Again thou send'st thy spirit forth,
Inspiring vital energies;
Nature's restored; replenish'd earth,
Joyous, her new creation sees.

6 Thus through successive ages stands
Firm fix'd thy providential care;
Pleased with the work of thine own hands,
Thou dost the waste of time repair.

SELECTION 84. II. 3.

From the civ. Psalm of David.

HOW manifold thy works, O Lord,
In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought!
The earth is with thy riches stored,
And ocean with thy wonders fraught:
Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
For thee their hidden treasures keep.

2 By thee alone the living live,—
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly;

They gather what thy seasons give,—
Take thou away their breath, they die;
But send again thy spirit forth,
And life renews the gladden'd earth.

3 Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
Yet to destruction they return;
He looks upon the earth, it quakes,—
Touches the mountains, and they burn:
But God for ever is the same;
Glory to his eternal Name!

SELECTION 85. C. M.

From the cv. Psalm of David.

O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord,
Invoke his sacred Name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

3 Rejoice in his almighty Name,
Alone to be adored;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.

4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

5 The wonders that his hands have wrought
Keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous statutes of his mouth,
And laws to us assign'd.

SELECTION 86. L. M.

From the cvi. Psalm of David.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;

Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity!
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine!

6 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His Name eternally confess'd;
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens, Praise ye the Lord!

SELECTION 87.

From the cvii. Psalm of David.

PART I. III. 1.

MAGNIFY Jehovah's Name;
For his mercies ever sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let his ransom'd flock rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:—

4 To the Lord their God they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear:

5 Them to pleasant lands he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where, from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

PART II. C. M.

THY wondrous power, Almighty Lord,
That rules the boisterous sea,
The bold adventurers record,
Who tempt that dangerous way.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
While they astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 Dismay'd they climb the watery hills,
Dismay'd they plunge again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears their loud request,
He calms the fierce tempestuous skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

5 Rejoicing, they forget their fears,
They see the storm allay'd:
The wish'd-for haven now appears;
There let their vows be paid!

6 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!

And those who see his wondrous ways,
His wondrous love record!

SELECTION 88. C. M.

From the cviii. Psalm of David.

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy Name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.

3 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell,
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell;

4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world with one consent,
Confess thy glorious Name.

SELECTION 89. H. 2.

From the cx. Psalm of David.

THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake:
"Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
Sit thou in state at my right hand:
Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
And all thy proud opposers see
Subjected to thy just command.

2 "Thee, in thy power's triumphant day,
The willing people shall obey;
And, when thy rising beams they view,

Shall all, (redeem'd from error's night,)
Appear more numerous and bright
Than crystal drops of morning dew."
3 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchisedech's, thy reign
And priesthood shall no period see:
Anointed Prince! thou, bending low,
Shalt drink where darkest torrents flow,
Then raise thy head in victory!

SELECTION 90. L. M.

From the cxi. Psalm of David.

PRAISE ye the Lord! our God to praise
My soul her utmost power shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.
2 His works, for greatness though renown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.
3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.
4 By precepts he hath us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record
That good and gracious is our Lord.
5 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants' wants supplied;
And he will ever keep in mind
His covenant with our fathers sign'd.
6 Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands,
By truth and equity sustain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.
7 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree,

For ever to remain the same:
Holy and reverend is his Name.

8 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin:
Immortal praise and heavenly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

SELECTION 91. L. M.

From the cxii. Psalm of David.

THAT man is bless'd who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.

2 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
To pity the distress'd inclined,
As well as just to all mankind.

3 His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs
He saves by prudence in affairs.

4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground:
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

SELECTION 92. II. 2.

From the cxiii. Psalm of David.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his Name record;
His sacred Name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great Name address.

2 God through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:

With him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heavens in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion of the greatest there.

SELECTION 93. C. M.

From the cxv. Psalm of David.

LORD, not to us, we claim no share,
But to thy sacred Name
Give glory, for thy mercy's sake,
And truth's eternal fame.

2 Why should the heathen cry, "Where's now
The God whom ye adore?"
Convince them that in heaven thou art,
And uncontroll'd thy power.

3 O Israel, make the Lord your trust,
Who is your help and shield;
Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,
Who only help can yield.

4 Let all who truly fear the Lord
On him they fear rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.

5 Of us he oft has mindful been,
And Israel's house will bless;
Priests, Levites, proselytes, e'en all
Who his great Name confess.

6 On you, and on your heirs, he will
Increase of blessings bring:
Thrice happy you, who favourites are
Of this almighty King!

7 Heaven's highest orb of glory he
His empire's seat design'd;
And gave this lower globe of earth
A portion to mankind.
8 They who in death and silence sleep
To him no praise afford;
But we will bless for evermore
Our ever-living Lord.

SELECTION 94. C. M.

From the cxvi. Psalm of David.

MY soul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is possess'd,
Because the Lord vouchsafed to hear
The voice of my request.
2 Since he has now his ear inclined,
I never will despair;
But still in all the straits of life
To him address my prayer.
3 With deadly sorrows compass'd round,
With pains of hell oppress'd,
When troubles seized my aching heart,
And anguish rack'd my breast,—
4 On God's almighty Name I call'd,
And thus to him I pray'd;
"Lord, I beseech thee save my soul,
With sorrows quite dismay'd."
5 How just and merciful is God,
How gracious is the Lord;
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford.
6 Then, free from pensive cares, my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest;
For God has wondrously to thee
His bounteous love express'd.
7 When death alarm'd me, he removed
My dangers and my fears;

My feet from falling he secured,
And dried my eyes from tears.

8 Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I, in praises to his Name,
And in his service, spend.

9 In God I trusted, and of him
Did boast in greatest fear;
Though in my trouble I exclaim'd,
All men are insincere.

10 O what return to God shall I
For all his goodness make?
I'll praise his Name, and with glad zeal
The cup of blessing take.

11 I'll pay my vows among his saints,
Whose blood (howe'er despised
By wicked men) in God's account
Is always highly prized.

12 To thee I'll offerings bring of praise;
And while I bless thy Name,
The just performance of my vows
To all thy saints proclaim.

13 They in Jerusalem shall meet,
And in thy house shall join
To bless thy Name with one consent,
And mix their songs with mine.

SELECTION 95. C. M.

From the cxvii. Psalm of David.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise;
Let all, inspired with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay:
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

SELECTION 96. C. M.

From the cxviii. Psalm of David.

O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay;
That his kind favours ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.

2 Their sense of his eternal love
Let Aaron's house express;
And that it never fails, let all
That fear the Lord confess.

3 Far better 'tis to trust in God,
And have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greatest human power
For safety to depend.

4 The Lord has been my help; the praise
To him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my strength,
He only claims my songs.

5 Joy fills the dwelling of the just,
Whom God has saved from harm;
For wondrous things are brought to pass
By his almighty arm.

6 He, by his own resistless power,
Has endless honour won;
The saving strength of his right hand
Amazing works has done.

7 God will not suffer me to fall,
But still prolongs my days;
That by declaring all his works,
I may advance his praise.

8 When God had sorely me chastised,
Till quite of hopes bereaved,
His mercy from the gates of death
My fainting life reprieved.

9 Then open wide the temple gates
To which the just repair,

That I may enter in, and praise
My great Deliverer there.

10 Within those gates of God's abode
To which the righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
Thy holy Name I'll bless.

11 That which the builders once refused
Is now the corner-stone:
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.

12 This day is God's; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice:
"Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice."

13 Him that approaches in God's name
Let all th' assembly bless;—
"We that belong to God's own house
Have wish'd you good success."

14 God is the Lord, through whom we all
Both light and comfort find;
Fast to the altar's horns with cords
The chosen victim bind.

15 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy Name;
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.

16 O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

SELECTION 97.

From the cxix. Psalm of David.

PART I. ALEPH. C. M.

HOW bless'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way;

Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!

2 How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been;
And have, with fervent humble zeal,
His favour sought to win.

3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside;
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!

6 Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free;
Convinced, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill,
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learn'd thy will.

8 So to thy sacred laws shall I
Entire observance pay:
O then forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away!

PART II. BETH. C. M.

HOW shall the young preserve their way
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.

2 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succour pray;
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray!

3 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies,
To succour me with timely aid
When sinful thoughts arise.

4 Secured by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy Name;
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame!

5 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal,
To others have declared
How well the judgments of thy mouth
Deserve our best regard.

6 Whilst in the way of thy commands,
More solid joy I found,
Than had I been with vast increase
Of envied riches crown'd.

7 Therefore thy just and upright laws
Shall always fill my mind;
And those sound rules which thou prescrib'st,
Entire respect shall find.

8 To keep thy statutes undefaced
Shall be my constant joy;
The strict remembrance of thy word
Shall all my thoughts employ.

PART III. GIMEL. C. M.

BE gracious to thy servant, Lord;
Do thou my life defend,
That I according to thy word
My time to come may spend.

2 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern

The wondrous things, which they behold,
Who thy just precepts learn.

3 My fainting soul is almost pined,
With earnest longing spent,
While always on the eager search
Of thy just will intent.

4 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud,
Whom still thy curse pursues;
Since they to walk in thy right ways
Presumptuously refuse.

5 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and shame remove;
For I thy sacred laws affect
With undissembled love.

6 For thy commands have always been
My comfort and delight;
By them I learn with prudent care
To guide my steps aright.

PART IV. DALETH. C. M.

MY soul, oppress'd with deadly care,
Close to the dust doth cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
Thy promised aid receive.

2 To thee I still declared my ways,
And thou inclin'dst thine ear;
O teach me then my future life
By thy just laws to steer!

3 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
And by their guidance walk,
The wondrous works which thou hast done
Shall be my constant talk.

4 But see, my soul within me sinks,
Press'd down with weighty care;
Do thou, according to thy word,
My wasted strength repair.

5 Far, far from me, be all false ways
And lying arts removed;
But kindly grant I still may keep
The path by thee approved.

6 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
My happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
Before me always laid.

7 My care has been to make my life
With thy commands agree;
O then preserve thy servant, Lord,
From shame and ruin free!

8 So in the way of thy commands
Shall I with pleasure run;
And, with a heart enlarged with joy,
Successfully go on.

PART V. HE. C. M.

INSTRUCT me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.

2 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

4 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

5 From those vain objects turn mine eyes,
Which this false world displays;

But give me lively power and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.

6 Confirm the promise of thy word,
And give thy servant aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred laws
Is awfully afraid.

7 The censure and reproach I fear,
In mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the judgments thou ordain'st
Are full of grace and love.

8 Thou know'st how after thy commands
My longing heart does pant;
O then make haste to raise me up,
And promised succour grant!

PART VI. VAU. C. M.

THY constant blessing, Lord, bestow,
To cheer my drooping heart;
To me, according to thy word,
Thy saving health impart.

2 So shall I, whosoe'er upbraids,
This ready answer make;
"In God I trust, who never will
His faithful promise break."

3 Then let not quite the word of truth
Be from my mouth removed;
Since still my ground of steadfast hope,
Thy judgments, Lord, have proved.

4 So I to keep thy righteous laws
Will all my study bend;
And constantly my time to come,
In their observance spend.

5 My soul shall gladly walk at large,
From all oppression free,
Since I resolve to make my life
With thy commands agree.

6 My longing heart and ravish'd soul
Shall both o'erflow with joy,
When in thy loved commandments I
My happy hours employ.
7 Then will I to thy holy laws
Lift up my willing hands;
My care and business then shall be
To study thy commands.

PART VII. ZAIN. C. M.

ACCORDING to thy promised grace,
Thy favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the word on which
Thy servant's hopes depend.
2 That only comfort in distress
Did all my griefs control;
Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round,
Revived my fainting soul.
3 Thy judgments then, of ancient date,
I quickly call'd to mind,
Till, ravish'd with such thoughts, my soul
Did speedy comfort find.
4 Thy Name, that cheer'd my heart by day,
Has fill'd my thoughts by night:
I then resolved by thy just laws
To guide my steps aright.
5 That peace of mind, which has my soul
In deep distress sustain'd,
By strict obedience to thy will
I happily obtain'd.

PART VIII. CHETH. C. M.

O LORD, my God, my portion thou
And sure possession art;
Thy words I steadfastly resolve
To treasure in my heart.
2 With all the strength of warm desire
I did thy grace implore;—

Disclose, according to thy word,
Thy mercy's boundless store.

3 With deep reflection and strict care
On all my ways I thought;
And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths,
My wandering steps I brought.

4 Prolonging not the time, my soul
Resolved without delay
To watch, that I might never more
From thy commandments stray.

5 To such as fear thy holy Name
Myself I closely join;
To all who their obedient wills
To thy commands resign.

6 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
Abundantly is shed:
O grant that I may truly learn
Thy sacred paths to tread.

PART IX. TETH. C. M.

WITH me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord;
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
According to thy word.

2 Teach me the sacred skill by which
Right judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands
Have steadfastly remain'd.

3 Before affliction stopp'd my course,
My footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplined
Thy precepts to obey.

4 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
And all thou dost is so;
On me, thy statutes to discern,
Thy saving skill bestow.

5 'Tis good for me that I have felt
  Affliction's chastening rod,
That I may duly learn and keep
  The statutes of my God.
6 The law that from thy mouth proceeds
  Of more esteem I hold
Than richest mines, than thousand mines
  Of silver and of gold.

PART X. JOD. C. M.

TO me, who am the workmanship
  Of thy almighty hands,
The heavenly understanding give
  To learn thy just commands.
2 My preservation to thy saints
  Strong comfort will afford,
To see success attend my hopes,
  Who trusted in thy word.
3 That right thy judgments are, I now
  By sure experience see;
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,
  Thou hast afflicted me.
4 O let thy tender mercy now
  Afford me needful aid;
According to thy promise, Lord,
  To me, thy servant, made!
5 To me thy saving grace restore,
  That I again may live;
Whose soul can relish no delight
  But what thy precepts give.
6 In thy blest statutes let my heart
  Continue always sound;
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,
  May never me confound.

PART XI. CAPH. C. M.

MY soul with long expectance faints
  To see thy saving grace;

Yet still on thy unerring word
My confidence I place.

2 My very eyes consume and fail
With waiting for thy word;
O when wilt thou thy kind relief
And promised aid afford?

3 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,
My drooping heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous statutes I
My life's whole course may steer.

PART XII. LAMED. C. M.

FOR ever and for ever, Lord,
Unchanged thou dost remain;
Thy word, establish'd in the heavens,
Does all their orbs sustain.

2 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
Immoveable shall stand,
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st
By thine almighty hand.

3 All things the course by thee ordain'd
E'en to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.

4 Unless thy sacred law had been
My comfort and delight,
I must have fainted and expired
In dark affliction's night.

5 Thy precepts therefore from my thoughts
Shall never, Lord, depart;
For thou by them hast to new life
Restored my dying heart.

6 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
But thy commandments, like thyself,
No change or period know.

PART XIII. MEM. C. M.

THE love that to thy laws I bear
No language can display;
They with fresh wonders entertain
My raptured thoughts all day.

2 My feet with care I have refrain'd
From every sinful way,
That to thy sacred word I might
Entire obedience pay.

3 I have not from thy judgments stray'd,
By vain desires misled;
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me
Thy righteous paths to tread.

4 How sweet are all thy words to me;
O what divine repast!
How much more grateful to my soul
Than honey to my taste!

5 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I
With heavenly skill am blest;
Through which the treacherous ways of sin
I utterly detest.

PART XIV. NUN. C. M.

THY word is to my feet a lamp,
The way of truth to show;
A watch-light, to point out the path
In which I ought to go.

2 I've vow'd, and from my covenant, Lord,
Will never start aside,
That in thy righteous judgments I
Will steadfastly abide.

3 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.

4 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.
5 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey;
And, till my course of life is done,
Shall keep thine upright way.

PART XV. SAMECH. C. M.

DECEITFUL thoughts and practices
I utterly detest;
But to thy law affection bear
Too great to be express'd.
2 My hiding-place, my refuge-tower,
And shield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.
3 Away from me, ye wicked men,
Approach not my abode;
For firmly I resolve to keep
The precepts of my God.
4 According to thy gracious word,
From danger set me free;
Nor make me of those hopes ashamed,
That I repose on thee.

PART XVI. AIN. C. M.

MINE eyes, alas! begin to fail,
In long expectance held;
Till thy salvation they behold
And righteous word fulfill'd.
2 To me, thy servant in distress,
Thy wonted grace display,
And discipline my willing heart
Thy statutes to obey.
3 On me, devoted to thy fear
Thy sacred skill bestow,

That of thy testimonies I
The full extent may know.
4 Thy laws and precepts I account
In all respects divine;
They teach me to discern the right,
And all false ways decline.

PART XVII. PE. C. M.

THE wonders which thy laws contain,
No words can represent;
Therefore to learn and practise them
My zealous heart is bent.
2 The very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness
To simplest minds conveys.
3 With eager hopes I waiting stood,
And fainting with desire,
That of thy wise commands I might
The sacred skill acquire.
4 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest Name adore.
5 Directed by thy heavenly word
Let all my footsteps be;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.
6 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine:
Thy statutes both to know and keep
My heart with zeal incline.

PART XVIII. TSADDI. C. M.

THOU art the righteous Judge, in whom
Wrong'd innocence may trust;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,
In all respects are just.

2 Most just and true those statutes were
Which thou didst first decree;
And all with faithfulness perform'd
Succeeding times shall see.

3 Lord, each neglected word of thine,
Howe'er by men despised,
Is pure, and for eternal truth
By me, thy servant, prized.

4 Thy righteousness shall then endure
When time itself is past;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth
Which shall for ever last.

5 Though trouble, anguish, doubts, and dread,
To compass me unite;
Beset with danger, still I make
Thy precepts my delight.

6 Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give:
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

PART XIX. KOPH. C. M.

WITH my whole heart to God I call'd—
Lord, hear my earnest cry;
And I thy statutes to perform
Will all my care apply.

2 Again more fervently I pray'd—
O save me, that I may
Thy testimonies fully know,
And steadfastly obey!

3 My earlier prayer the dawning day
Prevented, while I cried
To him upon whose faithful word
My hope alone relied.

4 Lord, hear my suplicating voice,
And wonted favour show;

O quicken me, and so approve
Thy judgments ever true!
5 Concerning thy divine commands
My soul has known, of old
That they were true, and shall their truth
To endless ages hold.

PART XX. RESCH. C. M.

CONSIDER my affliction, Lord,
And me from bondage draw;
Think on thy servant in distress,
Who ne'er forgets thy law.
2 Defend my cause, and me to save
Thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me
According to thy word.
3 From harden'd sinners thou remov'st
Salvation far away;
'Tis just thou shouldst withdraw from them
Who from thy statutes stray.
4 Since great thy tender mercies are
To all who thee adore;
According to thy judgments, Lord,
My fainting hopes restore.
5 Consider, O my gracious God,
How I thy precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with beams
Of mercy from above;
6 As from the birth of time thy truth
Has held through ages past,
So shall thy righteous judgments firm
To endless ages last.

PART XXI. SCHIN. C. M.

THY sacred word my joyful breast
With heavenly rapture warms;
Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war,
Have such transporting charms.

2 Perfidious practices and lies
I utterly detest;
But to thy laws affection bear
Too vast to be express'd.

3 Seven times a day, with grateful voice,
Thy praises I resound,
Because I find thy judgments all
With truth and justice crown'd.

4 Secure, substantial peace have they
Who truly love thy law;
No smiling mischief them can tempt,
Nor frowning danger awe.

5 For thy salvation I have hoped,
And, though so long delay'd,
With cheerful zeal and anxious care
All thy commands obey'd.

6 Thy testimonies I have kept,
And constantly obey'd,
Because the love I bore to them
Thy service easy made.

7 From strict observance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew;
Convinced that my most secret ways
Are open to thy view.

PART XXII. TAU. C. M.

TO my request and earnest cry
Attend, O gracious Lord;
Inspire my heart with heavenly skill,
According to thy word.

2 Let my repeated prayer at last
Before thy throne appear;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.

3 Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,

When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,
And taught me thy just ways.

4 My tongue the praises of thy word
Shall thankfully resound;
For thy commands are right, thy laws
With truth and justice crown'd.

5 Let thy almighty arm appear,
And bring me timely aid;
For I the laws thou hast ordain'd
My heart's free choice have made.

6 My soul has waited long to see
Thy saving grace restored;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
Thy heavenly laws, afford.

7 Prolong my life, that I may sing
My great Restorer's praise;
Whose justice, from the depths of woe,
My fainting soul shall raise.

8 Though like a sheep that's lost I've stray'd,
And from thy ways declined,
Do thou, O Lord, thy servant seek,
Who keeps thy laws in mind.

SELECTION 98. C. M.

From the cxxi. Psalm of David.

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

2 He will not let thy foot be moved,
Thy guardian will not sleep;
Behold, the God who slumbers not
Will favour'd Israel keep.

3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

4 From common accidents of life
The Lord shall guard thee still;
'Tis even he that shall preserve
Thy soul from every ill.

5 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

SELECTION 99. C. M.

From the cxxii. Psalm of David.

O 'TWAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day!

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged
Like her united towers.

3 'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His Name with praise and prayer.

4 O, ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

5 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.

6 For my dear brethern's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray—May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

7 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,

For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

SELECTION 100. C. M.

From the cxxiv. Psalm of David.

HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
On Israel's side engaged,
The foe had quickly swallow'd us,
So furiously he raged.

2 Had not the Lord himself vouchsafed
To check his fierce control,
The adversary's dreary flood
Had overwhelm'd our soul.

3 But praised be our eternal Lord,
Who left us not his prey;
The snare is broke, his rage disarm'd,
And we again are free.

4 Secure in God's almighty Name
Our confidence remains;
The God who made both heaven and earth
Of both sole monarch reigns.

SELECTION 101. C. M.

From the cxxv. Psalm of David.

WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her immoveably be fix'd
By his almighty hand.

2 Look how the hills on every side
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.

3 Be good, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous deeds affect;
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.

4 All those who walk in crooked paths,
The Lord shall soon destroy;

Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

SELECTION 102. C. M.

From the cxxvii. Psalm of David.

WE build with fruitless cost unless
The Lord the pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain.

2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

3 Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labours with success,
Their nights with safe repose.

SELECTION 103. C. M.

From the cxxviii. Psalm of David.

THE man is bless'd that fears the Lord,
Nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confined with care
To his appointed ways.

2 He shall upon the sweet returns
Of his own labour feed;
Without dependence live, and see
His wishes all succeed.

3 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus;
Him Sion's God shall bless,
And grant him all his days to see
Jerusalem's success.

SELECTION 104. S. M.

From the cxxx. Psalm of David.

FROM lowest depths of woe,
To God I sent my cry;

Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.
2 Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can their trial bear?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.
3 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.
4 My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.
5 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows:
6 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

SELECTION 105. III. 1.

From the cxxxi. Psalm of David.

LORD, for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be:
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.
2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be seal'd.
3 Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all his ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

SELECTION 106. C. M.

From the cxxxii. Psalm of David.

O WITH due reverence let us all
To God's abode repair;
And, prostrate at his footstool fall'n,
Pour out our humble prayer.

2 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that, not only with thy ark,
But with thy presence bless'd.

3 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,
Make thou thy saints rejoice;
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy anointed's voice.

4 Fair Sion does, in God's esteem,
All other seats excel;
His place of everlasting rest,
Where he desires to dwell.

5 Her store th' Almighty will increase,
Her poor with plenty bless;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
His saving health confess.

SELECTION 107. C. M.

From the cxxxiii. Psalm of David.

HOW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love.

2 True love is like the precious oil,
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly fragrance shed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's favour'd hill.

4 For Sion is the chosen seat
Where the Almighty King
The promised blessing has ordain'd,
And life's eternal spring.

SELECTION 108. C. M.

From the cxxxiv. Psalm of David.

BLESS God, ye servants, that attend
Upon his solemn state;
That in his temple's hallow'd courts
With humble reverence wait.

2 Within his house lift up your hands
And bless his holy Name:
From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord
Who earth and heaven didst frame.

SELECTION 109. C. M.

From the cxxxv. Psalm of David.

O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his Name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

2 Praise him, all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care;
With those that to his outmost courts
With humble zeal repair.

3 For God his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes;
And Israel's offspring for his own
Most valued treasure takes.

4 That God is great, we often have
By glad experience found;
And seen how he, with wondrous power,
Above all gods is crown'd.

5 For he, with unresisted strength,
Performs his sovereign will,
In heaven and earth, and watery stores
That earth's deep caverns fill.

6 Their just returns of thanks to God
Let grateful Israel pay;
Nor let anointed Aaron's race
To bless the Lord delay.

7 Their sense of his unbounded love
Let Levi's house express;
And let all those who fear the Lord,
His Name for ever bless.

8 Let all with thanks his wondrous works
In Sion's courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
Exalt his holy Name.

SELECTION 110. II. 4.

From the cxxxvi. Psalm of David.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2 To him, whose wondrous power
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
Your grateful homage pay;
For God &c.

3 By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heavens by his command
Were to perfection brought:
For God &c.

4 He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land;
And bade the rising ground
Above the waters stand:
For God &c.

5 By him the heavens display
Their numerous hosts of light;
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars, by night:
For God &c.

6 He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought;
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought:
For God &c.

7 He does the food supply
On which all creatures live:
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give:
For God will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

SELECTION 111. L.M

From the cxxxvii. Psalm of David.

WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
And Sion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that wither'd there.

3 O Salem, our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move.

4 If I to mention thee forbear,
Perpetual silence be my doom;
Or if my chiefest joy compare
With thee, Jerusalem, my home!

SELECTION 112. C. M.

From the cxxxviii. Psalm of David.

WITH my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praise I will proclaim;
Before the mighty I will sing,
And bless thy holy Name.

2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat,
And, with thy love inspired,
The praises of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admired.

3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear,
When I to thee did cry;
And, when my soul was press'd with fear,
Didst inward strength supply.

4 For God, although enthroned on high,
Does thence the poor respect;
The proud, far off, his scornful eye
Beholds with just neglect.

5 Though I with troubles am oppress'd,
He shall my foes disarm,
Relieve my soul when most distress'd,
And keep me safe from harm.

6 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Shall fix my happy state;
And mindful of his favours past,
Shall his own work complete.

SELECTION 113. L. M.

From the cxxxix. Psalm of David.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways:
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.

3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
O skill for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

4 From thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,
What hiding-place does earth afford?
O where can I thy influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run?

5 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthroned in light;
If to the world unseen, my God,
There also hast thou thine abode.

6 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main;
E'en there, in earth's remotest land,
I still should find thy guiding hand.

7 Or, should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night,
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

8 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

9 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
My reins and every vital part:
I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came
A work of such a wondrous frame.

10 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That since this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

11 Far sooner could I reckon o'er
The sands upon the ocean's shore;
Each morn, revising what I've done,
I find th' account but new begun.

12 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

SELECTION 114. C. M.

From the cxli. Psalm of David.

LORD, in thy sight, O let my prayer
Like morning incense rise;
My lifted hands accepted be
As evening sacrifice.

2 From hasty language curb my tongue,
And let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips
With wary silence barr'd.

3 From wicked men's designs and deeds
My heart and hands restrain;
Nor let me share their evil works,
Or their unrighteous gain.

4 Let upright men reprove my faults,
And I shall think them kind;
Like healing oil upon my head
I their reproof shall find.

SELECTION 115. C. M.

From the cxliii. Psalm of David.

LORD, hear my prayer, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth
A gracious answer send.

2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried;
For in thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.

3 To thee my hands in humble prayer
I fervently stretch out;
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
Like land oppress'd with drought.

4 Hear me with speed, my spirit fails,
Thy face no longer hide,
Lest I become forlorn, like them
That in the grave reside.

5 Thy kindness early let me hear,
Whose trust on thee depends;
Teach me the way where I should go,
My soul to thee ascends.

6 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes
Preserve and set me free;
A safe retreat, a hiding place,
My soul implores from thee.

7 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
My soul in thy right way.

8 O, for the sake of thy great Name,
Revive my drooping heart;
For thy truth's sake, to me distress'd
Thy saving health impart.

SELECTION 116. L. M.

From the cxliv. Psalm of David.

LORD, what's in man, that thou should'st love
Of him such tender care to take?
What in his offspring could thee move
Such great account of him to make?

2 The life of man does quickly fade,
His thoughts but empty are and vain,
His days are like a flying shade,
Of whose short stay no signs remain.

3 To thee, almighty King of kings,
In new-made hymns my voice I'll raise;

And instruments of many strings
Shall help me to adore and praise.

SELECTION 117.

From the cxlv. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

THEE I will bless, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy Name.

2 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be praised;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge raised.

3 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future time extends;
From age to age thy glorious Name
Successively descends.

4 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wondrous works express,
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great power confess.

5 The praise that to thy love belongs
They shall with joy proclaim;
Thy truth of all their grateful songs
Shall be the constant theme.

6 The Lord is good; fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

7 Thy love through earth extends its fame,
To all thy works express'd;
These show thy praise, whilst thy great Name
Is by thy servants bless'd.

8 They, with a glorious prospect fired,
Shall of thy kingdom speak;

And thy great power, by all admired,
Their lofty subject make.

9 God's mighty works of ancient date
Shall thus to all be known;
And thus his kingdom's glorious state
In all its splendour shown.

10 His steadfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself outlast.

PART II. C. M.

THE Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food supplies.

2 Whate'er their various wants require,
With open hand he gives;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of every thing that lives.

3 How holy is the Lord, how just,
How righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
For his assistance prays!

4 He grants the full desires of those
Who him with fear adore;
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they his aid implore.

5 The Lord preserves all those with care
Whom grateful love employs;
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,
In justice he destroys.

6 My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame;
And all mankind, with one consent,
For ever bless his Name.

SELECTION 118. III. 3.

From the cxlv. Psalm of David.

GOD, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy Name;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.

2 Honour great our God befitteth;
Who his majesty can reach?
Age to age his works transmitteth,
Age to age his power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all thy glory,
On thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of thy dread acts the story,
And thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All his works his goodness prove.

6 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
Thee shall all thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

7 They thy might, all might excelling,
Shall to all mankind make known;
And the brightness of thy dwelling,
And the glories of thy throne.

8 Ever, God of endless praises,
Shall thy royal might remain;
Evermore thy brightness blazes,
Ever lasts thy righteous reign.

9 Them that fall the Lord protecteth,
He sustains the bow'd and bent:

Every eye from thee expecteth,
Fix'd on thee, its nourishment.
10 Thou to all, great God of nature,
Giv'st in season due their food;
Spread'st thy hand, and every creature
Satisfiest still with good.
11 God is just in all he doeth,
Kind is he in all his ways;
He his ready presence showeth,
When a faithful servant prays.
12 Who sincerely seek and fear him,
He to them their wish will give;
When they call, the Lord will hear them,
He will hear them, and relieve.
13 From Jehovah all who prize him
Shall his saving health enjoy:
All the wicked who despise him,
He will in their sin destroy.
14 Still, Jehovah, thee confessing,
Shall my tongue thy praise proclaim;
And may all mankind with blessing
Ever hail thy holy Name.

SELECTION 119. C. M.

From the cxlvi. Psalm of David.

O PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his Name:
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.
2 On princes, on the sons of men,
Let none for aid rely;
They cannot help, they turn to dust,
And all their counsels die.
3 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes;
Who still, with well-placed hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

4 The Lord, who made both heaven and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

5 The poor, oppress'd, from all their wrongs
Are eased by his decree;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the prisoners free.

6 By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

7 The strangers he preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats;
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.

8 The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King:
From age to age his reign endures;
Let all his praises sing.

SELECTION 120. II. 2.

From the cxlvi. Psalm of David.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I place in man my trust?
E'en princes die and turn to dust,
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,

And earth, and seas, with all their train;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
His truth for ever stands secure,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind,
He sends the righteous strength and peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And to the prisoner grants release.

5 God shall the wicked overturn,
On them his wrath shall ever burn,
Sinners shall perish in their ways:
Sion! the God thy sons adore,
He, he is king for evermore;
The Lord thy God for ever praise!

SELECTION 121.

From the cxlvii. Psalm of David.

PART I. C. M.

O PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise his holy Name.

2 His holy city God will build,
Though levell'd with the ground;
Bring back his people, though dispersed
Through all the nations round.

3 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
And all their wounds does close;
He tells the number of the stars,
Their several names he knows.

4 Great is the Lord, and great his power,
His wisdom has no bound;
The meek he raises, and throws down
The wicked to the ground.

5 To God the Lord, a hymn of praise
With grateful voices sing;
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each warbling string.

6 He covers heaven with clouds, and thence
Refreshing rain bestows;
And on the mountains, through his care,
The grass in plenty grows.

7 His care the beasts that loosely range
With timely food supplies;
He feeds the ravens' tender brood,
And stops their hungry cries.

8 The Lord to him that fears his Name
His tender love extends;
To him that on his boundless grace
With steadfast hope depends.

9 Let Sion and Jerusalem
To God their praise address;
Whose strength secures their lasting gates,
Who does their children bless.

PART II. L. M.

JEHOVAH speaks: swift from the skies
To earth the sovereign mandate flies;
The elements confess their Lord,
With prompt obedience to his word;

2 The thick descending flakes of snow
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw;
And glittering frost o'er all the plains
Binds nature fast in icy chains.

3 He speaks: the ice and snow obey,
And nature's fetters melt away;
Softly the vernal breezes blow,
And murmuring waters freely flow.

4 But nobler works his grace record;
To Israel he reveals his word;

To them, his chosen flock, alone,
He makes his sacred precepts known.

5 Such bliss no heathen nation shares,
His oracles are only theirs:
Let Israel then their voices raise,
And bless their God in songs of praise.

SELECTION 122. II. 4.

From the cxlviii. Psalm of David.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy Name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last,
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4 Let earth her tribute pay:
Praise him, ye dreadful whales,
And fish that through the sea
Glide swift with glittering scales;

Fire, hail, and snow,
And misty air,
And winds that where
He bids them blow.

5 By hills and mountains, all
In grateful concert join'd;
By cedars stately tall,
And trees for fruit design'd;
By every beast,
And creeping thing,
And fowl of wing,
His Name be blest.

6 Let all of highest birth,
With those of humbler name,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim:
In this design,
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children, join.

7 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise;
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

8 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high;
And favour's Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh:
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise!

SELECTION 123. IV. 1.

From the cxlix. Psalm of David.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing;
In their great Creator
Let Israel rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great Name
Extol in their songs,
With hearts well attuned
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
To hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation
The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorn'd,
His people shall sing
To God, who their heads
With safety doth shield;
Such honour and triumph
His favour shall bring:
O therefore, for ever
All praise to him yield!

SELECTION 124. L. M.

From the cl. Psalm of David.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heaven, where he his face,
Unveil'd, in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound:
Praise him with harp's melodious noise
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.

4 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
To well-tuned cymbals, and to those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

5 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord!

END OF THE SELECTIONS OF PSALMS IN METRE.

HYMNS,

SUITED TO THE

FEASTS AND FASTS OF THE CHURCH,

AND OTHER

OCCASIONS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1856.

HYMNS.

I. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 1. C. M.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

HYMN 2. C. M.

FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

II. CREATION.

HYMN 3. C. M.

GREAT first of beings! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame!
Produced by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
'Twas instantly obey'd:

And through thy goodness all things stand
Which by thy power were made.

3 Lord, for thy glory shine the whole;
They all reflect thy light:
For this, in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds the night.

4 For this, the sun dispenses heat
And beams of cheering day;
And distant stars, in order set,
By night thy power display.

5 For this, the earth its produce yields,
For this, the waters flow;
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.

6 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end;
That all we think, and all we do,
Shall to thine honour tend.

HYMN 4. C. M.

Genesis i.

LET heaven arise, let earth appear,
Proclaim'd th' Eternal Lord:
The heaven arose, the earth appear'd,
At his creating word.

2 But formless was the earth, and void,
Dark, sluggish, and confused;
Till o'er the mass the Spirit moved,
And quickening power diffused.

3 Then spake the Lord Omnipotent
The mandate, "Be there light:"
Light darted forth in vivid rays,
And scatter'd ancient night.

4 The glorious firmament he spread,
To part the earth and sky;
And fix'd the upper elements
Within their spheres on high.

5 He bade the seas together flow;
They left the solid land:
And herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
Sprung forth at his command.

6 Above, he form'd the stars; and placed
Two greater orbs of light;
The radiant sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.

7 To all the varied living tribes
He gave their wondrous birth:
Some form'd within the watery deep,
Some from the teeming earth.

8 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
Man, honour'd man, was made;
His soul with God's pure image stamp'd,
With innocence array'd.

9 Completed now the mighty work,
God his creation view'd;
And, pleased with all that he had made,
Pronounced it "very good."

HYMN 5. II. 1.

Psalm cxlviii.

Praise from Living Creatures.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's Name:
Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all the adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Whate'er this living world contains,
That wings the air or treads the plains,
United praise bestow;
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
Proclaim Him through the mighty tide,
And in the deeps below.

4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread HIS tremendous Name around,
While heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

HYMN 6. II. 1.

Psalm cxlviii.

Praise from the Elements and Worlds.

YE fields of light, celestial plains,
Where pure, serene effulgence reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair,
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air.

2 Join, all ye stars, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid;
And, soon as evening veils the plain,
Thou moon, prolong the hallow'd strain,
And praise Him in the shade.

3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Proclaim the glories of thy God;
Ye worlds, declare his might;
He spake the word, and ye were made,
Darkness and dismal chaos fled,
And nature sprung to light.

4 Let every element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To Him who bids you roll;

His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

HYMN 7. L. M.

Psalm xix.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

III. PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 8. L. M.

ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring at thy command
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid
With morning light, and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 9. II. 3.

Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;

My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

HYMN 10. C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;

And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.
10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
13 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 11. III. 1.

Psalm xxxi. 15.

My times are in thy hand.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All our times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
2 He that form'd us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb;
All our ways shall ever be
Ordered by his wise decree.
3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.

4 May we always own thy hand,
Still to thee surrender'd stand,
Know that thou art God alone,
We and ours are all thy own!

HYMN 12. C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

IV. REDEMPTION.

HYMN 13. S. M.

Job ix. 2—6.

AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!

If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake:
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

HYMN 14. L. M.

Job ix. 30—33.

THOUGH I should seek to wash me clean
In water of the driven snow,
My soul would yet its spot retain,
And sink in conscious guilt and woe:

2 The Spirit, in his power divine,
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,
Expose the foulness of its sin,
And show the vileness of its worth.

3 Ah, not like erring man is God,
That men to answer him should dare;
Condemn'd, and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before his bar.

4 There, must a Mediator plead,
Who, God and man, may both embrace;
With God, for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

5 And lo! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crown'd:
In Him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In Him thy righteousness be found!

HYMN 15. L. M.

ALL glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise:
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view.

2 Once we were fallen, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless woe:
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,

3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heavenly light:
By him what wondrous grace is shown
To souls impoverish'd and undone.

4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state.

HYMN 16. C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
Glad tidings to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs:

Our hearts shall kindle at thy Name,
Thy Name inspire our songs.

Chorus for the end of each verse.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

HYMN 17. C. M.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song:
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach;
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song.

HYMN 18. III. 3.

SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;

Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

HYMN 19. C. M.

Titus iii. 4—7.

MY grateful soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his Name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
Of folly, sin and shame.

2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place;
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to our fallen race.

3 'Tis from the love of God through Christ,
That all our hopes begin;
His mercy saved our souls from death,
And wash'd us from our sin.

4 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
His sacred fire imparts,
Removes our dross, and love divine
Enkindles in our hearts.

5 Thus raised from death, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 20. C. M.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load:

The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray:
Reason debased can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.

4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes;

5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine:
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN 21. C. M.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
On thee my hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought
And righteous word is thine.

4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live:
Our God is all in all.

HYMN 22. III. 1.

SING, my soul, His wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre sway'd;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below!

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his Name,
Let his glory be thy theme:
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

HYMN 23. S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the means that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace guides my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;

It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

V. THE CHURCH.

HYMN 24. S. M.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found;

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire;
Then rest on Sion's hill.

HYMN 25. S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

HYMN 26. C. M.

Hebrews xii. 18, 22—24.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light:

Behold the spirits of the just
Whose faith is changed to sight.
4 Behold the bless'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven;
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven.
5 Angels, and living saints and dead,
But one communion make:
All join in Christ, their vital Head,
And of his love partake.

HYMN 27. S. M.

BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.
3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
4 When we at death must part,
How keen, how deep the pain:
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meét again.
5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

HYMN 28. II. 1.

Psalm cxxii.

The Church in Glory.

WITH joy shall I behold the day
That calls my willing soul away,
To dwell among the blest:

For lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And points me to his rest.

2 E'en now, to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
Their glory I survey;
I view her mansions that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing;
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ,
Before th' almighty King.

4 The King a seat hath there prepared,
High, on eternal base uprear'd,
For his eternal Son:
His palaces with joy abound;
His saints, by him with glory crown'd,
Attend and share his throne.

5 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,
For evermore shall dwell:
Let me, blest seat! my name behold
Among thy citizens enroll'd,
And bid the world farewell.

HYMN 29. L. M.

Isaiah lii. 1, 2.

TRIUMPHANT Sion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead:
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

VI. FESTIVALS AND FASTS.

THE LORD'S DAY.

HYMN 30. II. 4.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Welcome the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes:
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Great King, gird on thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain thy glorious war:
This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

HYMN 31. C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
Let young and old rejoice:
To him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.

2 This is the temple of the Lord;
How dreadful is this place!
With meekness let us hear his word,
With reverence seek his face.

3 This is the homage he requires;
The voice of praise and prayer,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves and all we are.

4 While rich and poor for mercy call,
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.

5 Well pleased, through Jesus Christ his Son,
From sin he grants release;
According to their faith 'tis done,
He bids them go in peace.

HYMN 32. S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
To feast his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 33. L. M.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Lord's day has begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the hours thy God hath blest.

2 This day may our devotions rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And heaven that sweet repose bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

3 This peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away:
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

HYMN 34. II. 3.

GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
Gladly we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours:
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

2 All-seeing God! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And, where thou art, intrude no more:
O may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above!

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart:
Then shall the day indeed be thine;
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

HYMN 35. II. 4.

IN loud, exalted strains,
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days;
But Sion, with his presence blest,
Is his delight, his chosen rest.

2 O King of glory, come;
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted to the skies:
Now let thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

HYMN 36. L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone:
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land;
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

HYMN 37. L. M.

MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

HYMN 38. III. 1.

TO thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there;
While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from on high.

5 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day.

HYMN 39. L. M.

After Sermon.

ALMIGHTY Father, bless the word,
Which, through thy grace, we now have heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face:
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here,
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

HYMN 40. III. 5.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triúmph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;

May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

ADVENT.

HYMN 41. C. M.

HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved Name.

HYMN 42. III. 3.

HAIL! thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CHRISTMAS.

HYMN 43. C. M.

Luke ii. 8—15.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by [night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

HYMN 44. C. M.

WHILE angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,
Shall men no anthem raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues,
When we forget to praise.

2 Then let us swell responsive notes,
And join the heavenly throng;
For angels no such love have known
As we, to wake their song.

3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
With news of joy from heaven.

4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert sing,
The promised child is born!

5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
By highest worlds is paid;
Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd;

6 Till we attain those blissful realms,
Where now our Saviour reigns;
To rival these celestial choirs
In their immortal strains.

HYMN 45. III. 1.

HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the virgin's womb.

4 Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see:
Hail th' incarnate Deity,
Pleased, as man, with man to dwell;
Jesus, now Emanuel.

5 Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings:
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

HYMN 46.

Chorus. SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

1 Sion, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crown'd.

Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;

Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies:
Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

HYMN 47. C. M.

Isaiah ix. 2—7.

THE race that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people now behold the dawn,
Who dwelt in death and night.

2 To hail thy rising, Sun of life,
The gathering nations come;
Joyous as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

3 For thou our burden hast removed;
Th' oppressor's reign is broke;
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.

4 To us the promised Child is born;
To us the Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty God, and Lord.

6 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

END OF THE YEAR.

HYMN 48. C. M.

TIME hastens on; ye longing saints,
Now raise your voices high;

And magnify that sovereign love
Which shows salvation nigh.

2 As time departs salvation comes,
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their course shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our transported eyes.

HYMN 49. C. M.

St. Luke xiii. 6—9.

SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord,
A barren fig-tree stands;
No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,
Though planted by His hands.

2 From year to year the tree He views,
And still no fruit is found;
Then "Cut it down," the Lord commands,
"Why cumbers it the ground?"

3 But lo! the gracious Saviour pleads;
"The barren fig-tree spare,
Another year in mercy wait,
It yet may bloom and bear:

4 "But if my culture prove in vain,
And still no fruit be found,
I plead no more; destroy the tree,
And root it from thy ground."

NEW-YEAR.

HYMN 50. L. M.

THE God of life, whose constant care
With blessings crowns each opening year,
My scanty span doth still prolong,
And wakes anew mine annual song.

2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run!

3 We yet survive; but who can say,
"Or through this year, or month, or day,
I shall retain this vital breath,
Thus far, at least, in league with death?"

4 That breath is thine, eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

5 To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as thine;
So shall they live secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

6 Thy children, panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore,
Where years and death are known no more.

7 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place;
No groans, to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues:

8 No more alarms from ghostly foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

9 O, long expected year! begin;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

HYMN 51. C. M.

AS o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?

'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world, and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employ'd;
And time unhallow'd, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to thee.

EPIPHANY.

HYMN 52. S. M.

Isaiah lii. 7—10.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice;
How sweet their tidings are:
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light:
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice
And tuneful notes employ;

Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 53. II. 5.

Isaiah lx. &c.

RISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes:
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away:
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

HYMN 54. II. 6.

Psalm lxxii.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son,
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,

To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever:
That Name to us is Love.

HYMN 55. C. M.

Isaiah ii. 2—5.

O'ER mountain tops the mount of God
In latter days shall rise,
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beams that shine from Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

5 For peaceful implements shall men
Exchange their swords and spears;
Nor shall they study war again
Throughout those happy years.

6 Come, O ye house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy graces shine.

LENT.

HYMN 56. III. 1.

Litany.

SAVIOUR, when in dust, to thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O, by all thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness:
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,

By thy cross, thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

HYMN 57. L. M.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

HYMN 58. C. M.

ALAS, what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way;
To heaven, O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears:
My weak resistance, ah, how vain;
How strong my foes and fears.

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;

Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 59. C. M.

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord:
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine;
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore:
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 60. L. M.

O THOU, to whose all searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it looks to thee,
O burst its bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee:
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

(*See Hymns on Repentance.*)

PASSION WEEK, AND GOOD FRIDAY.

HYMN 61. III. 4.

Isaiah lxiii. 1—4.

WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All his raiment stain'd with blood,
To the captive speaking freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoil he bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in his might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people is the sight!

Satan conquer'd, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
Fall'n they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor! reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall thy people, never,
Cease to sing what thou hast done:
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

HYMN 62. L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

HYMN 63. C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine!

HYMN 64. C. M.

MY Saviour hanging on the tree,
In agonies and blood,
Methought once turn'd his eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

4 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live.

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue—

Such is the mystery of grace—
It seals my pardon too.

HYMN 65. C. M.

FROM whence these direful omens round,
Which heaven and earth amaze?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
And nature sympathize;
The sun as darkest night be black:
Their Maker, Jesus, dies!

3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood!
Is this the Infinite? 'tis He,
My Saviour and my God!

4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

HYMN 66. L. M.

St. John xix. 30.

'TIS finish'd; so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died·
'Tis finish'd: yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finish'd: all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as long design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd: Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore:

The sacred vail is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd: this, my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finish'd: heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finish'd: let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finish'd: let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky

HYMN 67. L. M

For the Jews.

HIGH on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise,
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.

3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

4 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

5 Then why, on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song delays to sing?

EASTER.

HYMN 68. C. M.

1 Cor. v. 8. Rom. vi. 9—11.

SINCE Christ, our Passover, is slain,
A sacrifice for all,
Let all, with thankful hearts, agree
To keep the festival:

2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.

3 Christ, being raised by power divine,
And rescued from the grave,
Shall die no more; death shall on him
No more dominion have.

4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins
He once vouchsafed to die;
But that he lives, he lives to God
For all eternity.

5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restored,
And made, henceforth, alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HYMN 69. III. 1.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

HYMN 70. L. M.

Col. iii. 1, 2.

YE faithful souls who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare:

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting power to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your destined place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

HYMN 71. C. M.

1 Cor. xv. 20—22. Col. iii. 1.

CHRIST from the dead is raised, and made
The First Fruits of the tomb;
For, as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come.

2 For, as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive;
So, by the righteousness of Christ,
Shall all be made alive.

3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things which are above, where Christ
At God's right hand is set.

ASCENSION.

HYMN 72. L. M.

HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Ye saints, approach, the anguish view,
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns:
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

6 Say, Live for ever glorious King,
Born to redeem, instruct, and save!
Then ask, O death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, O grave?

HYMN 73. L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord of boundless power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd.

WHITSUNDAY.

HYMN 74. C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine;
Till every heart which thou hast made,
Be fill'd with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st,
God's law in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.

4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within;

That, by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

HYMN 75. C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 76. C. M.

HE'S come, let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume;
Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent,
The Comforter is come.

2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below.

3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;

Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wavering zeal.

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

HYMN 77. L. M.

O HOLY, holy, holy, Lord,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy Name
For ever be thy Name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

4 O God Triune, to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

HYMN 78. L. M.

FATHER of all, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,

Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in one!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

HYMN 79. II. 4.

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by his blood
From everlasting wo:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One:

Where reason fails
With all her powers,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

FAST-DAY.

HYMN 80. C. M.

ALMIGHTY Lord, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend:
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone,
Our prostrate hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame;
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name.

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear;
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When God, our God, is near.

HYMN 81. III. 3.

DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise:

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

HYMN 82. L. M.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

NOW may the God of grace and power
Attend his people's humble cry;
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliverance from on high.

2 In his salvation is our hope;
And, in the Name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

HYMN 83.

PART I. III. 2.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

PART II. III. 2.

5 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Though the sickening flock should fall,
And the herd desert the stall:
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy:
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

7 Life and grace, whate'er our woe,
Still to thee, our God, we owe;
Though of earthly hopes bereft,
Yet our hope of heaven is left;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN 84. C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are:
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,
The mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway:
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

HYMN 85. L. M.

For Public Mercies and Deliverances.

SALVATION doth to God belong,
His power and grace shall be our song;
From him alone all mercies flow,
His arm alone subdues the foe.

2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And, though deliverance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.

3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour, and our King:

4 Till every public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And every peaceful, private home,
To thee a temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight,
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

VII. ORDINANCES AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

HYMN 86. III. 3.

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the Lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way:

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

HYMN 87. S. M.

THE gentle Saviour calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

HYMN 88. S. M.

Eph. vi. 10–13.

SOLDIERS of Christ arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

CONFIRMATION.

HYMN 89. L. M.

O HAPPY day, that stays my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God:
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love;

Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine:
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.

4 Here rest, my oft divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When call'd on angels' food to feast?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HYMN 90. C. M.

WITNESS, ye men and angels; now
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

HYMN 91. C. M.

YOUTH, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes;

A flower, though offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 'Tis easier far if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
For sinners who grow old in sin,
Are harden'd by their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our hearts we now resign:
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

HYMN 92. C. M.

O, IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose;

2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious Name
And character engraved:

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways;

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd
In age will give thee rest:
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 93. C. M.

Rev. v. 9, 12, 13.

THOU, God, all glory, honour, power,
Art worthy to receive;
Since all things by thy power were made,
And by thy bounty live.

2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour, and wealth, to gain,
Glory and strength; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,
And ransom'd us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

HYMN 94. L. M.

MY God, and is thy table spread,
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know.

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

5 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather, from their Father's board,
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

6 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light, or feel the sun.

HYMN 95. C. M.

AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood?

2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above:
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love.

3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
To praise our heavenly King:
O may that love which spread this board,
Inspire us while we sing:

4 Glory to God in highest strains,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will from heaven to men is come,
And let it never cease.

HYMN 96. L. M.

TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That Name in heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And, whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

6 Let humble, penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving love impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

ORDINATION, OR INSTITUTION OF MINISTERS.

HYMN 97. L. M.

St. Matt. x.

GO forth, ye heralds, in my Name,
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That ye're commission'd from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labours, sinners live.

HYMN 98. L. M.

St. Mark xvi. 15, &c. and St. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

"GO, preach my Gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive:
Explain to them my sacred word,
Bid them believe, obey, and live.

2 "I'll make my great commission known,
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
And all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead;
Go cast out devils in my Name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

4 "While thus ye follow my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and can defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 99. L. M.

THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprang the Apostle's honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the Prophetic sage,
And hence the Evangelic page.

3 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and Teachers rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still mark a long extended line:

4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by him, their graces live;
Whilst, guarded by his potent hand,
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.

5 So shall the bright Succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

HYMN 100. L. M.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge;
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massive chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;

Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

HYMN 101. L. M.

AND wilt thou, O Eternal God,
On earth establish thine abode?
Then look propitious from thy throne,
And take this temple for thine own.

2 These walls we to thine honour raise,
Long may they echo in thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With the rich tokens of thy grace.

3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

4 And in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born for glory here.

MISSIONS.

HYMN 102. L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

HYMN 103. L. M.

Psalm cxvii.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Jehovah's glorious Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is thy Word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 104. L. M.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record,
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call him Lord.

HYMN 105. II. 1.

For Missions to the new Settlements in the United States.

WHEN, Lord, to this our western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy Name.

2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallow'd by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossom'd as the rose.

3 And O, may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet,
Within our spreading land:
There, brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam;
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Saviour, we own this debt of love:
O shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy Name,
Through all our desert west.

HYMN 106. C. M.

Isaiah xxxv. 2.

ON Sion, and on Lebanon,
On Carmel's blooming height,
On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone
The glory, pure and bright:

2 From thence, its mild and cheering ray
Stream'd forth from land to land;
And empires now behold its day;
And still its beams expand.

3 Its brightest splendours, darting west,
Our happy shores illume;
Our farther regions, once unblest,
Now like a garden bloom:

4 But ah, our deserts deep and wild
See not this heavenly light;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.

5 Thou, who didst lighten Sion's hill,
On Carmel who didst shine,
Our deserts let thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine.

6 Like Lebanon, in towering pride,
May all our forests smile;
And may our borders blossom wide,
Like Sharon's fruitful soil.

HYMN 107. II. 6.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;

The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O, Salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 108. L. M.

For the Jews.

DISOWN'D of heaven, by man opprest,
Outcasts from Sion's hallow'd ground,
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around?

2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring,
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 Hail, glorious day, expected long!
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

HYMN 109. IV. 1.

Rev. xv. 3, 4.

HOW wondrous and great
Thy works, God of praise;
How just, King of saints,
And true, are thy ways:
O who shall not fear thee,
And honour thy Name:
Thou only art holy,
Thou only supreme.

2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to thy throne:
Thy truth and thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people
Confess thee their God.

FOR SUNDAY AND CHARITY SCHOOLS.

HYMN 110. II. 4.

CHILDREN AND CONGREGATION.

Children.

COME let our voices join
In one glad song of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise:

Congregation.

To God alone your praise belongs;
His love demands your earliest songs.

Children.

2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine;
Where our Redeemer's love,
And brightest glories shine:

Congregation.

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

Children.

3 Within these hallow'd walls,
Our wandering feet are brought;
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:

Congregation.

To God alone your offerings bring;
Here in his church his praises sing.

Children.

4 For blessings such as these,
Our gratitude receive;
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'Tis all that we can give:

Congregation.

Great God, accept their infant songs;
To thee alone their praise belongs.

Both.

5 Lord, bid this work of love
Be crown'd with meet success;
May thousands yet unborn,
This institution bless:
Thus shall the praise resound to thee,
Now, and through all eternity.

HYMN 111. III. 1.

GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain,
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

HYMN 112. C. M.

WHEN Jesus left his heavenly throne,
He chose an humble birth;
Like us unhonour'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth:

2 Like him, may we be found below,
In wisdom's paths of peace;
Like him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words and kind his look,
When mothers round him press'd;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom bless'd:

4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
O, thus encircled in his arms,
May we for ever lie.

HYMN 113. L. M.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee:
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all that earth and sin can say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this sinful heart of mine;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

HYMN 114. C. M.

MERCY, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes.

2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his Name,
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek their Saviour's face.

4 Almighty God, thine influence shed
To aid this blest design;
The honour of thy Name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

HYMN 115. C. M.

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain:

2 Whose breast responds with generous warmth,
A stranger's woe to feel;
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

4 To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy, from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The Christian law of love.

HYMN 116. C. M.

RICH are the joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

3 The mite, my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace, repay.

HYMN 117. III. 3.

LORD of life, all praise excelling,
Thou, in glory unconfined,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.

2 As thy love, through all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light;
So the high and humble station
Both are equal in thy sight.

3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue;
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:

4 When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scatter'd ears behind.

Chorus. These thy God ordains to bless,
The widow and the fatherless.

5 When thine olive plants increasing
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful, thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again.
Chorus. These, &c.

6 When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens thine autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean.
Chorus. These, &c.

7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy, every sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.

8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care;
Screen'd by thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.
Hallelujah, Amen.

TO BE USED AT SEA.

HYMN 118. L. M.

GOD of the seas, thine awful voice
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice;
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent on the sand.

2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays;
And largest monsters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or sleep.

3 Thus is thy glorious power adored
Among the watery nations, Lord:
Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves,
Forget the mighty God who saves.

HYMN 119. IV. 5.

Save, Lord, or we perish. St. Matt. viii. 25.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused, by the shriek of despair, from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy Spirit, thy ransom'd to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord, or we perish."

HYMN 120. C. M.

Which may be used at Sea or on Land.

LORD, for the just thou dost provide,
Thou art their sure defence;
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 Though they through foreign lands should roam,
And breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet thou, their God, art there.

3 Thy goodness sweetens every soil,
Makes every country please;
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas.

4 When waves on waves, to heaven uprear'd,
Defied the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart;

5 To thee I raised my humble prayer,
To snatch me from the grave:
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save.

6 Thou gavest the word, the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And every wave was still.

7 For this, my life, in every state,
A life of praise shall be;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

FOR THE SICK.

HYMN 121. L. M.

WHEN dangers, woes, or death are nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly:
Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,
When sickness grieves, and pains invade.

2 To all the various helps of art
Kindly thy healing power impart;
Bethesda's bath refused to save,
Unless an angel bless'd the wave.

3 All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee;
And not a plant which spreads the plains,
But teems with health, when heaven ordains.

4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,
At heaven's command restored the blind;

And Jordan's waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.

5 But grant me nobler favours still,
Grant me to know and do thy will;
Purge my foul soul from every stain,
And save me from eternal pain.

6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue?
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,
And pour the horrors of despair.

7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortured breast, my streaming eyes;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsafed to bleed;
His blood procures our fallen race
Admittance to the throne of grace.

9 When sin has shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft and heal the wound.

10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.

11 O, if I trust thy sovereign skill,
And bow submissive to thy will,
Sickness and death shall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

HYMN 122. C. M.

On Recovery from Sickness.

WHEN we are raised from deep distress,
Our God deserves our song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death,
Command them fast again.
3 When he but speaks the healing word,
Then no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly, as he commands.
4 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore,
And cast our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.
5 To him I cried, "Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust."
6 He heard, and saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
Through my remaining years.

HYMN 123. L. M

On the same.

MY God, since thou hast raised me up,
Thee I'll extol with thankful voice;
Restored by thine Almighty power,
With fear before thee I'll rejoice.
2 With troubles worn, with pain oppresst,
To thee I cried, and thou didst save;
Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
My life didst rescue from the grave.
3 Wherefore, ye saints, rejoice with me,
With me sing praises to the Lord;
Call all his goodness to your mind,
And all his faithfulness record.
4 His anger is but short: his love,
Which is our life, hath certain stay;

Grief may continue for a night,
But joy returns with rising day.

5 Then, what I vow'd in my distress,
In happier hours I now will give,
And strive that in my grateful verse,
His praises may for ever live.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The blest and undivided Three;
The One sole giver of all life,
Glory and praise for ever be.

FUNERALS.

HYMN 124. C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven declares
To those in Christ who die:
Released from all their earthly cares,
They'll reign with him on high.

2 Then why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to his arms.

3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and power;
But Christ, our ransom, died.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
When in the grave he lay;
And, rising thence, their hopes he raised
To everlasting day.

5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing,
Where is thy victory, O grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?

HYMN 125. C. M.

WHEN those we love are snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,

Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
That friendship must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power imprest;
May this dread truth, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world allure no more;
Behold the opening tomb;
It bids us use the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this instructive scene
May every heart obey:
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us to that Saviour fly,
Whose arm alone can save:
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

HYMN 126. C. M.

Death of a Young Person.

HOW short the race our friend has run,
Cut down in all *his* bloom:
The course but yesterday begun
Now finish'd in the tomb.

2 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon
Thy years may end their flight:
Long, long before life's brilliant noon
May come death's gloomy night.

3 To serve thy God no longer wait,
To-day his voice regard;
To-morrow, mercy's open gate
May be for ever barr'd.

4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,
Thy youthful love to gain:
The soul that early seeks my face
Shall never seek in vain.

HYMN 127. L. M.

Death of an Infant.

AS the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day;
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurn'd at heaven's control,
Or ever quench'd its sacred fires.

3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
But for a moment felt the rod:
O mourner such, the Lord declares,
Such are the children of our God.

VIII. INVITATION AND WARNING.

HYMN 128. III. 1.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live:
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the works of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:

He, who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

HYMN 129. III. 1.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 130. II. 3.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the note of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find. thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word;
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

HYMN 131. S. M.

Rev. xxii. 17, 20.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, sinner, Come:
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, Come.

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come:
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come.
Lord! even so; I wait thy hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

HYMN 132. C. M.

YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise!
Not all th' angelic songs above
Can render equal praise.

IX. CHRISTIAN DUTIES AND AFFECTIONS.

PRAYER.

HYMN 133. C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious Name.

HYMN 134. C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one,
They're one in word and mind,
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

REPENTANCE.

HYMN 135. L. M.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song:
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 136. L. M.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
And long in vain thy grace received;

Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet, oh, the mourning sinner spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

HYMN 137. L. M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

HYMN 138. C. M.

Penitential Gratitude.

RISE, O my soul, the hours review,
When, awed by guilt and fear,

To heaven for grace thou durst not sue,
And found no rescue here.

2 Thy tears are dried, thy griefs are fled,
Dispell'd each bitter care;
For heaven itself has lent its aid
To save thee from despair.

3 Hear, then, O God, thy work fulfil,
And, from thy mercy's throne,
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,
And to resist mine own:

4 So shall my soul each power employ
Thy mercy to adore;
While heaven itself proclaims with joy,
One pardoned sinner more.

FAITH.

HYMN 139. III. 2.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN 140. L. M.

FAITH is the Christian's evidence
Of things unseen by mortal eye;
It passes all the bounds of sense,
And penetrates the inmost sky.

2 Things absent it can set in view,
And bring far distant prospects home;
Events long past it can renew,
And long foresee the things to come.

3 With strong persuasion, from afar
The heavenly region it surveys,
Embraces all the blessings there,
And here enjoys the promises.

4 By faith a steady course we steer,
Through ruffling storms and swelling seas,
O'ercome the world, keep down our fear
And still possess our souls in peace.

5 By faith we pass the vale of tears
Safe and serene, though oft distress'd;
By faith, subdue the king of fears,
And go rejoicing to our rest.

HYMN 141. C. M.

Rom. viii. 31—34.

O LET triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and woe:
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe?

2 He who his only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall he not all things freely grant,
That boundless love can give?

3 Who now his people shall accuse?
'Tis God hath justified:
Who now his people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And He who died hath risen again,
Triumphant from the grave:
At God's right hand for us he pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

HYMN 142. C. M.

Dead Faith.

DELUDED souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 The faith which new creates the heart,
And works by active love,
Will bid all sinful joys depart,
And lift the thoughts above.

4 God from the curse has set us free,
To make us pure within;
Nor did he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

HYMN 143. III. 1.

Christ our Refuge.

JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:

All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my hope from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

HYMN 144. IV. 4.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled:

2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

HOPE.

HYMN 145.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy destined place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;

Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There, is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest in heaven;
There, will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

HYMN 146. III. 1.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
Christ our advocate was made;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.

4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 147. C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,

Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

4 There, anchor'd safe, my weary soul
Shall find eternal rest;
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll
Across my peaceful breast.

JOY.

HYMN 148. C. M.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

3 These are the joys which satisfy
And purify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

4 No more, believer, mourn thy lot;
O thou who art the Lord's,
Resign to those who know him not,
Such joy as earth affords.

HYMN 149. S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,

But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God of heaven is ours,
Our Father and our love;
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
Then waft our souls above.

4 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

6 Children of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

7 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're travelling through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

LOVE.

HYMN 150. III. 3.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavour;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

HYMN 151. III. 1.

LORD, my God, I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love thee, Lord, or no?
Am I thine, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Any duty give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 When I turn mine eyes within,
O how dark, and vain, and wild!
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself thy child?

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

5 Could I love thy saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,

Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord ?

6 Saviour, let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

PRAISE.

HYMN 152.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient, of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confess'd;
I bow, and bless the sacred Name
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on angel wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;

On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains,
And, glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

5 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
Almighty King,
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship thee.

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

HYMN 153. IV. 3.

Psalm c.

BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable Name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;

His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

HYMN 154. L. M.

Psalm c.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 155. III. 1.

Songs of Praise.

SONGS of praise the angels sang;
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth:
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

CONTENTMENT.

HYMN 156. C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne, let this,
My humble prayer, arise:

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee:

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

HYMN 157. L. M.

BE still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first before his mercy seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit;
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

IN AFFLICTION.

HYMN 158. C. M.

HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone?
When shall my joys arise?

2 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy promise is my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.

3 Come, Lord, and with celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrow cease,
And all their gloom depart.

4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

HYMN 159. II. 3.

Psalm xlii.

AS, panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory, face to face.

2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll;
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe, and mock my fear;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

3 For I have walk'd the happy round
That 'circles Zion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays,
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallow'd arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.

4 Ah, why, by passing clouds opprest,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain;
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

HYMN 160. II. 3.

A compassionate High Priest. Heb. iv. 15.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,

To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Then He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou did'st weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And, oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 161. L. M.

Sanctified Affliction.

LORD, unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path how long I stray'd:
But thou hast made me feel thy rod,
And turn'd my soul to thee, my God.

2 What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I bless thy hand that caused the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.

3 O, hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised,
And still the snare in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betray'd.

4 I love thy chastenings, O my God,
They fix my hopes on thy abode;
Where, in thy presence fully blest,
Thy stricken saints for ever rest.

DAILY DEVOTION.

HYMN 162. II. 3.

Daily Dependance.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring;
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy Name;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend:
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy pure example mine.

4 When pain transfixes every part,
Or languor settles at the heart;
When on my bed, diseased, oppress'd,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;
O great Physician, see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

5 Should poverty's destructive blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low;
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;

Lord, pity and supply my need,
For thou, on earth, wast poor indeed.

6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its varied blessings on my store;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state:
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

7 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly bless'd,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest:
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

8 And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And, from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

HYMN 163. L. M.

I have set God always before me. Ps. xvi. 9.

SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee,
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee, my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

HYMN 164. L. M.

Morning Hymn.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mispent time that's past;
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last:
To improve thy talents take due care;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
Think how th' all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir;
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

6 May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform like you my Maker's will:
Oh, may I never more do ill.

7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

9 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 165. L. M.

Morning.

ARISE, my soul, with rapture rise,
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful Sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to Thee.

3 But can it be? that Power divine
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze;
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise.

4 And will He deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless goodness, He will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

5 Then let me serve Thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase:
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

HYMN 166. C. M.

Morning.

TO Thee let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsafed before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy Providence impart,
For which, resign'd, I pray,
Give me to feel a cheerful heart,
And grateful homage pay.

4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.

5 Be this and every future day
Still wiser than the past;
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

HYMN 167. III. 1.

Morning.

NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labour, watch and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

HYMN 168. L. M.

Evening Hymn.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King.

7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 169. L. M.

Evening.

GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise:
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; his Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy Name.

HYMN 170. C. M.

Evening.

NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

HYMN 171. S. M.

Evening.

THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear:
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

HYMN 172. III. 1

Psalm cxli. 2.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with thee:

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee:

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

HYMN 173. IV. 2.

Evening.

INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou shepherd and guardian of thine,

My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

3 A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

X. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HYMN 174. C. M.

Renouncing the World.

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its follies too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Those follies now no longer please,
No more delight afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His Name, and love, and gracious voice
Shall fix my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
Yet worthless still myself I own,
Thy worth is all my plea.

HYMN 175. L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee:
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! O, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend:
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride;
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And, O, may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

HYMN 176. S. M.

Prayer for Christian Graces.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less;
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great Name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:

But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 177. III. 3.

Prayer for Guidance.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner;
Be the Lord my righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

HYMN 178. L. M.

Following the Example of Christ.

WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

2 O how benevolent and kind,
How mild, how ready to forgive:
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;

Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

5 But, ah, how blind, how weak we are,
How frail, how apt to turn aside;
Lord, we depend upon thy care;
We ask thy Spirit for our guide.

6 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Saviour, daily more like thee.

HYMN 179. S. M.

Duties.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:

2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And O! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

HYMN 180. C. M.

Forgetting those things which are behind, &c. Phil. iii. 13, 14

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;

A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

HYMN 181. C. M.

Doubting.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

4 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd,
When in thy house of prayer;
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.

5 O make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break;
And heal it, if it be.

HYMN 182. C.M.

Desires after renewed Holiness.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd;
How sweet their memory still:
But now I feel an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 183. III. 1.

Trials.

'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all;
This is happiness to me.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a cast-away?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

HYMN 184. C. M.

Habitual Devotion.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd:
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see:
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 185.

Walking with God.

SINCE I've known a Saviour's Name,
And sin's strong fetters broke,
Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my easy yoke:
Joyful now my faith to show,
I find his service my reward,
All the work I do below
Is light, for such a Lord.

2 To the desert or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity;
Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcern'd in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

3 O that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to thee,
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy goodness see;
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thee face to face.

HYMN 186. L. M.

Heaven seen by Faith.

AS, when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still;

2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize,

3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for sorrows past;
Nor any future conflict fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assured thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labours of the road.

HYMN 187. IV. 4.

I would not live alway. Job vii. 16.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath laid there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

XI. DEATH.

HYMN 188. C. M.

Job xiv. 1, 2, 5, 6.

FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born:
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
To dust thou shalt return."

2 Behold the emblem of thy state
In flowers that bloom and die;
Or in the shadow's fleeting form
That mocks the gazer's eye.

3 Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

4 Great God, afflict not in thy wrath,
The short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

HYMN 189. C. M.

HARK! from the tombs a mournful sound;
Mine ears attend the cry;
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours.

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb.
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace
To raise our souls to thee,
That we may view thy glorious face
To all eternity.

HYMN 190. S. M.

Job xiv. 11—14.

THE mighty flood that rolls
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again:

2 So days, and years, and time,
Descending down to night,
Can thenceforth never more return
Back to the sphere of light:

3 And man, when in the grave,
Can never quit its gloom,
Until th' eternal morn shall wake
The slumber of the tomb.

4 O may I find, in death,
A hiding-place with God,
Secure from woe and sin; till call'd
To share his bless'd abode.

5 Cheer'd by this hope, I wait,
Through toil, and care, and grief,
Till my appointed course is run,
And death shall bring relief.

HYMN 191.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark, they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite;
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears:
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly:
O grave, where is thy victory,
O death, where is thy sting?

XII. JUDGMENT.

HYMN 192. C. M.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face;
O, how shall I appear.

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear.

4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
That faith in Christ's atoning blood
Shall endless woe prevent.

5 Then never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

HYMN 193. S. M.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around?

3 Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came.

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonish'd shrink away?

5 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread.

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN 194. II. 7.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear;
The end of things created:
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:

No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear;
The end of things created:
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

HYMN 195. III. 1.

St. Luke xiii. 24—27.

SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter ere it be too late;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer prayer.

2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."

3 Mournfully will they exclaim;
"Lord, we have profess'd thy Name;
We have ate with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word."

4 Vain, alas, will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot;
Christ will say, "I know you not."

XIII. ETERNITY.

HYMN 196. S. M.

O, WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul:
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
For evermore undone.

HYMN 197. C. M.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies.

2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain,
With conscious sighs we own;

While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 198. C. M.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There, on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his Name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join the angelic choir.

HYMN 199. C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross the narrow sea:
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With faith's illumined eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 200. C. M.

SHOULD nature's charms, to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compared with thine.

2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
And vain her blooming store;
Her brightness languishes to shade,
Her beauty is no more.

3 But, ah, how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells:
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.

4 Oh, could my longing spirit rise
On strong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King.

5 There thousands worship at thy feet,
And there, divine employ,
The triumphs of thy love repeat
In songs of endless joy.

6 Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face?

HYMN 201. III. 1.

Rev. vii. 9, &c.

WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day
Tuning their triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal Name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And, for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

XIV. MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 202. C. M.

Gen. xxviii. 20, 21.

GOD of our fathers, by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage;
Conduct us to our rest.

2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3 O spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

HYMN 203. III. 3.

1 Chron. xxix. 10—13.

BLESS'D be thou, the God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord;
Bless'd thy majesty for ever,
Ever be thy Name adored.

2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
Glory, victory, are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of thee, and honour;
Power and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

4 Lord our God, for these, thy bounties,
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To thy Name, for ever glorious,
Ever we address our praise.

HYMN 204. C. M.

Prov. iii. 13—17.

O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Religion's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems, or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth,
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And, as her holy labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

HYMN 205. L. M.

Isaiah xl. 6—8.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold;
As careless of the noonday heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's more fervent ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the opening rose.

4 But, worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven shall recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the Word of God remains.

HYMN 206. C. M.

Isa. xl. 27—31.

WHY mournest thou, my anxious soul,
Despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cares,
Or pitied not thy grief?

2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard
That firm remains on high,
The everlasting throne of Him
Who made the earth and sky?

3 Art thou afraid his power will fail
In sorrow's evil day?
Can the Creator's mighty arm
Grow weary or decay?

4 Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of Ages stands;
Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace
The working of his hands.

5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

6 Mere human energy shall faint,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

7 They, with unwearied step, shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

8 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love;
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above.

HYMN 207. C. M.

Isa. lvii. 15.

THUS speaks the High and Lofty One;
My throne is fix'd on high;
There, through eternity, I hear
The praises of the sky:

2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble, hallow'd cell;
And, with the penitent who mourn,
'Tis my delight to dwell.

3 My presence heals the wounded heart,
The sad in spirit cheers;

My presence, from the bed of dust,
The contrite sinner rears.

4 I dwell with all my humble saints
While they on earth remain;
And they, exalted, dwell with me,
With me for ever reign.

HYMN 208. II. 1.

Hab. iii. 17—19.

ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig-tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield;
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,
And by his grace be heal'd.

2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for, though his frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

3 Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies;
There God is all in all.

4 In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love:
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

HYMN 209. C. M.

St. John xiv. 6.

THOU art the Way, to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;

And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth, thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 210. S. M.

Phil. ii. 12, 13.

HEIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.

2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too!

HYMN 211. III. 1.

Eph. v. 14—17.

SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path; be wise,
Lèave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still,
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will:
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

HYMN 212. C. M.

Heb. xii. 1, 2.

LO, what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around;
Men once like us with suffering tried,
But now with glory crown'd.

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path,
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith:

4 He, for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we, to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and his saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

GLORIA PATRI.

N. B. The metre marks, affixed to the Psalms and Hymns, refer to a division of the Metres, founded on the nature of the verse, into four Classes, marked—I., II., III., IV.

Class I. includes Common, Long, and Short metres, marked—C. M., L. M., S. M.

Class II. includes the other Iambick metres, eight in number, marked—II. 1., II. 2., II. 3., II. 4., &c., which may be named *Two, one; Two, two; Two, three,* &c.

Class III. includes the Trochaic metres, being five in number, marked—III. 1., III. 2., III. 3., &c., which may be named *Three, one; Three, two* &c.

Class IV. includes the metres consisting chiefly of triplets, being five in number, marked IV. 1., IV. 2., IV. 3., &c., and may be named *Four, one; Four, two;* &c.

CLASS I.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
  And shall be evermore.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
  Is now, and shall be evermore.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
  And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
  To all eternity.

CLASS II.

II. 1.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
  And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
  When time shall be no more.

II. 2.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
  And suffering saints on earth adore;
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
  When time itself shall be no more.

II. 3.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

II. 4.

To God the Father, Son,
  And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
  All worship be address'd,
    As heretofore
      It was, is now,
      And shall be so
    For evermore.

II. 5.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

II. 6.

Eternal praise be given,
  And songs of highest worth,
By all the hosts of heaven,
  And all the saints on earth,
To God, supreme confess'd,
  To Christ, his only Son,
And to the Spirit bless'd,
  Eternal Three in One.

II. 7.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
  Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confess'd,
  Be highest glory given,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
  By all in earth and heaven.

II. 8.

By all on earth and all in heaven,
Be everlasting glory given,
  To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit; equal Three
In undivided Unity,
  Ere time had yet its course begun:
As was, and is, be highest praise, -
As still shall be through endless days.

CLASS III.

III. 1.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now, and evermore shall be!

III. 2.

Praise the Name of God most high,
Praise him all below the sky,
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

III. 3.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
  Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
  Glory through eternal days.

III. 4.

To the Father, throned in heaven,
  To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
  Everlasting Three in One:
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipped, still shall be.

III. 5.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
  God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
  On the same eternal throne:
    Endless praises
  To Jehovah, Three in One.

CLASS IV.

IV. 1.

By angels in heaven
  Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
  All praise be address'd;
To God in Three Persons,
  One God ever bless'd,
As it has been, now is,
  And ever shall be.

IV. 2.

All praise to the Father, the Son,
  And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
  Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

IV. 3.

All praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
  All praise to the Spirit, thrice bless'd,
The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,
  Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

IV. 4.

O Father, Almighty, to thee be address'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever bless'd,
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

IV. 5.

All glory and praise to the Father be given,
The Son, and the Spirit, from earth and from heaven;
As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,
As ever shall be, to the God of salvation.

For Hymns 145 *and* 185.

To the Father, to the Son,
  And Spirit ever bless'd,
Everlasting Three in One,
  All worship be address'd:
Praise from all above, below,
  As throughout the ages past,
Now is given, and shall be so
  While endless ages last.

When used to Hymn 185, *in line* 6, *read,*

As was throughout the ages past.

Come, let us adore Him; come, bow at his feet;
O give Him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

¶ Whenever the Hymns are used at the celebration of Divine Service, a certain portion or portions of the Psalms of David in metre shall also be sung.

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES,

SHOWING WHERE TO FIND EACH PSALM, AND PART OF A PSALM, BY THE BEGINNING.

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As pants the hart for cooling streams -	xlii.	36		34
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Bless God, my soul; thou, Lord, alone - -	civ.	83		77
Bless God, ye servants, that attend - -	cxxxiv.	108		111
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Consider my affliction, Lord - - - -	cxix.	97	20	103
Consider that the righteous man - - -	iv.	4		5
Deceitful thoughts and practices - - -	cxix.	97	15	100
Defend me, Lord, from shame - - -	xxxi.	26		24
For ever, and for ever, Lord - - -	cxix.	97	12	98
For thee, O God, our constant praise - -	lxv.	50	1	45
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God, my King, thy might confessing -	cxlv.	118		120
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Hear, O my people, to my law - - -	lxxviii.	60		54
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How blest are they who always keep - -	cxix.	97	1	89
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How long wilt thou forget me, Lord - - -	xiii.	10		9
How manifold thy works, O Lord - -	civ.	84		78
How shall the young preserve their ways -	cxix.	97	2	90
How various, Lord, thy works are found -	civ.	83	2	78
How vast must their advantage be - -	cxxxiii.	107		110
I'll praise my Maker with my breath - -	cxlvi.	120		122
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In my distress to God I cried - - -	xxx.	25		23
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		Psalm	Part	Page
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Let all the lands, with shouts of joy	lxvi.	51	1	46
Let me with light and truth be bless'd	xliii.	38		35
Like water is my life pour'd out	xxii.	17	2	16
Lo! hills and mountains shall bring forth	lxxii.	56		51
Lord, for ever at thy side	cxxxi.	105		109
Lord, from thy unexhausted store	lxv.	50	2	45
Lord, hear my prayer, and to my cry	cxliii.	115		116
Lord, in thy sight, O let my prayer	cxli.	114		116
Lord, let me know my term of days	xxxix.	33		31
Lord, not to us, we claim no share	cxv.	93		85
Lord, though at times surprised by fear	lvi.	46		42
Lord, to my brethren I'll declare	xxii.	17	3	16
Lord, what's in man that thou should'st love	cxliv.	116		117
Lord, who's the happy man that may	xv.	12		10
Magnify Jehovah's name	cvii.	87	1	80
May Jacob's God defend	xx.	16		14
Mine eyes, alas! begin to fail	cxix.	97	16	100
My God, my God, why leavest thou me	xxii.	17	1	15
My grateful soul shall bless the Lord	xvi.	13		11
My offerings to God's house I'll bring	lxvi.	51	2	46
My soul, for help on God rely	lxii.	48		43
My soul, howe'er distress'd and poor	lxix.	54	2	49
My soul, inspired with sacred love	ciii.	81		75
My soul, oppress'd with deadly care	cxix.	97	4	92
My soul with grateful thoughts of love	cxvi.	94		86
My soul with long expectance faints	cxix.	97	11	97
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O come, loud anthems let us sing	xcv.	74		68
O God, my gracious God, to thee	lxiii.	49		44
O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent	lvii.	47		43
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O Lord, my God, my portion thou	cxix.	97	8	95
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O Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope	xxxvi.	30		28
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O praise the Lord, for he is good	cxviii.	96		88
O praise the Lord in that blest place	cl.	124		127
O praise the Lord with hymns of joy	cxlvii.	121		123
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THE END.

Stereotyped by L. Johnson, Philadelphia.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

I. PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

HYMN 213. S. M.

HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared to this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts:
And in return accepts with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within this blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

HYMN 214. III. 3.

SWEET the moments rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend!
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe:
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

2 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Here I see my sins forgiven;
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go:
Prove his blood each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

HYMN 215. III. 3.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined.
Blessings all around bestowing,
God witholds his care from none,
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

HYMN 216. C. M.

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the bosom of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

HYMN 217. C. M.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who worship thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
O, with what joy, and peace, and love,
She communes with her God.

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And, (all harmonious names in one,)
My Saviour, thou art mine.

HYMN 218. L. M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

HYMN 219. C. M.

COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family, we dwell with him;
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

3 How many to their endless home
This solemn moment fly!
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

HYMN 220. III. 2.

IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise,—
Passing sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Preparations for above;

While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we, each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

3 Bread of heaven! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died.

4 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice.
'Tis thy wounds my healing give:
To thy cross I look and live.
Thou my life! O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

II. DAILY DEVOTION.

HYMN 221. L. M.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;—

2 Thou rustling breeze, so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;—

3 Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven:—

4 Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyous sight;

Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven and you partake?

5 Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

6 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove!
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

7 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

8 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

9 Oh could we learn self-sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

10 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

HYMN 222. III. 4.

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, now our guardian be:
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,

Us and ours preserve from dangers:
In thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

HYMN 223. C. M.

DREAD Sovereign, let our evening songs
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of our tongues
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still our guard;
And still to drive our wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass us around;
But ah, how few returns of love
Hath our Redeemer found!

4 What have we done for him who died
To save our sinful souls?
Alas! our sins are multiplied,
Fast as each minute rolls.

5 Yet with these guilty hearts of ours,
Lord, to thy cross we flee;
And yield them up with all their powers
To be renewed by thee.

HYMN 224. L. M.

FOR all the blessings of the day,
Our grateful praises let us pay;
And when to endless day we soar,
Our praise shall be forever more.

2 Hail, Great Redeemer! live and reign,
Thou Lamb for guilty rebels slain;
Preserver of thy ransomed race,
Exalted high in truth and grace!

3 Our guide thou all the day hast been,
Oh save us, Lord, from every sin;
Remain our Saviour still, and be
Our hope, our guard eternally.

4 This night thy gracious mantle spread
Upon us, and around our bed;
Within us grateful memories raise,
Direct our thoughts thy love to praise.

5 Into thy hands we, sinful dust,
Our souls commit, our bodies trust;
We doubt not that our heavenly friend
Loves, and will love us, to the end.

HYMN 225. C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away,
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

HYMN 226. 8s & 9s.

THE cold wind strips the yellow leaf;
The stars are twinkling faintly o'er us;
All nature wears her garb of grief,
While day's fair book is closed before us.

2 Oh! in an hour so still as this,
From care, and toil, and tumult stealing,
I'll consecrate an hour to bliss—
To sweet devotion's holy feeling:

3 And rise to thee—to thee, whose hand
Unroll'd the golden map of heaven;
Mantled with beauty all the land;
Gave light to morn, and shade to even:—

4 Being, whose all-pervading might
The laws of countless worlds disposes;
Yet gives the sparkling dews their light,
Their beauty to the blushing roses.

5 Tho' dark may be earth's vale, and damp,
Ten thousand stars shine sweetly o'er us,
And immortality's pure lamp
Gladdens and gilds our path before us.

HYMN 227. L. M.

'TIS gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

2 In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

3 Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh, may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

4 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

5 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

6 Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

III. SABBATH.

HYMN 228. III. 2.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On the approaching Sabbath day.
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Gracious Lord, our praise demand;
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Nourished by thy bounteous hand.
Now from worldly cares set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear;
And may all our Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above.

HYMN 229. II. 3.

SWEET is the last, the parting ray,
That ushers placid evening in—
When, with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin:
How grateful to the anxious breast
The sacred hours of holy rest.

2 Hush'd is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and business cease,
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace:
Delightful season! kindly given
To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven.

3 Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On faith and hope's celestial wings—
Till the last gleam of life decay
In one eternal Sabbath-day!

HYMN 230. L. M.

SWEET is the task, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My soul shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels! how divine!

4 O let me share a glorious part,
Let grace divine refine my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 231. C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has call'd his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! Oh deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast call'd thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

HYMN 232. L. M.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows
On this thy day, in this thine house:
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs that from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our lab'ring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach that place:
No tears shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes—
No cares to break the long repose—
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day! begin;
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

IV. PRAYER.—YEARNING AFTER GOD.

HYMN 233. L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,—
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-Seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought Mercy-Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far—by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-Seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd—
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy-Seat?

5 There! there, on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-Seat.

6 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy-Seat.

HYMN 234. L. M.

WHAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight—
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah, think again!
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

HYMN 235. S. M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 The rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine:
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

6 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave
To those who know not thee.

HYMN 236. C. M.

COME boldly to the throne of grace,
Our great High-Priest is there;
Come, venture to that holy place,
Beneath his guardian care.

2 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
Where Jesus kindly pleads;
Ours cannot be a desperate case
While Jesus intercedes.

3 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
The centre of his love;
Where sweet attractions never cease
To draw our hearts above.

4 Come boldly to the throne of grace;
The Saviour's pierced heart
Is touch'd with our afflicted case
In its most tender part.

5 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
And all our trials name;

In every point our Lord will trace
That he endured the same.

6 Come boldly to the throne of grace
With all our wants and fears;
The Saviour's hand shall kindly chase
Away the bitterest tears.

7 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
There shall our spirits soar;
There we will pray, and never cease,
Till time shall be no more.

HYMN 237. C. M.

O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing scene of life
Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

HYMN 238. III. 1.

COME, my soul! thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;

He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die a joyful death!

HYMN 239. III. 1.

NAY, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy:
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free:
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many years have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen,
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast help'd in every need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold:
I can no denial take
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

HYMN 240. 6, 4.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary!
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh! let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide:

Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh! bear me safe above—
A ransom'd soul.

HYMN 241. . II. 4.

COME, my Redeemer! come,
And deign to dwell with me;
O make my heart thy home,
And bid all rivals flee.
Come, my Redeemer! quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

2 Why should the world presume
To occupy thy throne?
Come, and thy right assume:
I would be thine alone.

3 Exert thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin:
In this auspicious hour
Bring all thy graces in.

4 Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control.

5 Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love;
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above.
Come, my Redeemer! quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

HYMN 242. III. 3.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Come, and by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath;
Light of life, and light's Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart;
Come, and manifest the favour
Thou hast for thy ransom'd race;
Come, thou dear exalted Saviour!
Come, and bring thy gospel grace!

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.
By thine all-restoring merit,
Every burthen'd soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

HYMN 243. III. 2.

SINCE the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty!
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in thy saving grace!
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father, hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;

Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow;
Hear my Advocate divine!
Lo! to his my suit I join:
Join'd to his, it cannot fail;
Bless me, for I *will* prevail.

4 Heavenly Father, life divine,
Change my nature into thine!
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole!
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay!
Come, and in thy temple stay!
Now thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of life, thyself impart,
Rise eternal in my heart!

HYMN 244. III. 3.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, oh breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy boundless love.

3 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured in thee.
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 245. C. M.

OH could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
Cheer'd by his staff and rod.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

HYMN 246. C. M.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily,

My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh let my strength be as my day;
For good remember me.

4 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
I'll hail reproach and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

5 The hour is near, consign'd to death,
I own thy just decree:
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, "Remember me."

HYMN 247. L. M.

GOD of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor.

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not thy word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with thee;
They who the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forsakes me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN 248. IV. 3.

O THOU in whose presence my soul takes de-
On whom in affliction I call,— [light,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all,—

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy
To feed on the pastures of love? [sheep,
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove!

3 Oh why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone.

5 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around,
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

7 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation poor sinners shall
And bask in the smiles of his face. [know,

8 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;

He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

HYMN 249. IV. 2.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness for me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me up to thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 250. IV. 2.

ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace—
The rock that is higher than I;
Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice,
Thy presence is fair to behold;
I thirst for thy Spirit with cries
And groanings that cannot be told.

3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep;
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests, with a roar,
"The Lord has forsaken thee quite,
Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah! tell me, how is it I find
Such sweetness in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue thou art,
Thy grace is my only resource;
If e'er thou art Lord of my heart,
Thy Spirit must take it by force.

HYMN 251. 8s, 4s.

O GOD! may I look up to thee?
I would address thee if I may;

And this my one request should be,
Teach me to pray.

2 Now, in my sorrow, I would ask
What thoughts to think, what words to say:
Prayer is a new and arduous task—
Teach me to pray.

3 A heartless form will not suffice,
The self-deemed rich are sent away;
The heart must bring the sacrifice—
Teach me to pray.

4 To whom shall I, thy creature, turn?
Whom else address? whom else obey?
Teach me the lesson I would learn—
Teach me to pray.

5 Now, in my hour of trouble, deign
To bow my spirit to thy sway;
Now, let me ask thee not in vain—
Teach me to pray.

6 To thee alone my eyes look up,
Turn not, O God! thy face away!
Prayer is my only door of hope—
Teach me to pray.

HYMN 252. L. M.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,—
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord! the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace—be still!"

3 Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

HYMN 253. 8s, 4s.

MY God and Father! while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me "be still" and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh?
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done!"

5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say
"Thy will be done!"

6 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God! to thee I leave the rest—
"Thy will be done!"

7 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away

All now that makes it hard to say
"Thy will be done!"

8 Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll *sing* upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

HYMN 254. 11s, 10s, 4s.

FORSAKE me not, my God! my heart is sinking,
Bow'd down with faithless fears and bodings [vain;
Busied with dark imaginings, and drinking
Th' anticipated cup of grief and pain:
But, Lord, I lean on thee; thy staff and rod
Shall guide my lot;
I will not fear if thou, my God, my God,
Forsake me not.

2 Forsake me not, my God! man must forsake me,
And earth grow dim and vanish from my sight;
Through death's dark vale no human hand may take me,
No friend's fond smile may bless me with its [light:
Alone the silent pathway must be trod
Through that drear spot,
For I must die alone—oh then, my God,
Forsake me not.

3 Forsake me not, my God, when darkly o'er me
Roll thoughts of guilt, and overwhelm my heart;
When the accuser, threatening, stands before me,
And trembling conscience writhes beneath the dart:
Thou who canst cleanse, by thine atoning blood,
Each sinful spot,
Plead thou my cause, my Saviour and my God,
Forsake me not.

4 Forsake me not, O Thou, thyself forsaken
In that mysterious hour of agony, [taken,
When from thy soul thy Father's smile was
Which had from everlasting dwelt on thee!
Oh, by that depth of anguish, which to know
Passes man's thought,
By that last bitter cry, incarnate God,
Forsake me not.

HYMN 255. II. 3.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long:

I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

6 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shall move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

7 'Tis Love! 'tis Love!—thou died'st for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart:
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal Love thou art;
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

8 My prayer hath power with God, the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove:
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

9 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature and thy name is Love

10 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose with healing in his wings:
Wither'd my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above:
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

11 Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;

All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move:
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

12 Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home—
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

V. HOLY SPIRIT. REVIVAL.

HYMN 256. S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills
Life, light, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 Melt, melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 Mine will the blessing be;
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

HYMN 257. III. 1.

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day—
Let me see my Saviour's face,
Let me all his beauties trace:
Show those glorious truths to me
Which are only known by thee.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er the soul:
Oft I of its power complain,
Yet I live beneath its reign:
In thy mercy pity me,
From this bondage set me free.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this sadden'd heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart;
Yield a sacred, settled peace,
Bid it grow and still increase—
Till each anxious thought expires,
Till my joy to heaven aspires.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.
See, to thee I yield my heart,
Shed thy life through every part;
A pure temple I would be,
Wholly dedicate to thee.

HYMN 258. C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, love divine,
Thy cleansing power impart;
Each erring thought and wish refine
That wanders near my heart.

There let thy quickening breezes blow,
Thine influences be
Such as revive thy hidden ones,
And lift their souls to thee.

2 Through darkening rains and threatening [storms
My little bark doth ride;
Oh save me from the fatal wreck
Of sin's devouring tide!
By past corrections humbled still,
Let no vain passion start
Within the consecrated veil
Of a believer's heart.

3 Oft hast thou cast me to the ground,
O'erwhelmed with grief and pain;
Yet hath thy pitying hand restored,
And led me forth again—
Forth from the shades of sullen wo,
From darkness and dismay,
And o'er my anguish pour'd the sweet
Consolatory ray.

4 O Lord! how mingled was thy love
In all my deep distress!
Thou gavest the knowledge of thy word—
That gift of sovereign grace!
And shall my peevish heart regret
The momentary pain
That follows on departed joys
In life's contracted span—

5 Time's little inch, that steals away
With every fleeting breath,
And points to an eternity
Beyond the reach of death?
Enough, my soul, enough of time,
And time's uncertain things;
Farewell, that busy hive, the world,
And all its thousand stings.

6 As feathers on the passing stream,
Our earthly pleasures move;
And transient as the evening beam
That gilds the verdant grove.
To other climes, to other skies,
My lifted soul aspires:
Thither my wandering thoughts ascend,
And all my best desires.

7 Awhile I strive, awhile I mourn,
'Midst thorns and briers here;
But God vouchsafes with love divine
My drooping heart to cheer.
Though meaner than the meanest saint,
My heavenly Guide I see;
I hear a voice behind me say,
"That Jesus died for me."

HYMN 259. 6s.

LORD of all power and might!
Grant me that inward sight,
Which views the things unseen;
All earthly objects fade,
My life, a fleeting shade,
Ne'er for one moment stay'd,
Will soon have cross'd the scene.

2 Each moment it moves on,
Still hastening to be gone;
'Till seen on earth no more,
I reach that unknown state
Where souls thy sentence wait,
To fix their lasting fate,
And hope of change is o'er.

3 Now, while there yet is time,
While earth's brief day grows dim—
Darken'd by pain and wo;
Kindle that lamp of faith,
Which can make bright my path,

E'en through the vale of death,
If thither now I go.

4 Man cannot wake the spark,
In my soul's chamber dark—
Nor keep the flame alive;
Kindling thyself the light,
Deign thou to keep it bright,
Till where is no more night,
In safety I arrive.

HYMN 260. III. 3.

HOLY Comforter! who guidest
Those who seek thine aid divine;
Who in contrite heart abidest,
Now amid my darkness shine!
Though around me waves are swelling,
And the storms of life increase:
If my heart be made thy dwelling,
I shall still be kept in peace.

2 'Tis thine office, blessed Spirit!
Christ's remembrancer to be;
Though such grace I cannot merit,
Now recall his words to me;
Though with grief my heart seems broken,
Though the wave go o'er my soul;
Every word by Jesus spoken
Makes the wounded spirit whole.

3 God of peace and consolation!
Pour this balm upon my mind;
In my Saviour's cross and passion,
Strength and healing let me find!
Is the outward man decaying?
Be the inward man renew'd!
Now, thy power and love displaying,
Cheer my mournful solitude.

4 Take the things to Christ belonging,
Manifest his love to me;

Check these thoughts of anguish, thronging
This poor heart, resigned to thee:
Show me life nor death can sever
From my soul that heavenly Friend:
Tell me he is mine forever,
And will love me to the end.

HYMN 261. 7s, 6s.

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

2 When I lie upon my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

3 When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

4 When the tempter me pursueth
With transgressions of my youth,
And condemns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

5 When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd;
When to thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

HYMN 262. L. M.

LOOK down, O Lord! with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can these dead awake and live?
And can these perish'd bones revive?

That, Mighty God! to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice,—
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

HYMN 263. L. M.

GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfumed by thee, oh may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2 Revive thy churches with thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

3 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners' hear thy voice and live;
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

4 May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

5 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And, weeping, sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

HYMN 264. III. 3.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!

All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again;
Keep no longer at a distance—
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd!
Every part look'd gay and green:
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd!
Happy seasons we have seen!
Dearest Saviour, hasten hither;
Thou canst make us bloom again:
Oh, permit us not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares:
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 265. II. 1.

THE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
The lilies grow and thrive:
Refreshing showers of grace divine
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

2 This makes the dry and barren ground
In springs of water to abound,
And fruitful soil become:
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is.—
Come, taste and see, the pardon free
For all mankind as well as me:
Who come to Christ may live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will them all relieve.
None are too late, if they repent;
Out of one sinner legions went:
Jesus did him receive.

5 Come, brethren, ye that love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on:
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6 There we shall reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
When all the saints get home.—
Come on, come on, all brethren dear!
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

HYMN 266. III. 1.

JESUS, God of love, attend,
From thy glorious throne descend;
Answer now some waiting heart,
Now some harden'd soul convert:
To our Advocate we fly,
Let us feel Emmanuel nigh,
Manifest thy love abroad,
Make us now the sons of God.

2 Hover round us, King of kings,
Rise with healing in thy wings;

Melt our obstinacy down,
Cause us to become thine own;
Set, oh set the captive free,
Draw our backward souls to thee;
Let us all from thee receive
Light to see, and life to live.

3 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Join to seek and save the lost;
Raise us sinners to thy throne,
Add us jewels to thy crown!
Are we not without thy light,
Darken'd with Egyptian night?
Light of light, thy power exert,
Lighten each benighted heart!

4 Give the heavy-laden rest,
Christ make known in every breast:
Void of thee we quickly die;
Turn our sackcloth into joy:
Witness all our sins forgiven,
Grant on earth a glimpse of heaven;
Bring the joyful tidings down,
Fit us for our future crown.

HYMN 267. II. 2.

ZION, awake, put on thy strength,
Resume thy beautiful array;
The promised Saviour comes at length,
To chase thy guilt and grief away:
Thee for his purpose God shall own,
And save thee by his dying Son.

2 Jerusalem, be holy now,
Satan no more shall dwell in thee;
Wash'd from thy sin, and white as snow,
Prepare thy God-made-man to see;
Prepare Emmanuel to behold,
And hear his peaceful message told.

3 Shake off the dust, arise with speed,
And cast away the chains of sin,—
Too long hast thou a captive been;
Redemption's near, lift up thine head:
Forth from thy prison come, and shake
The yoke of bondage from thy neck.

4 Though ye have sold yourselves for naught,
And forfeited your claim to heaven,
Accept the Saviour's love unbought;
Your treason now is all forgiven:
His blood the fallen race restores,
And saves without desert of yours.

VI. GOD.

HYMN 268. II. 4.

I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above.
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood,
From everlasting wo.
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give;
Whose new creating power
Makes the dead sinner live.
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

HYMN 269. C. M.

IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

HYMN 270. C. M.

KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave—*to be.*

3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size
Drawn by the eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine:
Each opening leaf, and every stroke
Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 In thy fair book of life and grace
Oh may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb.

HYMN 271. C. M.

O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home—

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

HYMN 272. L. M.

THERE'S not a bird (with lonely nest
In pathless wood or mountain crest,)
Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
O God! in thy paternal care.

2 There's not a being now accurst,
Who did not taste thy goodness first;
And every joy the wicked see
Received its origin from thee.

3 Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds thee within its solitude;
And thou dost bless the wand'rer there
Who makes his solitary prayer.

4 In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness.

5 And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing;
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity.

6 Through all creation let thy name
Be echo'd with a glad acclaim;
Thy praise let grateful churches sing,
With praise let heaven forever ring.

7 And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life and thought and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
Will bless thee for thy boundless grace.

HYMN 273. C. M.

THE Lord our God is Lord of all,
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall
I hear him in the wind!

2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

3 He lives, he reigns, in every land,
From winter's polar snows
To where across the burning sand
The blasting meteor glows.

4 He smiles, we live—he frowns, we die—
We hang upon his word;
He rears his red right arm on high,
And ruin bares his sword.

5 He bids his blasts the fields deform—
Then, when his thunders cease,
Sits like the Ruler of the storm,
And smiles the wind to peace!

HYMN 274. C. M.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, a sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

4 O God, my strength and fortitude!
Of force I must love thee:
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity!

VII. CHRIST.

HYMN 275. 11s, 10s.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

HYMN 276. II. 6.

SWEET is the song of heaven,
The anthem of the sky—
"Good-will to man be given,
Glory to God on high:"
While every heart rejoices
To sing of peace on earth,
We'll tune our feeble voices,
To sing a Saviour's birth.

Sweet is the song of heaven,
The anthem of the sky—
"Good-will to man be given,
Glory to God on high."

2 Publish the great Salvation;
Repeat the heavenly strain
Through every land and nation—
O'er every hill and plain;
Let notes of joy and gladness
The cheerful strain prolong,
Nor let one note of sadness
Be mingled with the song.
Sweet is the song, &c.

HYMN 277. 7s, 6s.

HAPPY angels! still ye dwell
In yon worlds of glory;
And in joyous anthem swell
Love's redeeming story.
Shining multitudes! ye came
Our Redeemer to proclaim;
Still your song is just the same—
Glory, glory, glory!

2 Angels, sing again with man—
Swell our strain of glory;
Shout with us the wondrous plan,
Love's redeeming story.
Soon our stay on earth shall fail,
Soon shall drop the mortal veil,
Then in song and voice we'll hail,
Glory, glory, glory!

Christ, our Lord, the *theme*, the *song*—
(Then no more the stranger
Welcomed by the shining throng
In lone Bethlehem's manger,)

Robed in peerless majesty,
Soon our eyes shall also see;
Then we'll sing, "'Tis He, 'tis He!
Glory, glory, glory!"

HYMN 278. III. 2.

JESUS, while he dwelt below,
(As divine historians say,)
To a garden oft would go,
Near to Kedron's brook it lay:
When from noise he would be free,
Then he sought Gethsemane.

2 Thither, by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came;
There the heavenly truths he taught
Often set their hearts in flame:
All things did to them agree
To endear Gethsemane.

3 Here they oft conversing sat,
Or might join with Christ in prayer;
Oh! what blest devotion that,
When the Lord himself was there!
Yet how little could they see
Why he chose Gethsemane.

4 Full of love to man's lost race,
On his conflict much he thought,
This he knew the destined place,
And he loved the sacred spot:
Love to them, and love to me,
Made him love Gethsemane.

5 Many woes had he endured;
Many sore temptations met—
Patient, and to pain inured;
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustained in thee,
Mournful, dark Gethsemane!

6 Came at length the dreadful night,
Vengeance with its iron rod
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God:
See, my soul, the Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane!

7 View him in that dark recess
Agonizing, bathed in blood,
View thy Maker's deep distress,
Hear the cries and groans of God:
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane!

8 Oh what wonders love has done,
But how little understood!
God well knows, and knows alone,
What produced that sweat of blood:
Who can thy deep mysteries see,
Wonderful Gethsemane!

9 There my God bore all my guilt;
This through grace can be believed;
But the horrors that he felt
Are too vast to be conceived:
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, sad Gethsemane!

10 Lord, I have no claim to share
In a favour so divine,
But since sin first brought thee there,
None have greater sins than mine:
And to this my mournful plea,
Witness thou, Gethsemane!

11 Sins against a holy God,
Sins against his righteous laws;
Sins against his love, his blood,
Sins against his name and cause:
Sins immense as is the sea—
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

12 Here's my claim, and here alone:
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none,
No, not one good work to plead:
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
But in rich Gethsemane!

13 Saviour! all the stone remove
From my flinty, frozen heart;
Thaw it with thy beams of love;
Pierce it with a blood-dipp'd dart:
To that cleansing fount I flee,
Open'd in Gethsemane.

14 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
One almighty God of love,
Hymn'd by all the heavenly host
In thy shining courts above:
We poor sinners, gracious Three,
Bless thee for Gethsemane!

HYMN 279. IV. 2.

THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft beam;
And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapours that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels beholding, amazed at the sight,
Attended their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olives, thou dear honour'd spot!
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4 Come, saints, and adore him; come bow at his feet:
Oh give him the glory, the praise that is meet;

Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

HYMN 280. 8s, 4s.

O MY Redeemer! can I sleep,
With heart at ease, with spirits light,
When thou for me such watch didst keep,
On this sad night?

2 Shall I not watch with thee one hour?
Shall I not think what griefs were thine,
Contemplating the amazing power
Of love divine?

3 This night there fell on thee the shock
(By thine omniscience long foreseen)
Of treachery 'midst the little flock,
Yet Thou, serene—

4 With words of holiest tenderness
Didst only strive their grief to calm;
Their fainting hearts to soothe and bless
With heavenly balm!

5 Oh what a passover they shared!
Nor them alone didst thou include:
For us that feast was then prepared—
Faith's mystic food.

6 The heavenly manna then bestow'd,
Endued with undecaying power,
Has nourished the whole church of God
E'en from that hour.

7 Thence would I follow thee in thought,
To that lone spot, so dark for thee,
For us with light and gladness fraught,
Gethsemane!

8 Thine unknown anguish suffer'd there—
Thy sweat of blood—the wrath of God—
All were endured that we might share
Thy bright abode.

9 And when that last sad morning came,
Following a night of agony,
When Thou God's undefiled Lamb
Wert led to die,—

10 What sounds, what sights surrounded Him
Whose praise tunes every harp in heaven!
No wonder contrite tears should dim
The record given!

HYMN 281. II. 6.

O SACRED Head! now wounded,
With grief and shame weigh'd down—
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns thine only crown;
O sacred Head! what glory,
What bliss ere now was thine!
But though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 Oh noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All fear'd when thou appear'dst—
What shame is on thee hurl'd!
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

3 What thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd
Was all for sinners' gain,
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour,—
'Tis I deserve thy place:
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

4 Receive me, my Redeemer,
My Shepherd, make me thine;

Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

5 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joy beside,
When in thy body broken,
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

6 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,—
Thy pity without end?
Oh make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

7 If I should ever leave thee,
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive thee
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

8 Be near when I am dying,
Oh show thy cross to me!
And for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free:
These eyes new faith receiving
From Jesus will not move,

For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through thy love.

HYMN 282. C. M.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

5 But floods of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 283.

SAW ye my Saviour? Saw ye my Saviour?
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
Oh, he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended,—He was extended,—
Painfully nail'd to the cross;
There he bow'd his head and died,—
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour,
Prince and the author of peace!
Oh, he burst the bars of death,
And triumphant from the earth
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

4 There interceding,—there interceding,—
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "Father, I have died,
Oh, behold my hands and side,
Oh, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive!"

5 "I will forgive them,—I will forgive them
When they repent and believe,—
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

HYMN 284. III. 1.

BOUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

2 Bound upon the accursed tree
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil;
By earth that trembled at his doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb;
By Eden, promised, ere he died,
To the felon at his side;
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

3 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
The breath resign'd in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know thee now;
Son of man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

4 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

HYMN 285. C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (oh, amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break!

And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told!

HYMN 286. III. 3.

HAIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou everlasting King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.

2 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour!
Bearer of our sin and shame:
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through thy name.

3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

4 All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,—
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

5 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide!
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:

6 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There our place thou dost prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

7 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

8 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,—
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

HYMN 287. L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, oh how free!
His loving-kindness—loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh how strong!

4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I him have oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last-expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN 288. C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast,
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 Jesus, my shepherd, guardian, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

HYMN 289. C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His very name is Love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
Resisting unto blood.

4 He, in his days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And still vouchsafes to feel afresh
What every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame:
The bruiséd reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain delivering grace
For every trying hour.

HYMN 290. II. 4.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth—
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Jesus, my great High-Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died:
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

3 My great Almighty Lord!
My conqueror and my King!
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power: behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

4 I love my Shepherd's voice:
His watchful eye shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names:
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

5 To this great Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

6 Now let my soul arise
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct my way.

HYMN 291. II. 6.

LORD, I would rise each morning
In *thy* blest path to tread:
Such light from thence is dawning,
I ne'er can be misled:
That heavenly track pursuing,
My soul fresh strength will gain:
That bright example viewing,
Some likeness to attain.

2 Each grace, with mild effulgence,
Through thy demeanour shone:
Self-pleasing, self-indulgence,
To thee were never known:
'Twas as a "man of sorrows"
Thy years were pass'd below:
From this the sufferer borrows
A balm for every wo.

3 Privation, self-denial,
Fatigue, opprobrium, scorn—
Each varied form of trial
By thee were hourly borne;
Full oft thine heart was wounded,
E'en by that chosen few
Toward whom thy love, unbounded,
No change nor limit knew.

4 Whole nights of prayer succeeded
Thy long laborious day:
Thy fervent spirit needed
No solace but to pray:
Thy mortal strength fast wasted,
But thy untiring soul
With ceaseless ardour hasted
To reach the glorious goal.

5 If life e'er seem appalling,
O'ercast with pain and gloom,
Whether past grief recalling,
Or fearing woes to come,—
Be this reproof sufficient;
What thoughts must thine have been,
When by thine eye omniscient
Jerusalem was seen!

6 What anguish there awaited
The spotless Lamb of God!
Who, scorn'd, blasphemed, and hated,
Pour'd out his precious blood!
There, to insure my pardon,
He sorrow'd unto death,
And in that mournful garden
Fainted my load beneath.

7 Lord! I can ne'er unravel
The mystery of thy woes—
Of thy pure Spirit's travail,
The agonizing throes!

But oh! that cross and passion
Should check each weak complaint,
That unknown tribulation
Should bid *me* not to faint.

8 Since thou hast deign'd to suffer,
Let suffering still be mine!
My path can ne'er be rougher,
Ne'er half so rough as thine;
Oh, when my heart seems sinking,
Let this my cordial be,
I of thy cup am drinking,
To be conformed to thee.

HYMN 292. C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell below the sky,
Through air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 293. C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate! man divine!
And crown him—Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.

HYMN 294. III. 3.

HARK! ten thousand voices sounding
Victory, victory, through the sky;
Swiftly flies the shout, resounding,
Spreading rapturous joy on high.

2 Jesus comes, his conflict over,
Comes to claim his great reward:
Angels round the victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord.

3 Oh what honours now await him!
Friends and foes shall hear his voice;
Tremble, tremble, ye that hate him;
Ye who love his name, rejoice.

4 Yonder throne, for him erected,
Now becomes the victor's seat;
Lo, the man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet.

5 Day and night they cry before him,
"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore him—
All obey his sovereign word.

HYMN 295. 7s, 4s.

GRATEFUL praise to thee we bring,
God our Saviour and our King;
While our feeble songs we raise,
Hear us from thy dwelling-place:
Thou art worthy,
God of Glory, God of grace!

2 Thou hast made us by thy power,
Thou hast kept us to this hour;
Guardian of our helpless days,
Hear, oh hear, our humble lays:
Thou art worthy,
God of glory, God of grace!

3 For thy life of righteousness,
For thy death of shame, we bless;
For thy sanctifying grace,
We our loud hosannas raise:
Thou art worthy,
God of glory, God of grace!

4 Though but creatures of a day,
Soon like flowers to pass away,

Thou canst raise us by thy power,
Up where seraphim adore:
Thou art worthy,
God of glory, God of grace!

HYMN 296. C. M.

O LOVELY voices of the sky,
That hymn'd the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high
Who once sang "Peace on earth?"
To us yet speak the blissful strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye bless'd the wondering Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky!

2 O clear and shining light, whose beams
A heavenly glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head!
Be near to us through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and peace, and joy, and faith,
O clear and shining light!

3 O star which led to Him whose love
Brought hope and mercy free!
Where art thou? 'Mid the host above?
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thy glories are not set;
Thy rays earth might not dim;
Send them to guide our pilgrim feet,
O star which led to Him!*

HYMN 297. L. M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High-Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye:
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

HYMN 298. L. M.

HE comes! he comes! the Saviour dear,
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll:
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
All hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout, all ye people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High!
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns!

VIII. FAITH AND SALVATION.

HYMN 299. III. 5.

TELL me of that great Physician,
Will he undertake my cure?
Will he freely grant admission
To an applicant so poor?
None but Jesus
Could to such relief secure.

2 I have not one plea to proffer
Why such grace I should partake—
No inducement can I offer;
No requital can I make;
None but Jesus
Heals for his own mercy's sake.

3 Yet I know that he has granted
Cures to thousands such as I:
Given them freely all they wanted,
Without money let them buy:
None but Jesus
Every want could thus supply.

4 Let me go and spread before him
All my symptoms—all my fears:
Deeply, gratefully adore him,
While my trembling heart he cheers:
None but Jesus
Wipes away the sufferers' tears.

HYMN 300. III. 6.

IN the volume of the book
God to man from heaven has sent,

In the words the Saviour spoke
Faith stands out pre-eminent:
Clear, where'er the vision turns,
Like the polar star it burns.

2 Ere his miracles were wrought
Faith a requisite was deem'd,
This, in every heart he sought,
This above all else esteem'd:
"Without faith"—'tis here engraved,
"None are pardon'd—none are saved."

3 While to me affliction brings
From terrestrial cares release,
Turns my thoughts to holier things—
Things "belonging to my peace:"
Teach me, Lord, by light divine,
What is faith, and make it mine.

4 Is it simply to believe
All this wondrous book contains?
Is it meekly to receive
All it teaches—not explains?
Without doubts or scruples nice,
"Thus saith God,"—must this suffice?

5 Is it, above all, to own
Him, the slighted Nazarene,
As Jehovah's equal Son,
Who eternally has been
Perfect God, and perfect man—
Truths no finite mind can scan?

6 Jesus! as a little child,
At thy footstool I sit down:
By man's glosses unbeguiled,
Learning truth from Thee alone;
Lord, how strait soe'er the gait,
Here I knock, and here I wait.

7 Thou of faith the Author art—
Thou alone canst faith bestow:

Plant this germ within my heart,
Root it deep, and make it grow:
Thou, from whom such gifts proceed,
Thou art Lord and God indeed.

HYMN 301. C. M.

THERE is a fountain, fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me, a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung and tuned, for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in all celestial ears
No other name but thine.

HYMN 302. III. 2.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow;
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Jesus, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death;
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN 303. 8s, 6s.

JUST as I am,—without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me,
And thou hast bid me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am,—oh, waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am,—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing for the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown,
Hath broken every barrier down,
Now to be thine, ay, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

HYMN 304. II. 2.

FATHER! thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart is full of tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

2 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee,
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains in me,
While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.

3 By faith, O Lord, I look to thee,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
To thee, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be [gone,]
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father! thy mercy never dies.

5 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay,
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

HYMN 305. II. 2.

GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are worthy of thyself divine:
But the fair glories of thy grace,
Beyond thy other wonders shine;
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Crimes of such horror to forgive!
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share;
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
I take the pardon of my God;
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye—
A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood;
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

4 O may this great, this matchless grace,
This God-like miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above!

Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

HYMN 306. III. 4.

CLOUDS and darkness round about thee,
For a season vail thy face,
Still I trust, and cannot doubt thee,
Jesus! full of truth and grace:
Resting on thy words I stand,
None shall pluck me from thy hand.

2 Oh! rebuke me not in anger!
Suffer not my faith to fail!
Let not pain, temptation, languor,
O'er my struggling heart prevail!
Holding fast thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from thy hand.

3 In my heart thy word I cherish,
Though unseen, thou still art near;
Since thy sheep shall never perish,
What have I to do with fear?
Trusting in thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from thy hand.

HYMN 307. 8s, 6s.

O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen!
Since on thine arm thou bidst me lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to thee.

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.

3 Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
Here she has found a place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblest
While she can cling to thee.

4 Without a murmur, I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss,
My joy, my consolation this,
Each hour to cling to thee.

5 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends, and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

6 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown;
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me."

7 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee!

8 They fear not Satan nor the grave;
They feel thee near, and strong to save;
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave;
Because they cling to thee.

9 Blest is my lot—whate'er befall,
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour! I cling to thee?

HYMN 308. 5s, 11s.

ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Our ransom and peace,
Our surety he is;
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

2 The Lord, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.

He dies to atone
For sins not his own:
The Father hath punished for us his dear Son.

3 Oh may we embrace
The ransoming grace
Of him who hath suffered and died in our place!
With joy we approve
The design of his love;
'Tis a wonder below, and a wonder above.

4 He came from above,
Our curse to remove;
For he loved us, although so unworthy of love.
When time is no more,
Still shall we adore
That ocean of love without bottom or shore.

HYMN 309. L. M.

WHEN marshall'd on the mighty plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the star of Bethlehem!

3 Once on the raging sea I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;

And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

HYMN 310. C. M.

CHARGED with the complicated load
Of our enormous debt,
By faith I see the Lamb of God
Expire beneath its weight!

2 My numerous sins transferr'd to him,
Shall never more be found,—
Lost in his blood's atoning stream,
Where every crime is drown'd!

3 My mighty sins to thee are known:
But mightier still is He
Who laid his life a ransom down,
And pleads his death for me.

4 Oh may my life, while here below,
Bear witness to thy love,
Till I before thy footstool bow,
And chant thy praise above!

HYMN 311. III. 5.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
Rending rocks the words attesting,
Shaking earth and vailéd sky:
"It is finish'd!"
Was the Saviour's dying cry.

2 That which prophets long predicted,
That which Jewish sacrifice

Only shadow'd, not effected,—
That which justice satisfies,
Now is finish'd!
So the dying Saviour cries.

3 Now redemption is completed,
Sin atoned; the curse removed;
Satan, death, and hell defeated,
As the resurrection proved:
All is finish'd!
Here our hope may rest unmoved.

4 Oh! the life, the peace, the pleasure,
Which these gracious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finish'd!"
Let our joyful songs record.

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Sound aloud Immanuel's name:
All creation swell the chorus;
Dwell on this delightful theme,
"It is finish'd!"
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

HYMN 312. L. M.

HOPE is the anchor of the soul;
It enters that within the vail;
And though the waves of trouble roll,
The anchor holds, and will not fail.

2 The night is dark, the sea runs high;
The mast before the tempest bends;
A shore bestrew'd with wrecks is nigh,
And on the anchor all depends!

3 The vessel drifts, if that give way,
And founders on the fatal shore,
Where death and night maintain their sway—
Where light and love are seen no more.

4 At such a time, in such a state,
A single anchor holding all,
No wonder if our fear be great!
No wonder if our hope be small!

5 But one sweet word dispels our fear—
The word of "Him who cannot lie;"
His truth is pledged, his power is near;
His truth and power all ills defy.

6 Hope, O my soul, thine anchor is
Both sure and steadfast; be thou strong!
The word that makes thee bold is His,
Who reigns yon shining host among.

HYMN 313. L. M.

HOW oft have sin and Satan striven
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But thou a covenant sure hast given,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wondrous grace:
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and strong,
My soul to this bless'd refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope
In oath and promises and blood.

HYMN 314. IV. 2.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring;

The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do,
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet.
Things future, or things that are now,
Not all things below or above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on his heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace;
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

HYMN 315. S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain:

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay its hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,

When hanging on the accursed tree;
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 316. II. 4.

ARISE, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me,—
Forgive him, oh forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me, I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:

With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

HYMN 317. L. M.

JESUS! thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,—
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While through thy blood absolved I am,
From sin's tremendeous curse and shame.

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim,—
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue—
The robe of Christ is ever new.

6 Oh let the dead now hear thy voice,
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice:
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

HYMN 318. 6s, 4s.

PLEAD thou,—oh plead my cause;
Each self-excusing plea
My trembling soul withdraws,
And flies to thee;
When justice rears her throne,
Ah! who, save thee alone,

May stand, O spotless One?
Plead thou my cause!

2 Ah! plead not aught of mine
Before thine altar throne;
Fragments—when all is thine—
All—all thine own!
Thou seest what stains they bear;
Oh! since each tear, each prayer,
Hath need of pardon there,—
Plead thou my cause!

3 With lips that dying breathed
Blessings for words of scorn;
With brow where I had wreathed
The piercing thorn;
With breast to whose pure tide
He did the weapon guide,
Who had no home beside,—
Plead thou my cause!

4 Plead—when the tempter's art,
To each fond hope of mine,
Denies this faithless heart
Can e'er be thine.
If slander whisper too
The sin I never knew,
Thou who couldst urge the true,—
Plead thou my cause!

5 Oh! plead my cause above;
Plead thine within my breast,
Till there thy peaceful Dove
Shall build her nest.
Thou knowest this will—how frail,
Thou knowest, though language fail—
My soul's mysterious tale;—
Plead thou my cause!

IX. PENITENTIAL.

HYMN 319. C. M.

LORD, at thy feet in dust I lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With humble heart and weeping eye
Thy favour I implore.

2 On me, O Lord, do thou display
Thy rich, forgiving love;
Oh take my heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

3 Without thy grace I sink opprest
Down to the gates of hell;
Oh, give my troubled spirit rest,
And all my fears dispel.

4 'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore;
Oh may thy bowels move;
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

5 Should I at last in heaven appear,
To join thy saints above,
I'll shout that mercy brought me there,
And sing thy bleeding love.

HYMN 320. L. M.

GUILTY and vile, before my God,
I dread the vengeance of thy rod;
My sins like lofty mountains grown,
Might justly bring thy vengeance down.

2 Thy justice dreadful glory claims,
And bids me sink to endless flames;
And while I hear thy thunders roar,
I own thy justice, and adore.

3 But there's a throne of grace above,
Where Jesus sits and rules by love:

He'll send his grace and mercy down,
And all his grace with glory crown.

4 Jesus, to thee alone I fly;
And wilt thou let a sinner die?
While trusting in thy sacred blood,
I seek no other way to God.

5 Thy tender heart will sure forgive,
And bid a guilty sinner live;
For all that come thy grace is free,
For Saul, and Magdalen, and me.

HYMN 321. C. M.

FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make,
For all he has bestow'd,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

5 I cannot serve him as I ought;
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe him most.

HYMN 322. C. M.

MY God, how perfect are thy ways!
But mine polluted are;

Sin twines itself about my praise,
And slides into my prayer.

2 When I would speak what thou hast done
To save me from my sin,
I cannot make thy mercies known
But self-applause creeps in!

3 Divine desire, that holy flame,
Thy grace creates in me;
Alas! impatience is its name
When it returns to thee.

4 This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,
How does it overflow!
While self upon the surface floats,
Still bubbling from below.

5 Let others in the gaudy dress
Of fancied merit shine;
The Lord shall be my righteousness,
The Lord forever mine.

HYMN 323. II. 1.

O GOD! what am I in thy sight?
Thou, only thou, canst read aright
The characters within;
No fellow-mortal has their clew—
No human scrutiny can view
The ravages of sin.

2 Till thy light shone, I never knew
How fearful was my heart to view,
Disorder'd, false, impure;
I fondly fancied it was good,
Nor that high standard understood
Whose test it must endure.

3 It once seem'd sweet man's praise to hear;
Now it falls coldly on my ear:
What is its worth for me?

Mistaken, partial, at the best,
Is all th' approval thus express'd;
None, none my heart can see!

4 And I am passing swiftly on
To that tribunal where alone
The estimate is just;
Where into judgment God will bring
Each hidden thought, each secret thing,
And lay me in the dust.

5 Searcher of hearts! before thine eye,
Though all my sins uncover'd lie—
Sins more than I can count—
Yet one pure drop of precious blood,
Shed by the atoning Lamb of God,
Cancels their whole amount.

6 On me that blood be sprinkled now!
Wash me, and make me white as snow,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain!
That blood which our lost world redeem'd
(A ransom adequate esteem'd)
Can never plead in vain.

HYMN 324. 8s, 4s.

PERCHANCE my hours are number'd now,
And life's remaining sands are few;
Still o'er the past my tears must flow,
Sad the review!

2 From unrefreshing sleep I wake,
And while in restlessness I sigh,
A mournful retrospect I take
Of days gone by.

3 How oft have I laid down to rest,
And balmy sleep's refreshment shared,
Nor thought of Him my nights who blest,
My life who spared!

4 How oft has morning's fragrant breeze,
Whose breath I now no more inhale,
Wafted the joys of health and ease,
On every gale!

5 But still I slept, and still I woke,
Thankless to him who all bestow'd,
And never, or profanely, spoke
Of thee, great God!

6 A form of words, a heartless prayer,
This was the homage paid to thee,
Whose bounteous love, whose ceaseless care,
Gave all to me.

7 I loved my friends, and was beloved,
But self was all in all to me;
Thy gifts were not for thee improved—
I loved not thee!

8 And thus thy first and great command,
If not despised, was disobey'd;
Well may thy heavy chastening hand
Make me afraid!

9 Well may I fear that, now in wrath,
Thou wilt cut short life's brittle thread,
And close for me that narrow path
I would not tread.

10 But mercy, mercy I implore,
Through Christ's atoning sacrifice;
To Him, ere life's short day be o'er,
I lift my eyes.

11 For poor lost sinners he was slain;
For them he died—for them he lives;
Hope kindles in my heart again;
That hope he gives

HYMN 325. L. M.

O LORD my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!

To thee I call, to thee I cry;
Oh leave me, leave me not to die!

2 O pleasures past, what are ye now,
But thorns about my bleeding brow?
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain?

3 For pleasure I have given my soul;
Now, justice, let thy thunders roll;
Now, vengeance, smite—and with a blow
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

4 Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,
I'll crouch beneath his sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and, holding there,
E'en me, oh bliss! his love may spare.

HYMN 326. II. 1.

I LOOK around me, all is sad,
Faces beloved no longer glad—
In silence o'er me bend;
They see me wasting, worn with pain,
They see the help of man is vain,—
To God their prayers ascend.

2 Backward I look—through bygone years,
An awful register appears
Of debts I ne'er can pay;
Duties omitted, time misused,
Talents neglected or abused,—
Heart-sick I turn away.

3 I look within—appalling sight!
There, where I fancied all was right,
Throughout confusion reigns:
All evil passions there seem pent;
Impatience, pride, dark discontent,
Which God himself arraigns.

4 Forward I look—there, dark and dread,
Lies the lone path I soon must tread;
Low whisper'd sounds I hear:
"The second death, the wrath to come,
The judgment-seat, the eternal doom,—"
My spirit faints with fear.

5 Still, still there's hope—I look above,
I trace the record, "God is love,"
I read engraven there—
"God to his mercy will receive
All who in Jesus Christ believe,—"
This saves me from despair.

6 O Son of God, to thee I look!
For me unseal that heavenly book
Which testifies of Thee;
That Spirit may I now receive
Who teaches sinners to believe—
Blest Spirit! teach thou me.

HYMN 327. III. 4.

SAVIOUR! once to thee presented,
At thy footstool I was laid;
In life's bloom my heart consented
To the vows my sponsors made:
Thine in infancy and youth,
Should I not have kept thy truth?

2 Thine by right as my Creator,
Who my twofold life bestow'd,
Saved by thee, my Mediator,
Ransom'd with thy precious blood;
Thine by baptism's solemn vow,
Shall my heart forsake thee now?

3 No! not farther shall I wander;
Thou hast stricken me to reclaim;
O'er the guilty past I ponder,
Overwhelm'd with grief and shame;

Still that Lord whose seal I wear
Pours for me th' availing prayer.

4 Welcome the severest token
That God "lets me not alone;"
Though his covenant I have broken,
He reclaims me as his own:
Saviour, now my soul restore,
Bid me "go and sin no more."

HYMN 328. C. M.

PROSTRATE, Lord Jesus! at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh let not justice frown me thence;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm;
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm!

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt:

5 Think on thy sorrows, gracious Lord,
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
Which bids the sinner live.

HYMN 329. III. 1.

SPEAK my Saviour, speak to me,
With divine, effectual power—
Weeping, I look up to thee—
Bid *me* "go and sin no more."

2 Thou art full of pardoning love,
Thou canst grant what I implore;
Now thy pitying mercy prove,
Bid me "go and sin no more."

3 Thou upbraidest not thy child:
Deeply I the past deplore;
Now, with gracious accents mild,
Bid me "go and sin no more."

4 Nothing can I see but sin,
It has tainted my heart's core;
There it spreads—without, within:
Can "*I* go and sin no more?"

5 'Tis for man too hard a task,
But thou *canst* my soul restore;
Saviour! this alone I ask—
Bid me "go and sin no more."

6 Self-condemned—without a plea,
Guilty—lost—like her of yore,
Mine may her acquittal be!
Bid me "go and sin no more."

7 Oh, how blest will be that day
When, while I thy love adore,
I shall never need to say,
Bid me "go and sin no more."

HYMN 330. III. 1.

DEPTH of mercy can there be,
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare;

Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunders drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands:
God is love! I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

5 Jesus, answer from above—
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou then the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?

6 Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

HYMN 331. L. M.

AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart;
Thus fond of trifles, vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away;
In vain, alas! resolve to bind
This rebel heart, this wandering mind.

3 Through all resolves how soon it flies,
And mocks the weak, the slender ties;
There's naught beneath a power divine
That can this roving heart confine.

4 Jesus, to thee I would return,
At thy dear feet repentant mourn;
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

5 Oh let thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul;

Bid every vanity depart,
And dwell forever in my heart.

X. SEARCHINGS OF HEART.

HYMN 332. C. M.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each tempting idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do I not love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be the heart to every joy
Which Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

6 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

HYMN 333. L. M.

WHY do these cares divide my soul,
If thou, O Lord, hast set me free?

Why am I thus, if thou hast died—
If thou hast died to ransom me?

2 Around me clouds of darkness roll,
In deepest night I still walk on;
Heavily moves my fainting soul,
My comfort and my God are gone.

3 Oft with thy saints my voice I raise,
And seem to join their happy song;
Faintly ascends the imperfect praise,
Or dies upon my powerless tongue.

4 Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead,
To thy dread courts I oft repair;
By conscience dragg'd, or custom led,
I come; nor feel that God is there.

5 O Lord, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gifts thyself hast given;
My portion thou, my treasure art,
My life, and happiness, and heaven.

6 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all for thee resign;
Give me thyself—I ask no more.

HYMN 334. C. M.

OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

HYMN 335. L. M.

OH for a glance of heavenly day
To take this stubborn stone away,
And melt with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To rouse this stupid heart of mine.

5 But thou, O Lord, canst do the deed,
And thy blest influence much I need;
Thy Spirit send with power divine
To move and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN 336. C. M.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

5 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

6 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy promise cannot fail:
Oh come without delay!

HYMN 337. II. 3.

STRANGE and mysterious is my life—
What opposites I feel within!
A stable peace, a constant strife;
The rule of grace, the power of sin;
Too often I am captive led,
Yet daily triumph in my Head.

2 I prize the privilege of prayer,
But oh, what backwardness to pray!
Though on the Lord I cast my care,
I feel its burden every day;
I seek his will in all I do,
Yet find my own is working too.

3 I call the promises my own,
And prize them more than mines of gold;

Yet though their sweetness I have known,
They leave me unimpress'd and cold:
One hour upon the truth I feed,
The next I know not what I read.

4 I love the holy day of rest,
When Jesus meets his gather'd saints;
Sweet day, of all the week the best!
For its return my spirit pants;
Yet often, through my unbelief,
It proves a day of guilt and grief.

5 While on my Saviour I rely,
I know my foes shall lose their aim,
And therefore dare their power defy,
Assured of conquest through his name;
But soon my confidence is slain,
And all my fears return again.

6 Thus different powers within me strive,
And grace and sin by turns prevail;
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And victory hangs in doubtful scale;
But Jesus has his promise pass'd,
That grace shall overcome at last.

HYMN 338. C. M.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.

2 A rest where all the soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 Oh, that I now this rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And make me cease from sin.

4 Remove the hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

5 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my end!

HYMN 339. L. M.

SAVIOUR, whene'er I search my heart,
Such guilt, such wretchedness I see,
This thought alone can hope impart,
Is any thing too hard for thee?

2 Rebellious feelings there repine,
Because my days pass wearily:
Can my will ever blend with thine?
Is any thing too hard for thee?

3 I ask myself, with grief opprest,
"Can grace, e'en here triumphant be?
May I on this firm anchor rest,
That nothing is too hard for thee?"

4 And then, a still small voice replies,
"Why slow of heart and faithless be?
Lift to yon glorious arch thine eyes:
Is any thing too hard for me?"

5 Whate'er disturbs, within, without,
Whate'er assaults or threatens me,
Let this repel each fear, each doubt—
Lord, nothing is too hard for thee.

HYMN 340. III. 2.

EVER patient, gentle, meek,
Holy Saviour! was thy mind;
Vainly in myself I seek
Likeness to my Lord to find:

Yet that mind which was in thee
May be, must be form'd in me.

2 Days of toil 'mid throngs of men,
Vex'd not, ruffled not thy soul;
Still collected, calm, serene,
Thou each feeling couldst control:
Lord, that mind which was in thee
May be, must be form'd in me.

3 Though such griefs were thine to bear,
For each sufferer thou couldst feel,
Every mourner's burden share,
Every wounded spirit heal:
Saviour! let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee.

4 When my pain is most intense,
Let thy cross my lesson prove;
Let me hear thee, e'en from thence,
Breathing words of peace and love:
Saviour! let thy grace in me
Form that mind which was in thee.

HYMN 341. L. M.

ART thou acquainted, O my soul,
With such a Saviour, such a friend,
Whose power can all events control,
And from all evils can defend?

2 Why art thou then oppress with fears?
Knowledge of him should give thee peace;
Should check these mournful thoughts and tears,
And bid these sad misgivings cease.

3 Is it the *past* that gives thee pain?
Sins, errors, falls dost thou deplore?
Th' atoning blood pleads not in vain;
Thy God remembers them no more.

4 Do *present* troubles vex thy mind?
Sufferings of body, mental care?

In God a refuge thou wilt find,
And oh! what sweet relief in prayer!

5 Dost thou the unknown *future* dread?
Sorrows in life, or death's dark vale?
In both shall light around be shed;
Thy God's sure promise cannot fail.

6 Dost thou, with dread still greater, shrink
From pain, for those on earth most dear,
And oft with sickening anguish think
On all they yet may suffer here?

7 O faithless, unbelieving heart!
So slow to trust the tenderest friend,
Who *then* will needful strength impart!
Who "loving, loves unto the end!"

8 No longer doubt, nor fear, nor grieve,
Nor on uncertain evils dwell;
Past, present, future, calmly leave
To Him who will "do all things well."

HYMN 342. L. M.

SEARCHER of hearts! to thee are known
My comforts, doubts, and painful fears;
Thou clearly seest, and thou alone,
That which to me perplex'd appears.

2 If I should here an error make,
Fatal the consequence may be;
My soul's salvation is at stake,
Sickness *may* end in death for me.

3 I have no line wherewith to sound
The dark mysterious depth within;
Such contradictions there abound,
That grace seems all but quench'd by sin.

4 Still the sweet hope that thou hast deign'd
My soul with "saving health" to bless,
'Midst all my conflicts is maintain'd,—
The dearest treasure I possess.

5 'Tis the one cheering beam that gilds
My clouded, solitary path;
And the pure, lambent light it yields
Seems sent in mercy, not in wrath.

HYMN 343. 6, 10s, 6.

THE stars which are conceal'd
Beneath the veil of the meridian sky,
Will yet upon the well's deep water lie
In singleness reveal'd.

2 So on the hidden face
Of my own heart of hearts, that Providence
Which shrinks from the exterior eye of sense,
Most clearly I can trace.

3 Mysterious dealings there,
Making my very sinfulness the proof
Of the indwelling of redeeming love,
Their inward witness bear.

4 And what if God should hem
My soul from all that human sense holds dear,
If in its deep recess is shining clear
The star of Bethlehem?

5 What though with wall severe,
Cold penury should round my hearth arise,
Or death should build his mound before my eyes
O'er all the forms I love—

6 For thus God's providence
Makes darkness the deep channel of his grace;
And in his very judgments lets me trace
My fortress and defence.

HYMN 344. C. M.

WHY, O my soul, so cold and dead,
So backward to obey?
So slow to praise thy gracious Lord,
So negligent to pray?

2 Devotion now forsakes my breast,
Alas! I cannot love;
Oh for one spark of heavenly fire
This coldness to remove!

3 Just like a lump of lifeless clay,
Before the Lord I lie;
My glory sleeps, I cannot sing,
My heart looks up to sigh.

4 Ah, look, dear Saviour of the lost,
This sinful hardness see;
Breathe on my soul thy heavenly strength,
Extend thy love to me.

5 My heart thine altar shall become,
Thy praise its holy fire;
In flames of love, and hope, and joy,
My doubts shall all expire.

HYMN 345. S. M.

THY miracles of love
No joy to me impart;
In me no tender passions move;—
Oh, my unfeeling heart!

2 When, Lord, to thee I turn,
Nail'd to th' accursed tree,
With no transporting love I burn,
Although thou diedst for me.

3 When I my sins recall
To pass before my eye,
Scarce one bewailing tear will fall;
I scarce can heave one sigh.

4 Thy promises I lay
Close to my pained breast;
Fain would I hope:—hope flees away,
And still I find no rest.

5 Thus dark must I walk on
In fear and misery?
And never shall my bosom glow
With fervent love to thee?

6 Unclose, unclose these eyes!
Pour in the long'd-for day!
Before me bid thy glory rise!
My darkness chase away!

XI. AWAKENING AND INVITING.

HYMN 346. II. 1.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
Exposed to endless wo;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim—
The sinner must be born again,
Or else to ruin go.

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in mine ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find:
This fearful truth renew'd my pain—
The sinner must be born again,
And whelm'd my tortured mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load:

Alas! I read, and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or feel the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth pass'd this way,
And felt his pity move:
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise;
All hail the Lamb who once was slain!
Unnumber'd millions, born again,
Will shout thine endless praise.

HYMN 347. L. M.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul?
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind:
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying men;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

HYMN 348. C. M.

THERE is a time—we know not when,
A point—we know not where,
That marks the destiny of man
To glory or despair.

2 There is a time, by us unseen,
Which crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

3 To cross that limit is to die—
To die as if by stealth:
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

4 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
All that was pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

5 But on that forehead God has set,
Indelibly, a mark
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind, and in the dark.

6 And yet the sinner's path below
Like Eden may have bloom'd;
And yet he will not, cannot know,
Nor feel, that he is doom'd.

7 *He* knows, *he* feels that all is well;
And every fear is calm'd:

He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doom'd, but damn'd.

HYMN 349. III. 1.

SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart and hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepared,—
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax:
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?
You, that glory in your shame?
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice,
Seek the things that are above,
Scorn the world's pretending joys.

HYMN 350. C. M.

THERE is a place of wo unmix'd,
A land of changeless doom:
Despair has there her empire fix'd;
There hope can never come.

2 There is a hope, untrue, unblest,
Which, like a broken reed,

Will fail, if on its stay we rest,
When chiefly hope we need.

3 There is a hope that ne'er will fail,
It comes from heaven above;
A hope that enters through the vail—
'Tis join'd with faith and love.

4 Its guiding beam, its friendly ray
Can cheer the darkest night;
It helps the pilgrim on his way,
And points to realms of light.

5 Our hope is anchor'd, Lord, on thee,
On this unfriendly shore;
And thou, in heaven, our joy shalt be,
When hope shall be no more.

HYMN 351. L. M.

O TIME, how few thy value weigh!
How few will estimate a day!
Days, months, and years are rolling on,—
The soul neglected and undone.

2 In painful cares, or empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys;
While death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.

3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this his thoughts design'd
The frame of your immortal mind?

4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashion'd all the sons of time;
Pilgrims on earth, but soon to be
The heirs of immortality.

HYMN 352. L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given,

But soon, ah, soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how bless'd the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

HYMN 353. C. M.

THE rush may rise where waters flow,
And flags beside the stream;
But soon their verdure fades and dies
Before the scorching beam.

2 So is the sinner's hope cut off;
Or if it transient rise,
'Tis like the spider's airy web,
From every breath that flies.

3 Fix'd on his house, he leans: his house
And all its props decay:
He holds it fast; but, while he holds,
The tottering frame gives way.

4 Fair, in his garden, to the sun
His boughs with verdure smile;
And, deeply fix'd, his spreading roots
Unshaken stand awhile.

5 But forth the sentence flies from heaven,
That sweeps him from his place;
Which then denies him for its lord,
Nor owns it knew his face.

6 Lo! this the joy of wicked men,
Who heaven's high laws despise:
They quickly fall; and in their room
As quickly others rise.

7 But for the just, with gracious care,
God will his power employ;
He'll teach their lips to sing his praise,
And fill their hearts with joy.

HYMN 354. C. M.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not Paradise with all its joys
Could more delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given;
And the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the wide, outspreading world
Fill up the spacious room.

5 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name.

HYMN 355. L. M.

AFFLICTED soul! to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 If faith is weak and foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 When called by him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress and poverty,
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

5 When death at length appears in view,
His presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

HYMN 356. 12s.

THE voice of free grace
Cries, Escape to the mountain!
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness,
And every transgression,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of salvation;
Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who hath purchased our pardon!
We will praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded,
To the Saviour repair,
Now he calls you in mercy,—
And can you forbear?
Though your sins are increased
As high as a mountain,

That blood can remove them
Which streams from the fountain.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Now Jesus our King
Reigns triumphant and glorious,
Over sin, death, and hell
He is more than victorious.
With shouting proclaim it,
Oh trust in his passion;
He saves us most freely,
Oh precious salvation!
Hallelujah, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd that blest shore,
With our harps in our hand,
We will praise him the more;
We will range the sweet plains
On the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation
For ever and ever.
Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 357. III. 5.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—oh how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love!

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim;
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name!"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord?

5 O ye angels! hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

HYMN 358. L. M.

CEASE thou from man; oh, what to thee
Can thy poor fellow-mortals be?
Are they not erring, finite, frail?
What can their utmost aid avail?

2 Their very love will prove a snare;
Then, when thy heart becomes aware
Of its own danger, it will bleed
For leaning on a broken reed.

3 Why does thy bliss so much depend
On earthly relatives, or friend?
There is a friend who changes never;
The love He gives, He gives forever.

4 He hath withdrawn thee now apart,
To teach these lessons to thy heart;
Has darken'd all thy earthly scene,
That thou on Him alone mayst lean.

5 His precious blood that balm supplies
For which thy wounded spirit sighs;
That only med'cine can make whole
The weary, faint, and sin-sick soul.

6 Go to that Friend, poor aching heart;
He knows how desolate thou art;
He waits—he longs to see thee blest,
And in himself to give thee rest.

HYMN 359. L. M.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door,
Who gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long; is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh gracious attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands!
Oh matchless kindness! Lo, he shows
This matchless kindness e'en to foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need;
The man of Nazareth, 'tis He!
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine—
That soul-enslaving tyrant, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest;
Admit him, and you'll ne'er expel:
Where Jesus comes, he comes to dwell.

6 Admit him ere his anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
When at his door denied you'll stand.

7 Sovereign of souls! thou prince of peace!
Oh, may thy gentle reign increase!

Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be thine empire all mankind!

HYMN 360. III. 4.

MOURNER! art thou conscience stricken,
Deeply now convinced of sin,
Powerless thy dead soul to quicken,
By the serpent stung within?
To the cross look up and live,
Life and health one look can give.

2 Jesus, on that cross suspended,
Died to expiate thy guilt—
Satisfied God's law offended,
Save thee by the blood he spilt—
To the cross look up and live,
Life and health one look can give.

3 God will, for his sake, forgive thee,
Boldly through his name apply;
Perfect soundness he will give thee,
If on him be fix'd thine eye:
To the cross look up and live,
Life and health one look can give,

HYMN 361. III. 5.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Now is the accepted hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power!
He is able,
He is willing—doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome!
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is that you have need of him:
This he shows you
By his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"IT IS FINISH'D!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN 362. II. 4.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,

The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

2 Exalt the Lamb of God;
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim:
The year, &c.

3 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Come take it back unbought;
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell;
And blest in Jesus live:
The year, &c.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year, &c.

6 Jesus, our great high-priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

HYMN 363. C. M.

COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your fear and guilt oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;

I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go:
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

HYMN 364. IV. 4.

OH turn ye, oh turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Lo, Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come;
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion that while you delay
Your hearts will grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 That Christ is now ready your souls to receive,
Oh question no longer; his promise believe!
If sin be a burden, why longer delay,
When he bids you welcome, and calls you *to-day?*

4 In riches, or pleasure, what can you obtain
To soothe your affliction or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why longer be starving, thus feeding on air,
While bread's at your Father's, enough and to spare?
Arise from your doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come, join us in yielding to Jesus the heart;
In Jesus confiding, we never shall part.
Oh how can we leave you, thus sadly to roam,
When angels are waiting to welcome you home?

HYMN 365. III. 1.

SOVEREIGN grace hath power alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One, with vile, blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath
In the very jaws of death;
Perish'd, as too many do,
With a Saviour in his view.

4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case;
Faith received to own his Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.

5 "Lord," he cries, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be:"
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in paradise."

6 This was wondrous grace indeed:
Grace bestow'd in time of need!
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name:
You will find him still the same.

HYMN 366. L. M.

TO-DAY, if ye will hear His voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever bless'd?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Come, wayward youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you in his name—
While yet his love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

5 Leave sinful sport and transient toys,
Come share with us eternal joys;
Or must we leave you bound to hell?
Then, dear young friends, a long farewell.

HYMN 367. S. M.

SWEET is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year:

2 But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves the youthful race.

3 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning's beams are nigh:

4 But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn
Before the light of truth.

5 Sweet is the early dew
Which gilds the mountains' tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view
With pearly, glittering drops:

6 But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distil.

7 Sweet is the opening flower
Which just begins to bloom,
Which every day and every hour
Fresh beauties will assume:

8 But sweeter that young heart,
Where faith, and love, and peace,
Blossom and bloom in every part
With sweet and varied grace.

9 Oh may life's early spring,
And morning, ere they flee,
Youth's dew, and its fair blossoming,
Be given, my God, to thee!

HYMN 368. S. M.

MY Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why should I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

3 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;

By thy good spirit make me know
What keeps me back from thee.

4 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the vail away.

5 My guilt is still the bar,
Which thou alone canst move;
Remove it, Lord, and thus declare
The power of thy love.

HYMN 369. III. 3.

"MERCY, O thou son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartimeus pray'd;
"Others by thy word are savéd,
Now to me afford thine aid!"

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still,
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
"Come and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but he could give.

4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day."
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Now, methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

6 "O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely they would hasten to him—
He would cause them all to see!"

HYMN 370. III. 1.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—
"Say poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

2 I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward a child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death!

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shall be—
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore;
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

HYMN 371. L. M

WITH tearful eyes I look around—
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resign'd must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, "Come to me."

4 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to me."

5 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."

6 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion—Come to me."

7 Oh voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony;
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

HYMN 372. 8s, 4s.

LIGHT beams upon my inward eye,
New thoughts awake, new things I see;
Is this "the day-spring from on high,"
Shining on me?

2 The God of love my soul has met;
He gently draws me from above;
And though I do not love him yet,
I long to love.

3 My time of suffering and distress
Has proved his time of pardoning grace;
Now, that he chastens but to bless,
I clearly trace.

4 Earth's vanities my soul beguil'd;
I never sought his will to know;

But to reclain his wandering child,
He brought me low.

5 The past appears a feverish dream
Of folly and insensate mirth,
And now the things eternal seem
Of boundless worth.

6 My soul, once dead, begins to move,
Roused by a hand divine from sleep;
My heart, once cold, begins to love,
My eye to weep.

7 Lord, while this heavenly light is shed,
Which while I gaze, seems still t' increase,
Shall not my wandering steps be led
To paths of peace?

8 Light of the world! Thou, thou hast shone,
With life and healing in the ray!
Now clear my path, and lead me on
To realms of day.

HYMN 373. L. M.

MY only Saviour! when I feel
O'erwhelm'd in spirit, faint, oppress'd,
'Tis sweet to tell thee, while I kneel
Low at thy feet—*Thou art my rest.*

2 I'm weary of the strife within;
Strong powers against my soul contest;
Oh let me turn from self and sin
To thy dear cross—*There, there is rest.*

3 I'm weary of this suffering frame,
With languor and with pain distrest;
Yet my impatience oft I blame—
At *all* times, *Thou canst give me rest.*

4 When, with a trembling heart, I try
My state, by truth's unerring test,
Oft it condemns me, yet I fly
To *Thee* for freedom—*Thee for rest.*

5 Fain would I learn to "cease from man"—
They're "broken cisterns" at the best—
To form no earthly wish nor plan,
But cleave to Thee—*and in Thee rest.*

7 Oh! sweet will be the welcome day,
When from her toils and woes released,
My parting soul in death shall say,
"Now, Lord! *I come to Thee for rest!*"

HYMN 374. C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
Oh help my unbelief.

4 To the bless'd fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all.

HYMN 375. II. 1.

LORD, thou hast won; at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,
Surrenders all to thee;

Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me.

2 All that a wretch could do I tried,
Thy patience scorn'd, thy power defied,
And trampled on thy laws:
Scarcely thy martyrs at the stake
Could stand more steadfast for thy sake,
Than I in Satan's cause.

3 But since thou hast thy love reveal'd,
And shown my soul a pardon seal'd,
I can resist no more;
Couldst thou for such a sinner bleed?
Canst thou for such a rebel plead?
I wonder and adore!

HYMN 376. L. M.

JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul:
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine.

3 The mansion for thyself prepare,
Dispose my heart by entering there:
'Tis this alone can make me clean;
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love;
I give up every plea beside,—
Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died.

XII. DEVOTION TO CHRIST.

HYMN 377. III. 3.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known:
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me:
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have call'd thee Abba, Father,
I have set my love on thee;
Storms may howl, and tempests gather,
All shall work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise

HYMN 378. L. M.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
To fix on Mary's better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN 379. L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I seek, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppress'd with unbelief and sin.

3 The more I strove against their power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

4 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

5 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

HYMN 380. C. M.

AM I soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
In this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God!

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,—
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5. Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they're slain;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 381. III. 3.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer:
Hither by thy help I've come:
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;

Here's my heart, oh take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above!

HYMN 382. III. 1.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found;
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power:
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's power;
"Follow me!" I know thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light's thy burden now to me.

HYMN 383. II. 1.

WHEN with my mind devoutly prest,
Dear Saviour! my revolving breast
Would past offences trace,
Trembling I make the black review
Yet pleased behold, admiring too,
The power of changing grace.

2 This tongue, by sinful words defiled,
These feet to erring paths beguiled,
In heavenly league agree:
Who could believe such lips could praise,
Or think my dark and winding ways
Should ever lead to thee!

3 These eyes that once abused their sight,
Now lift to thee their watery light,
And weep a silent flood;
These hands ascend in ceaseless prayer,
Or wash away the stains they wear
In thy redeeming blood.

4 These ears that pleased could entertain
Discourse unhallow'd, songs profane,
When round the festal board;
Now deaf to all the enchanting voice,
Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
And press to hear thy word.

5 Thus art Thou served in every part—
Oh wouldst Thou more transform my heart,
That drossy thing refine?
Then grace shall nature's strength control,
And a new creature, body—soul—
Be, Lord, forever thine!

HYMN 384. 9s, 6s.

AGAIN the orient light is shining;
Again on thee, my God, reclining,
Would I pursue my way,
Would follow where thy voice shall call me,
Would cling to thee what'er befall me;
And oh, let thy mild look recall me,
When I would go astray.

2 Nor pain, nor languor, can deprive me
Of comfort, if thy grace revive me;
And though my cross I take,

Those who will follow thee, must bear it,
And thou will condescend to share it;
Oh, let me, Lord, with that compare it,
Borne meekly for my sake.

3 It may be, through thy gracious presence,
(That smile which is of joy the essence,)
Bliss may on me be shed:
My favour'd soul, in thee delighting,
Thy loveliness her love exciting,
Thy Spirit all her powers uniting,
With joy her path may tread.

4 But if dejected, faint, and weary,
My path, to-day, seems rough and dreary,
Oh let thy pitying love,
That source of sweetest comfort—cheer me,
And tell me thou art ever near me,
To strengthen, guide, defend, and hear me,
My all in all to prove.

5 Should any earthly thing distress me;
Should suffering, cares, or fears depress me,
When thou thy love hast given?
When thou wilt leave not, nor forsake me,
But meet for thine own presence make me,
And soon wilt come thyself to take me,
To dwell with thee in heaven?

6 Oh, no! With such a God and Saviour,
Sweet peace should stamp my whole behaviour,
Whate'er my present lot;
Without a care my path pursuing,
My strength by hourly prayer renewing,
Let me, the glorious future viewing,
Go on, and falter not.

HYMN 385. 10s.

I COME, my Lord, to offer up to thee
A worthless, but a willing offering;

A heart, where only evil I can see,
Yet not for that, refuse the gift I bring:
Oh, deign t'accept it—cast each evil out,
And make it pure, and new, within, without.

2 I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee
All it now suffers of distress and pain:
It is thine own; work thou thy will in me;
Let me not once resist it, or complain,
But meekly in my sufferings acquiesce,
Assured that thou each pang wilt deign to bless.

3 I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee
All that this heart can dictate or perform:
Let thy blest Spirit its comptroller be,
Let thy pure love its every movement warm,
And make that heart, once sin's defiled abode,
The holy habitation of my God.

4 I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee
The brief remainder of life's fleeting span:
Whate'er I have, or am, thine own shall be,
Without thee, I will form no wish nor plan;
Time, talents, influence, actions, thoughts, and words,
All, all be unreservedly my Lord's!

5 I come, my Lord, to offer up to thee
A creature, made thine own by every tie:
Hast thou not form'd, preserved, and ransom'd me?
Oh, didst thou not to pay my ransom die?
Lord, at thy feet my worthless self I lay,
Oh never, never cast me thence away!

HYMN 386. L. M.

O THOU by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!

2 All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impress'd with sacred love!
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee:
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

3 To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime:
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

HYMN 387. II. 4.

JESUS, at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all to sleep:
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my Pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies
While I have such a Lord:
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Through rocks and quicksands deep
Though all my passage lie,
Yet thou wilt safely keep,
And guide me with thine eye:
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast:
Oh may I reach the heavenly shore
Where wind and waves resound no more!

5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms and winds subside;
Lord, to my succour fly,
And keep me near thy side:
For more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft me, from below,
To heaven, my destined place:
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 388. III. 3.

ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.
Could I wander, fear disdaining,
Could I quit thy sheltering fold,
Heedless of the grace constraining,
In the strength of nature bold?

2 No; thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore;
I have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.
Oh, how sweet, how comfortable,
In this wilderness to see
Such provisions, such a table
Spread for guilty souls like me!

3 There thy bounty still partaking,
Bread and consecrated wine;
Freely all things else forsaking,
I behold the Saviour mine.
In that bruised body broken,
In the shedding of that blood,
What a gracious pledge and token,
Lord, have we, for every good!

4 Come, my soul, temptation flying,
Arm thee for the strife within;
Jesus, thy Redeemer, dying,
Shows the hateful guilt of sin.
Yield, my heart, no longer hardened,
Rouse thy every latent power;
Cleansed and wash'd, and freely pardon'd,
Go in peace, and sin no more.

HYMN 389. L. M.

LET others ask for transient mirth,
And look for pleasures here on earth;
I press to seek a heavenly land;
My pleasures are at God's right hand.

2 My hope is on my Saviour's breast;
My portion at his marriage feast;
My kingdom far removed from hence;
Heaven is mine inheritance.

3 How can I stay? my Lord is gone;
He hath possession of his throne;
He calls me home, and I must go,
I cannot rest content below.

4 Pleasure and gain may strew my road,
And tempt me to forsake my God;
But Jesus hath engaged my heart;
My soul from him shall never part.

5 Oh! how can I his love abuse,
Or such amazing grace refuse;

Still, gracious Lord, my ruler be,
I'll serve no other gods but thee.

HYMN 390. III. 1.

OFT in danger, and in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Faithfully maintain the strife,
Strengthened by the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Press to heaven through every foe;
Ye shall conquer in the hour
Of the tempter's greatest power.

3 Let your drooping heart be glad,
Fight, in heavenly armour clad!
Faint not, though the strife be long,
Soon will victory tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward then, to glory move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Still through danger, toil and woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!

HYMN 391. II. 6.

TO thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings;
Rejoicing in thy favour,
Almighty King of kings,
I'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,

And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
Well pleaséd thou shalt hear;
Oh grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode.
There cast my crown before thee,
Now all my conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore thee:
What can an angel more?

HYMN 392. C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine;

5 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thy own.

HYMN 393. P. M.

HERE is my heart!—my God, I give it thee:
I heard thee call and say,
"Not to the world, my child, but unto me,"—
I heard and will obey.
Here is love's offering to my King,
Which a glad sacrifice I bring;
Here is my heart.

2 Here is my heart!—surely the gift, though poor,
My God will not despise;
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure,
To meet thy searching eyes;
Corrupted first in Adam's fall,
The stains of sin pollute it all,—
My guilty heart!

3 Here is my heart!—my heart so hard before,
Now by thy grace made meet;
Yet bruised and wearied, it can only pour
Its anguish at thy feet:
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs salvation's joy to win,—
My mourning heart!

4 Here is my heart!—in Christ its longings end,
Near to his cross it draws;
It says, "Thou art my portion, O my friend,
Thy blood my ransom was;"
And in the Saviour it has found
What blessedness and peace abound,—
My trusting heart!

5 Here is my heart!—ah! Holy Spirit, come,
Its nature to renew,
And consecrate it wholly as thy home,
A temple fair and true;

Teach it to love and serve thee more,
To fear thee, trust thee, and adore,—
My cleansed heart!

6 Here is my heart!—it trembles to draw near
The glory of thy throne;
Give it the shining robe thy servants wear,
Of righteousness thine own:
Its pride and folly chase away,
And all its vanity, I pray,—
My humbled heart!

7 Here is my heart!—teach it, O Lord, to cling
In gladness unto thee;
And in the day of sorrow still to sing,
"Welcome my God's decree,".
Believing, all its journey through,
That thou art wise, and just, and true,—
My waiting heart!

8 Here is my heart!—O Friend of friends, be near
To make each tempter fly;
And when my latest foe I wait with fear,
Give me the victory!
Gladly on thy love reposing,
Let me say, when life is closing,
Here is my heart!

HYMN 394. S. M.

"MY times are in thy hand:"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?

My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified;
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

5 "My times are in thy hand;"
Jesus, my Advocate;
Nor shall thy hand be stretch'd in vain
For me to supplicate.

6 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee;
And, after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be.

HYMN 395. 6s, 4s.

NEARER, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!

3 Then let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!

5 And when on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky;
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!

XIII. HAPPINESS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

HYMN 396. II. 1.

HOW happy is the Christian's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell;
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue:
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

5 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

HYMN 397. C. M.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;
Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whisper of his love.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.

5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

6 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

7 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

HYMN 398. 5, 6, 9.

HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Oh, what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That comfort was mine
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know:
The angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song:
Oh that all his salvation might see!

He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which is found in his life-giving blood!
Of a Saviour possess'd,
We are perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

HYMN 399. III. 3.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows his thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!

Jesus, whom your souls rely on,
Makes you kings and priests to God.
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And, as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city,
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 400. C. M.

I WAS a grovelling creature once,
And basely cleaved to earth;
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

2 But God has breathed upon a worm,
And sent me, from above,
Wings such as clothe an angel's form—
The wings of joy and love.

3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand,
To view, beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promised land.

4 The Lord of all the vast domain
Has promised it to me,
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can see.

5 How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call;
I stand upon a mountain's edge,—
Oh save me, lest I fall!

6 Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own:
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.

HYMN 401. II. 2.

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower:
Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

2 When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep; but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.
Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

3 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

4 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove
While Jesus intercedes above.
Against me earth and hell combine;
But on my side is power divine:
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

HYMN 402. III. 4.

LET us love, and sing, and wonder;
Let us praise the Saviour's name:
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame;

He has wash'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Dying for our rebel race;
Call'd us by his Word, and taught us
By the Spirit of his grace:
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He presents our soul to God.

3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down;
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown:
He who wash'd us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of his saints enthroned on high;
Here, they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:—
"Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood;
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

HYMN 403. L. M.

THE ransom'd spirit to her home,
The clime of cloudless beauty, flies;
No more on stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies:
But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
There is no bliss in bowers above,
If thou art absent, holy Love!

2 The cherub near the viewless throne
Hath smote the harp with trembling hand,
And one with incense-fire hath flown
To touch with flame the angel band;
But tuneless is the quivering string,
No melody can Gabriel bring;

Mute are its arches, when above
The harps of heaven wake not to Love.

3 Earth, sea, and sky one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul;
'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders, thunders roll:
That voice is heard, and tumults cease—
It whispers to the bosom peace:
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above,
And cheer our hearts, celestial Love!

HYMN 404. 5s, 11s.

OH tell me no more
Of this world's vain store:
The time for these trifles with me now is o'er:
A country I've found
Where true joys abound:
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe,
In paradise live;
And me in that number will Jesus receive.
My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort, do after him go.
So onward I move,
And, but Christ above,
None guesses how wondrous the journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win
From death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions, shall feel Christ within.
Perhaps for his name,
Poor dust as I am,
Some works I shall finish with glad-loving aim.

5 I still (which is best)
Shall in his dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest;
And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why.

6 But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.
Lo! this is the race
I'm running through grace
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

7 And now I'm in care,
My neighbours may share
Those blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, oh why,
And death, will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

HYMN 405. 8s, 9s.

THERE is a thought can lift the soul
Above the narrow sphere that bounds it—
A star, that sheds its mild control
Brightest, when grief's dark cloud surrounds it;
And pours a soft, pervading ray,
Life's ills can never chase away.

2 When earthly joys have left the breast,
And e'en the last fond hope that's cherish'd
Of mortal bliss, too, like the rest,
Beneath woe's withering touch has perish'd,—
With fadeless lustre streams *that* light—
A halo on the brow of night.

3 And bitter were our sojourn here,
In this dark wilderness of sorrow,
Did not that rainbow beam appear—
The herald of a brighter morrow—

A friendly beacon from on high,
To guide us to eternity.

HYMN 406. 8, 6, 8.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour—
Bow, all-resign'd, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress—
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrow fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

3 Oh! blessed be the hand that gave;
Still blessed when it takes:
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

HYMN 407. S. M.

GREEN pastures and clear streams,
Freedom and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy beneath his beams,
Or in his shadow bless'd.

2 The mountain and the vale,
Forest and field they range;
The morning dew, the evening gale
Bring health in every change.

3 Secure, amid alarms,
From violence or snares,
The lambs he gathers in his arms,
And in his bosom bears.

4 The wounded and the weak
He comforts, heals, and binds;
The lost he came from heaven to seek,
And saves them when he finds.

5 Through wilds of brier and thorn,
In darkness if they stray,
They wander not unseen, forlorn:
Their Shepherd is their way.

6 Should storms of trouble blow,
Warn'd of the coming shock,
They to the Rock of ages go:
Their Shepherd is their rock.

7 Let earth and hell oppose,
Let Satan take the field;
Quench'd are the darts of all their foes,
Their Shepherd is their shield.

8 Death may assail, but Death
Is vanquish'd in the strife;
Their moment of departing breath
Begins eternal life.

9 Conflicts and trials done,
His glory they behold,
Where Jesus and his flock are one,
One Shepherd, and one fold.

10 When the last trump shall sound,
And graves break up their sleep,
At his right hand may we be found,
Among the chosen sheep.

XIV. MISSIONS.

HYMN 408. 8, 7, 6.

WATCHMEN, onward to your stations,
Blow the trumpet long and loud;

Preach the gospel to the nations,
Speak to every gathering crowd:
See! the day is breaking;
See! the saints awaking,
No more in sadness bow'd!

2 Watchmen, hail the rising glory
Of the great Messiah's reign;
Tell the Saviour's bleeding story—
Tell it to the listening train.
See his love revealing,
See the Spirit sealing;
'Tis life among the slain!

3 Watchmen, as the clouds are flying,
As the doves in haste return,
Thousands from amid the dying,
Flee to Christ his love to learn;
All their sighs and sadness
Turn to joy and gladness,
When they his grace discern.

HYMN 409. L. M.

MARK'D as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes—
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And warm with faith, each bosom glow.

2 E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear;
E'en now unfolds the promised year;
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And swell the tidings of thy grace.

3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Oh mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm and clear their view.

4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail;

Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge in faith their way.

5 O Lord! amid this gloomy night
Appear to bless our aching sight;
Turn thou our darkness into day;
Let every nation own thy sway.

HYMN 410. III. 1.

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.

2 Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

3 See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword: he speaks—'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

4 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have pass'd away.

5 Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

HYMN 411. III. 1.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?

Traveller! yes: it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel!

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own:
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wandering cease;
Haste thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

HYMN 412. III. 5.

YES, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word in every land:
Mark his progress:
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;

Make the gospel soon victorious
Through the world, in every land:
Perish idols,
At Jehovah's dread command.

HYMN 413. III. 5.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
On their fearful darkness shine;
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy name divine
To the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply, and still increase;
May thy sceptre
Over all the earth be swayed.

HYMN 414. III. 5.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred Herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile hands;
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end—
Great deliverance
Zion's King returns to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy warfare now is past;
For thy shame, thou shalt have double—
Days of peace are come at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

HYMN 415. II. 6.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurl'd;
And be the shout, Hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favour,
Each ransom'd captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

HYMN 416. L. M.

NIGHT wraps the land where Jesus spoke,
No guiding star the wise men see;
And heavy is oppression's yoke
Where first the gospel said, "Be free!"

2 And where the harps of angels bore
Heaven's message to the shepherd-throng,
Good will and peace are heard no more
To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

3 Send forth, send forth the glorious light,
That from eternal woe doth save;
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.

4 Behold the knee of childhood bends
In prayer for that benighted land,
And with its Sabbath lesson blends
Fond memory of the mission band.

5 With pitying zeal, o'er ocean's wave
We reach, the helpless hand to take;
May we at least one wanderer save!
We ask it for the Saviour's sake.

HYMN 417. IV. 4.

RISE, daughter of Zion, thy mourning is o'er;
The night that hath vailed thee shall vail thee no more;
Wear the robes of morning; arise thou and shine,
For the beauty and light of Jehovah are thine.

2 Oh lift up thine eyes, look around thee, and see
How thy children are gathering together to thee;
Like doves on the wing, flying home to be blest
At thine altar with peace, in thy bosom with rest.

3 From the sea's farthest shores, and like its full tide,
The nations new-born, how they flow to thy side!
To freedom forth springing, thy light having seen,
They bless thee a mother, and hail thee a queen.

4 Who wasted thee once, lowly kneel at thy throne,
Rejoicing thy sceptre of mercy to own:
And the proud and the lofty, that hail not thy day,
In the blaze of its noon shall but wither away.

5 In thy kingdom of love shall all violence cease;
Thine exactors be justice, thine officers peace;
Thy people all righteous, and truth all thy ways;
Thy gates are salvation, thy portals are praise.

6 Jehovah thy Beauty, thy Brightness, thy Crown,
Thy noon shall ne'er wane, and thy sun ne'er go down;
And the tide of thy glory, no ebbing to know,
From ages eternal to ages shall flow.

XV. DEATH, TIME AND ETERNITY.

HYMN 418. II. 1.

THOU God of glorious majesty!
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand;
Yet, how insensible!

A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And make me, e'er it be too late,
Awake to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day
When thou with clouds shall come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, Shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight
And everlasting love.

HYMN 419. S. M.

AND am I born to die,
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
Shall I from death arise,

And see the judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies?

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?

4 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else depart to hell.

5 O Thou, who wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die!
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;

6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when my earthly race is run,
Death may excite no fear.

HYMN 420. C. M.

MY soul, this curious house of clay,
Thy present frail abode,
Must quickly fall to worms a prey,
And thou return to God.

2 Canst thou, by faith, survey with joy
The change before it come,
And say, "Let death this house destroy,
I have a heavenly home?"

3 The Saviour whom I then shall see
With new admiring eyes,
Already has prepared for me
A mansion in the skies!

4 I feel this mud-wall'd cottage shake,
And long to see it fall;
That I my willing flight may take
To Him who is my all.

5 Burden'd and groaning then no more,
My rescued soul shall sing,
As up the shining path I soar—
"Death, thou hast lost thy sting!"

6 Dear Saviour, help us now to seek
And know thy Spirit's power,
That we may all this language speak
Before the dying hour!

HYMN 421. L. M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load, the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies."

HYMN 422. III. 1.

DEATHLESS principle, arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies;
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,

Go to shine before his throne;
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

2 Lo, he beckons from on high!
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Is thy earthly house distrest?
Willing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but she, must die:
Fly, celestial tenant, fly;
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing and fired with love.

4 Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on him;
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

5 See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.
Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade,
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore.

6 Mount, their transports to improve;
Join the longing choirs above;
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven.
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista Faith
Opens through the shades of death.

HYMN 423. II. 6.

O LAMB of God, my Saviour!
Slain on the tree of sorrow,
Thy suffering meek behaviour
Paid what thou didst not borrow.
Oh, wonder far exceeding
All human power and sense!
Heaven's Sovereign was seen bleeding
To wash out my offence.

2 When I obtain permission
To leave this vale of tears,
Be thou, my kind Physician,
At hand to soothe my fears.
Oh let my soul, expiring,
On thee, my God, recline,
And the true life acquiring
From that pierced heart of thine.

3 Saviour! apply the merit
And comfort of thy blood,
When I give up my spirit
To thee, my Judge and God!
If with me in the passage
Thou art, how glad and bold
Shall I receive the message,
And let my limbs grow cold!

4 The soul, on thee believing,
Goes safe to Paradise;

The body, too, retrieving,
A purer frame shall rise:
In spite of death's corruption,
Thy glory I shall see;
And sing of my adoption,
To all eternity!

HYMN 424. S. M.

"FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be:
Life from the dead is in the word;
'Tis immortality!

2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam!
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home!

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul—how near
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love!
The bright inheritance of saints,
"Jerusalem above!"

5 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my prospects fly;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy sky.

6 Anon, the clouds depart,
The winds and water cease:
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

7 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word
E'en here, to me fulfil.

8 Be thou at my right hand,
Then shall I never fail;
Uphold me, and I needs must stand;
Fight, and I shall prevail.

9 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

10 "Knowing, as I am known;"
How shall I love that word—
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

HYMN 425. C. M.

WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismay'd:
I hear a voice I know full well,—
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquillize each fear:
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be cross'd:
Saviour! be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is toss'd,
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale—
Death hides within its shade;
Oh say, when flesh and heart shall fail,
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

HYMN 426. 8s, 9s.

THE thought that I must leave ere long
My friends beloved, at times will grieve me;
But this, e'en then, shall be my song,—
The Lord will never, never leave me!

2 Well mayest thou ask, O Friend divine,
"Am I thy God? dost thou believe me?"
Lord, 'tis enough if thou art mine,
If thou wilt never, never leave me!

3 Whither I go, my friends will come,
Death will enrich, and not bereave me;
Will waft me to that blessed home
Where thou wilt never, never leave me.

4 From the rough passage shall I start,
When there thou waitest to receive me?
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And thou wilt never, never leave me?

5 Thou'rt gone my mansion to prepare,
Thou art the truth—canst thou deceive me?
Soon thou wilt reunite us there,
Nor e'er forsake, nor ever leave me!

HYMN 427. IV. 4.

OH, weep not for me! I can never be blest,
Till my sorrowful spirit in Jesus shall rest:
Till this body of sin and of death be destroy'd,
And the soul for his glory alone be employ'd.

2 Oh weep not for me! now my joys will begin;
I shall know the full meaning of ceasing from sin;
I shall know how the saints are made perfect in love,
And be spotless and pure as the angels above.

3 Oh weep not for me! soon my death pangs shall cease,
And this suffering body will slumber in peace;
My soul, even now, "is in haste to be gone,"
And her robe with the undefiled saints to put on.

4 Oh weep not for me! the glad moment is come
Which tells me I now am made meet for my home;
My Saviour has will'd I should now be removed,
His face to behold whom unseen I have loved.

5 Oh weep not for me! I can welcome the pains
Which break every bond that my spirit detains;
And ere long, by his own gracious hand, the last tear
Will be wiped from these eyes, which so often weep here.

HYMN 428. 8s, 6s.

FATHER, when thy child is dying,
On the bed of anguish lying,
Then, my every want supplying,
To me thy love display.

2 Let me willingly surrender
Life to thee, its gracious lender:
Can I find a friend more tender?
Why should I wish to stay?

3 Ere my pulse has ceased its beating,
Ere my sun has reach'd its setting,
Let me, some sweet truth repeating,
Shed round me parting ray.

4 Ere my chain's last link be broken,
Grant some bright and cheering token,
That for *me* the words are spoken—
"Thy sins are wash'd away."

5 If the powers of hell surround me,
Let not their assaults confound me!
All for which thy law once bound me
Thyself hast died to pay.

6 When no remedies availing,
Fiercer pangs my frame assailing,
Show that flesh and heart are failing,
Be thou my strength and stay!

7 When, though tender friends be near me,
Their kind pity cannot cheer me,
And they strive in vain to hear me,
Turn not thy face away!

8 When, each face beloved concealing,
Death's dark shade o'er all is stealing,
Then, thy radiant smile revealing,
Unfold eternal day!

9 When the lips are mute which blest me,
And withdrawn the hand that press'd me,
Then, let sweeter sounds arrest me,
Calling my soul away!

10 Thou who bad'st to death defiance,
Fix on thee her firm reliance,
Let her tranquil, sweet affiance
Thy victory display!

11 Guide her to that world of spirits
Where, through thy atoning merits,
E'en thy weakest child inherits
Joys which can ne'er decay.

HYMN 429. II. 1.

O MUCH beloved! fear not to die;
Lift up to heaven thy tearful eye,
And see prepared for thee
A mansion where no sin, no foes,
Shall ever break thy sweet repose
Through all eternity.

2 Why shouldst thou fear to die, when death
Is but to yield thy mortal breath,
And lay this frame aside,
"Fearfully, wonderfully made"—
Yet now enfeebled, worn, decay'd,
And oft with suffering tried?

3 Death *must* dissolve it; flesh and blood
Can enter not that pure abode,
Where Christ his face unvails;
Then since by death, and death alone,
Can be attain'd that bliss unknown,
Shrink not when death assails.

4 To nature his approach seems sad,
But faith rejoices, and is glad
His coming steps to hear:
She knows that though the hand be rough
That strikes the soul's hard fetters off,
Each blow brings freedom near.

5 Then, when the captive is set free,
What life, what joy, what liberty
Will heaven's bright gates unfold!
The last pang felt, the last sigh heaved,
Faith's great reward will be received,
Christ Jesus to behold!

6 Christ in his glory! oh, the thought
With bliss ineffable is fraught;
And when the soul holds fast
That blessed hope which he has given,
Of endless life with him in heaven,
Aside all fears are cast.

7 Then, much beloved, fear not to die!
Lift up by faith thy tearful eye,
And see in heaven prepared
A place where near him thou shalt be,
Where, by thyself eternally
His glory shall be shared.

HYMN 430. III. 3.

HARK! what voice of love is speaking
Mid these throes of pain and death?
Light upon my soul is breaking,
E'en while struggling thus for breath;
Welcome, then, this dying anguish,
These cold dews that steep my brow!
That blest hour, for which I languish,
Cannot be far distant now.

2 All my outward senses failing,
Part me from terrestial things;

But my soul, new life inhaling,
Fluttering, striving, spreads her wings;
Ye, who tenderest watch are keeping,
Though these hours seem dark indeed,
Think, while o'er my sufferings weeping,
Thus th' imprison'd soul is freed.

3 Be the prison bars demolish'd!
King of terrors! break them down!
But, thy further power abolish'd,
Christ thy conqueror thou must own:
He is with me, he is near me;
He, thy every stroke directs;
His beloved accents cheer me,
He the soul he saved, protects.

4 Lord, thou comest to receive me:
Oh, what faithfulness is thine!
Now, when every friend must leave me,
Come to be forever mine!
Lo! the beatific vision
Breaks on my enraptured sight!
Weigh'd with this divine fruition,
E'en the pangs of death seem light.

HYMN 431. 8s, 6s.

GOD of my life! thy boundless grace,
Chose, pardon'd, and adopted me;
My rest, my home, my dwelling-place!
Father! I come to thee.

2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into thy hands my soul I yield;
Saviour! I come to thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God!
Long hast thou deign'd my guide to be;
Now be thy comfort sweet bestow'd!
My God! I come to thee.

4 I come to join that countless host
Who praise thy name unceasingly:
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
My God! I come to thee.

HYMN 432. 5s, 11s.

COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By patience of hope and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 Oh that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!"
Oh that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done:
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

HYMN 433. 6s, 8s.

FRIEND after friend departs;—
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.

Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are past away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

HYMN 434. 8 lines, 10s.

JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."
Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."

Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear:
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not thy blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be banish'd, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

HYMN 435. L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep—
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:

But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

HYMN 436. 8s, 7s.

WHAT are meetings here, but partings?
What are ecstasies, but smartings?
Unions what, but separations?
What attachments, but vexations?
Every smile but brings its tear,
Love its ache, and hope its fear;
All that's sweet must bitter prove;
All we hold most dear remove!

2 Foes may harm us; but the dearest,
Ever, here, are the severest:
Sorrows wound us; but we borrow
From delight the keenest sorrow:
'Tis to love our farewells owe
All their emphasis of woe;
Most it charms that most annoys;
Joys are griefs, and griefs are joys!

3 Heavenward rise!—'tis Heaven, in kindness,
Mars our bliss, to heal our blindness;
Hope from vanity to sever;
Offering joys that bloom forever
In that amaranthine clime,
Far above the tears of time,
Where nor fear nor hope intrude,
Lost in pure beatitude!

HYMN 437. S. M.

"SERVANT of God! well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear,

A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell—but felt no fear.

2 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield:
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

3 It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it smote between:
'Twas death to sin—'twas life
To all that mourn'd for sin;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

4 Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

5 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darken'd ruin lay.

6 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease,

And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

HYMN 438. III. 3.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number,—
Thou no more our song shalt know.

3 Dearest *sister*, thou hast left us!
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 't is God that hath bereft us—
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

HYMN 439. II. 3.

LIE down in peace to take thy rest,
Dear cherish'd form! no longer mine,
But bearing in thy clay-cold breast
A hidden germ of life divine,
Which, when th' eternal spring shall bloom,
Will burst the shackles of the tomb.

2 Lie down in peace, to take thy rest!
Unbroken will thy slumbers be;
Satan can now no more molest,
And Death has done his worst on thee:

Lie down, thy hallow'd sleep to take,
Till clothed with glory thou shalt wake.

3 Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
We can no longer watch thy bed,
But glorious angels, spirits blest,
Shall guard thee day and night instead;
And when thine eyes unclosed shall be,
Christ in his glory they shall see.

4 Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
My eyes must weep, my heart must mourn,
But to thy soul, with Jesus blest,
For comfort and for hope I turn;
Thou wilt not mark these tears that flow,
Sorrows can never reach thee now.

5 Lie down in peace to take thy rest!
Let *me* betake myself to prayer,
Binding faith's corslet on my breast,
Lest Satan find an entrance there:
God gave—though now his gift he claim,
Still, blessed be his holy name!

HYMN 440. III. 3.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the arms of Jesus go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast;
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;

Die to live a life of glory,
Suffer with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN 441. 12, 11.

THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour hath pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee;
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

XVI. JUDGMENT.

HYMN 442. III. 5.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!

Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth again!

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught, and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

HYMN 443. III. 5.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders,
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken,
At his call prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

HYMN 444. L. M.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

HYMN 445. IV. 4.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:
Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreath of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd!

From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

HYMN 446. L. M.

THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake;
The hills their fixéd seats forsake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lovely form he came—
A silent Lamb to slaughter led—
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed judge of human kind!

4 Can this be he who went to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride?
Is this—is this the crucified?

5 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain clefts in vain!
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—The Lord is come.

XVII. HEAVEN.

HYMN 447. C. M.

WHEN musing Sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still:

3 It is, that heaven-taught Faith surveys
The path to realms of light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is, that Hope with ardour glows,
To see him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is, that harrass'd Conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within.

6 Oh let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born woe and care;
And soar beyond these realms of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

HYMN 448. II. 1.

NOT always shall I absent be
From Him my soul desires to see
Within the realms of light:
Ere long my Lord will rend the vail,
And not a cloud will then conceal
His glory from my sight.

2 Sweet Hope! it makes the coward brave,
It makes a freeman of the slave,
And bids the sluggard rise;
It lifts a worm of earth on high;
It gives him wings, and bids him fly
To mansions in the skies.

HYMN 449. C. M.

OH, how I long to reach my home,
My glorious home in heaven,
And wish the joyful hour were come,
The welcome mandate given!

2 Oh, how I long to lay aside
These worn-out weeds of clay;
And, led by my celestial guide,
T' explore yon azure way!

3 Oh, how I long to be with Christ,
Where all his glory beams;
To be from this dark world dismiss'd,
Which his dear name blasphemes!

4 Oh, how I long that world to hail,
Where sin can ne'er defile,
Where not a cloud shall ever vail
From me my Saviour's smile!

5 Oh, how I long to join the choir
Who worship at his feet!
Lord! grant me soon my heart's desire!
Soon, soon thy work complete!

HYMN 450. H. 4.

O HEAVEN, abode of saints!
Where sin can never come,
For thee my spirit faints,
I long to be at home.
O world of peace, O land of rest!
When shall I reach thee, and be blest?

2 O death, once-dreaded foe!
Thy name no fear inspires;
Thine icy hand to know
Will quench corruption's fires:
And not a spark be left within,
Which aught can kindle into sin.

3 The worm will sweetly feed
On my unconscious form;
But I shall then be freed,
And safe from every storm:
And when that form is raised anew,
It will be fair and spotless too.

4 My advocate above!
Repairer of my fall!
Oh! by thy dying love,
Receive my mournful call.
Thy voice can calm the storm within,
Thy blood can wash away my sin.

HYMN 451. L. M.

WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart;
Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
It pants my much-loved Lord to see.

3 That blessed interview! how sweet
To fall transported at his feet!
Raised in his arms to see his face,
Through the full beaming of his grace!

4 To view heaven shining, angels round,
All with celestial glories crown'd;
And while his form in each I trace,
Beloved, and loving, all t' embrace!

HYMN 452. C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

8 Adieu, adieu, all earthly things,
I come, my Lord, I come;
Angels, extend your golden wings,
And bear my spirit home.

HYMN 453. 8s, 6s.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose—in heaven!

3 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

4 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye.
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven!

5 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven!

HYMN 454. 8s, 6s.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow:
There's nothing true but heaven!

2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;

And love and hope and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb:
There's nothing bright but heaven!

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way:
There's nothing calm but heaven!

HYMN 455. 8s, 6s.

TELL me not of that narrow bed—
'Tis sad and drear to me;
Tell me not of the peaceful dead,
And their sleep from mem'ry free:
But tell me of their *living rest*,
Far, far from this earthly scene;
And tell me too of Jesus' breast,
The place on which they lean.

Tell me not of some darksome tomb,
And the quick corrupting clay;
The last sad moments' shadowing gloom,
The soul's untrodden way:
But let me hear of those seats on high,
And the holy, holy throng;
Of the palm, and crown, and victory,
And the archangel's song.

3 Oh tell me of those laurell'd choirs
That are hymning before the throne;
The harmonies of their golden lyres,
And symphonies here unknown;
And the Saviour's face without a vail
Amid his native skies:
This shall cheer the heart when the cheek grows pale,
With glory's sweet surprise.

HYMN 456.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I've ever been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the jasper sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown.

4 But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
Which leads me at last to the light.

5 Closer, closer my steps
Come to the dark abysm;
Closer death to my lips
Passes the awful chrism.

6 Father, perfect my trust;
Strengthen the might of my faith:
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death:—

7 Let me feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink:
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

HYMN 457. C. M.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 *Jerusalem!* my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee.
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

HYMN 458. III. 1.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian.
Lo! we lift our longing eyes;
Break, ye intervening skies!
Sun of righteousness, arise!
Ope the gates of Paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely roll before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him.
Angel trumps resound his fame;
Harps of brightest gold proclaim

All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing his great salvation;
Cast their crowns before the throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
"Glory be to God alone,
Holy! Holy! Holy One!"

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem with joy to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays,
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus! Jesus! flow along.

HYMN 459. IV. 2.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
My Saviour, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;

2 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline;

3 Oh then shall the vail be removed,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd;
I shall meet Him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.
And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

4 Or, if yet remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
They will be but new signs of thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.
Thus the strokes which, from sin and from [pain,
Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

HYMN 460. C. M.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night;

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall see my God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into my eyes;

Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

HYMN 461. II. 1.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With angels, priests, and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing bless'd;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

4 Oh that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,—
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out thy foes, the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove;

The purchase of thy death divide,
And, oh! with all the sanctified,
Give me my God to love.

HYMN 462. IV. 2.

OH! had I the wings of a dove,
I'd make my escape and be gone;
I'd mix with the spirits above,
Who encompass yon heavenly throne;
I'd fly from all labour and toil
To the place where the weary have rest;
I'd haste from contention and broil
To the peaceful abodes of the bless'd.

2 How happy are they who no more
Have to feel the assault of the foe!
Arrived on the heavenly shore,
They have left all their conflicts below.
They are far from all danger and fear,
While remembrance enhances their joys,
As the storm, when escaped, doth endear
The retreat that the haven supplies.

3 Around that magnificent throne,
Where the Lamb all his glory displays,
United forever in one,
His people are singing his praise;
How holy, how happy are they!
No tongue can express their delight;
My soul, now unwilling to stay,
Prepares for her heavenly flight.

4 But no! my desire's not good;
Impatience, not faith, is its source;
While He who redeem'd me with blood
Still says to me, "Carry the cross."
Ah, Lord, let me think of the day
When thou wast "rejected of men,"
And put the base wish far away,
And never be fearful again.

5 Nor less my perverseness forgive,
That when ease and prosperity come,
Thy servant is willing to live,
And his exile prefers to his home.
Ah! Lord, what sinner am I!
My hope is in mercy alone:
Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,
Still count me through grace for thine own.

HYMN 463. III. 1.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light:
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amid the throne;
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."

4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness
And his blood that made them so.

5 Who were these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once, of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we like them shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

HYMN 464. P. M.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
What countless thousands stand,
Of children, with their sins forgiven,
A holy, happy band—
Singing Glory! Glory! Glory be to God on high!

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed:
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing Glory! Glory! Glory be to God on high!

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there,
Singing Glory! Glory! Glory be to God on high!

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in this pure and precious flood
Behold them white and clean,
Singing Glory! Glory! Glory be to God on high!

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing Glory! Glory! Glory be to God on high!

HYMN 465. IV. 2.

YE angels, who stand round the throne
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,—
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.
He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sank down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave,
He ransom'd from death and despair;
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong!
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see!

4 I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name;
I want—oh! I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu;
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you!

HYMN 466. III. 3.

OH, the hour when this material
Shall have vanish'd like a cloud:
When, amid the wide ethereal,
All th' invisible shall crowd;
And the naked soul, surrounded
With realities unknown,
Triumph in the view unbounded—
Feel herself with God alone.

2 In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and finer sense

Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?
Angels, guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal—
To the spirit's resting-place.

3 Will she, there, no fond emotion,
Naught of earthly love retain?
Or, absorb'd in pure devotion,
Will no mortal trace remain?
Can the grave those ties dissever
With the very heart-strings twined?
Must she part, and part forever,
With the friends she leaves behind?

4 No! the past she still remembers:
Faith and hope, surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers
Which must rise and live anew:
For the widow'd, lonely spirit—
Incomplete till clothed afresh—
Longs perfection to inherit,
Longs to triumph in the flesh.

5 Angels, let the ransom'd stranger
In your tender care be bless'd;
Hoping, trusting, free from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest:
Till the trump which shakes creation
Through the circling heavens shall roll;
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

6 Can I trust a fellow-being,
Can I trust an *angel's* care?
O thou merciful All-seeing!
Shine around my spirit there.
Jesus, blessed Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod:

Thou, the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God!

7 Blessed fold no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their Sun, their Centre,
And their shield—Omnipotence.
Blessed! for the Lamb shall feed them;
All their tears shall wipe away;
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

8 Lo! it comes—that day of wonder!
Louder chorals shake the skies:
Hades' gates are burst asunder;
See the new-clothed myriads rise!
Thought, repress thy weak endeavour;
Here must reason prostrate fall:
Oh! th' ineffable Forever—
And th' eternal All in all!

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THE END.

STEREOTYPED BY L. JOHNSON AND CO.
PHILADELPHIA.

CHANTS AND TUNES

FOR THE

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER,

ADAPTED TO

CONGREGATIONAL USE.

PREPARED AT THE REQUEST, AND UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF A

COMMITTEE OF CLERGYMEN.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY MASON BROTHERS.
PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855,
BY MASON BROTHERS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

PREFACE.

THE design of this collection of Chants and Tunes for the Book of Common Prayer, is to aid in the revival of congregational singing. The whole plan of the work has been regulated by this design. Its *form* makes it a convenient appendix to the Psalms and Hymns, or to the whole Prayer Book, and avoids the inconvenience and conspicuousness of ordinary music-books. Its *contents* will be found adapted to the skill and compass of ordinary voices. The tunes which have been admitted into it, are mostly suitable for congregational use, although the true idea of congregational singing has been made to yield in some degree to prevailing taste and custom. Its chants and tunes may all be readily learned by any congregation; in fact, are mainly those already long and widely known. It is not designed to supersede choirs, save so far as choirs have superseded the congregation in the praises of God. It will, on the contrary, be found a useful collection for the Organ gallery. And although at first exclusively used by the choir, yet, if placed also in the pews for use by the congregation at large, there may soon be revived a hearty and universal union in this most delightful and elevating, but too long neglected part of the public worship of God.

It may be thought by those who have not tried it, that the hope of congregational *chanting* is chimerical. Actual modern experience, as well as the original design and true nature of the chant, will correct such impression. Congregational chanting may be heard in many churches in England, and in a few in this country. In some of these it has attained a high degree of excellence, and in all it is found to be highly favorable to devotional effect. The Psalms of David were not only designed to be, but were actually sung; and that not only by the trained choirs of the Levites in the temple, but by families, particularly in the celebration of the Passover. Such was the "hymn" sung by our Saviour and his disciples at the Last Supper. And if sung at all, the Psalms, from their structure, must of necessity be chanted. The chant, then, was the earliest form of sacred music, and in its very nature was designed and fitted for the devotional use of the Psalter by the people. Congregational chanting is only a return to the old way in which our fathers worshipped.

But to make such return practicable, there must be first a return to the original simplicity of the chant by cutting away the modern changes by which it has been made more complicated and tune-

like. The true nature of the chant has been thus excellently explained:

"The musical or mechanical structure of a chant is very simple. Each of its passages consists of one note, to which most of the syllables in each line of poetry are chanted, and which is called the 'reciting' or 'chanting' note; and of a few succeeding notes, suited to the last few syllables of the line, which form the 'inflection,' or 'cadence.' A chant containing two such passages is called a single chant, as being suited for a single parallelism or verse. A chant containing four passages, is called a 'double,' or 'quatrain' chant, and embraces two parallelisms, but is not so well suited for the Hebrew poetry as the former. As no double chant is traceable further back than the sixteenth century (a thousand years later than our earliest single chants,) it must be considered as a corruption arising from the introduction of the modern quatrain stanza.

"The number of *notes* in the cadence is not uniform. In modern chanting there are generally three in the first, or 'medial,' and five in the second, or 'terminal' cadence. The earlier chants have generally fewer.

"The number of *syllables* to be assigned to the cadence-note also varies. The medial cadence generally includes two, and the terminal three *accented* syllables, with whatever expletives intervene; but variations from this rule are often required.

"It is most important to understand that the first or *reciting note*, which on paper occupies so small a space, but in practice often absorbs nearly all the words of the line, is the characteristic and principal note of the chant—that which distinguishes it from all other forms of music—and is the source at once of all its beauty, and all its difficulty. We may indeed call it *the chant*, as the terminal notes, which often attract much more notice, are, according to their names, only a *cadence inflection*, or alteration of tone, and are often wanting altogether.

"The distinguishing principle of the chant is, that in its origin, and in its truest forms, it is simply *musical recitation—reading or reciting in musical tones*. It is a method by which 'a congregation may, in a pleasing and devotional manner, read together the words of God.' In the tune we seek, as it were, to adorn the words, to increase their emotion by the addition of musical *passages*, of corresponding emotional character. All that the chant adds to the words is musical *tone*, with terminal inflections, intended to resemble those of ordinary speech.

"The idea of cadence or inflection has been so much departed from and forgotten in modern chants, and we have come so much to consider the musical cadence as *the chant*, that there may be some difficulty at first, in assenting to this statement. In the earlier and simpler chants, however, the principle is clearly seen; their cadences often very closely resemble the natural inflections of prayerful or penitential utterance."—*Anglican Chant Book.*

If the choir, or cantor, or leader will adopt the true style in chanting, the congregation will soon be able to follow him in such a manner that the words shall generally receive a simultaneous utterance.

From these things it follows that the music most suitable for the chant is that which is most simple and natural, and least cal-

culated to draw off the attention from the words to itself. Preference has been given, therefore, to single chants in this collection; and among single chants to such as have their "reciting" note within the compass of easy and natural declamation. Some modern double chants have, indeed, been retained, not for their intrinsic merit and fitness for congregational use, but because of their popularity.

It follows, further, that in the performance of the chants the idea of *recitation* to musical tones should be kept in view, and the common change from vocal time to musical time in passing from the "reciting note" to the "cadence" be avoided. The words belonging to the cadence must not be longer protracted than those belonging to the reciting note. The common practice of gabbling over all the important words sung to the chanting note, and then drawling out into indefinite length the syllables, however unemphatic, of the cadence, is unnatural and absurd in itself, and will utterly preclude congregational chanting. No congregation can recite together except on the plan of uttering all the words in just the time it would take the majority to speak them. And this is the true idea of the chant. Great attention must be paid to this point by all who would succeed in the revival of congregational chanting. With due observance of this and a little careful practice, any congregation may soon learn to chant well, either with or without an organ.

Four or more chants have been provided for every canticle in the daily service. The last one is always a minor, designed for the season of Lent, and for such other occasions as may require a greater pathos in the music of the service. This will provide sufficient variety, and suit the diversity of tastes. In addition, any chant out of the whole series can be adopted for any canticle. Music is provided, also, for the occasional anthems. And a small selection of psalms have been pointed for chanting, to which any appropriate chant can be sung. No separate chant has been provided for the Gloria Patri. It may be sung to any. It will be found well in practice to use the music last preceding.

A copious selection of metrical tunes is furnished, making provision for every Psalm and Hymn, except one, not only as respects the meter, but also as respects the sentiment. The one exception is Hymn 191, which consists of entirely different meters in different verses. The music to which this is usually sung, is not adapted for congregational use, and would have taken up several pages.

Well known and favorite old tunes have been retained. The rhythmic structure of such has been restored to the "generically old form," "the traditional form, and the only one which all singers feel to be natural," in accordance with the suggestions of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, Rector of St. Nicholas Church, Worcester, England, who has done more than any other man within the last twenty years to restore and improve Church Psalmody. By observing the longer initial and terminal notes of each line, (see *Dundee*, and other tunes of like character,) a much quicker and easier movement than generally prevails may be obtained. In fact, the old movement will thus be restored. The old tunes have now fallen into a heavy, drawling style of singing, which quite destroys their spirit and character, and makes them tedious

and difficult to use. The *Old Hundredth*, for example, is usually protracted to a degree positively painful, and quite destructive of its spirit-stirring character, as originally sung. Tender regard must be had to the capacity of untrained lungs, as well as to the compass and flexibility of untrained voices, by those who would promote universal singing in our churches.

All of the tunes, however, are not old. Musical taste can not be stereotyped. It changes with the spirit of the age. To meet this feeling, and the desire for an increasing range of Church Music, a few new tunes of a flowing, melodious character, and so easy as to come quite within the ability of a congregation, have been selected. It is hoped that these will be found useful, and will meet with favor.

A word seems necessary in regard to interludes. If congregational singing, or any singing, is to succeed religiously, these must not be prolonged, as is frequently the case, till all the connection of spirit and sympathy between the verses is destroyed. They cool off and tire out a congregation, and reduce them to mere listeners. If introduced at all, they ought to be just long enough to allow all to get their breath, *and no longer*. A few are given at the end of some of the tunes, by way of specimen. Rectors and others having charge of the music of the church are entreated to insist upon this point.

It only remains to be said that the ablest professional assistance has been procured in the harmonizing and general arrangement of tunes and chants. Every pains has been taken to render the work acceptable to brethren in the ministry, and suitable and useful for their congregations. May God bless it to a revival of His praises in the Sanctuary, and pour out His Spirit upon all who by it shall worship Him in spirit and in truth.

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WM. BACON STEVENS.
Rector of St. Andrew's.
CHARLES D. COOPER.
Rector of St. Philip's.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov., 1855.

The undersigned cordially approve the plan of the work, and recommend its use:

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J. H. MORRISON,
Rector of St. Peter's, Balt.

Venite, Exultemus Domino.

1. O COME, let us sing un- | to the | Lord:
   Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2. Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving,
   And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3. For the LORD is a | gre-at | God;
   And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

4. In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth;
   And the strength of the | hills is | his — | also.

5. The sea is his, and | he — | made it;
   And his hands pre- | par-ed | the dry | land.

6. O come, let us worship | and fall | down,
   And kneel be- | fore the | LORD our | Maker.

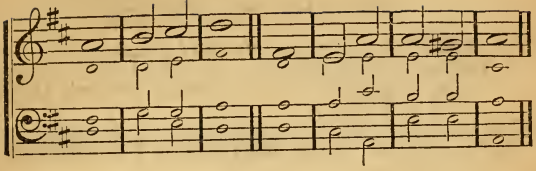
7. For he is the | Lord our | God;
   And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his — | hand.

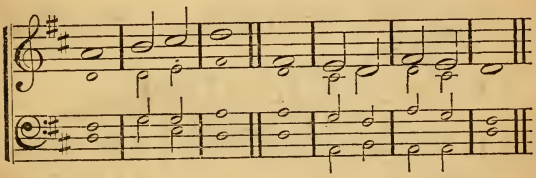
8. O worship the LORD in the | beauty of | holiness;
   Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

9. For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth;
   And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, AND | TO THE | SON,
AND | TO THE | HOLY | GHOST;
AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NOW, AND | EVER SHALL | BE,
WORLD | WITHOUT | END. A- | MEN.

Chant No. 1. DOUBLE.





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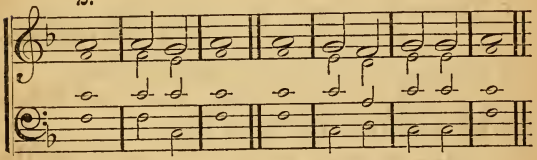
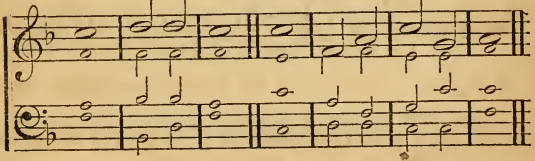


3. REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.



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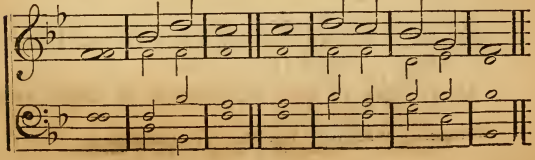


Venite, Exultemus Domino.

1. O COME, let us sing un- | to the | LORD;
Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2. Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving,
And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3. For the LORD is a | gre-at | God;
And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

4. In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth;
And the strength of the | hills is | his — | also.

5. The sea is his, and | he — | made it;
And his hands pre- | par-ed | the dry | land.

6. O come, let us worship | and fall | down,
And kneel be- | fore the | LORD our | Maker.

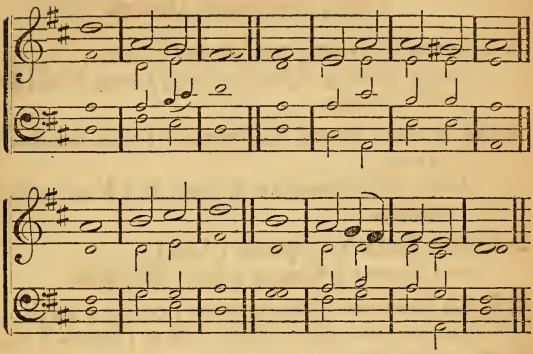
7. For he is the | Lord our | God;
And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his — | hand.

8. O worship the LORD in the | beauty of | holiness;
Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

9. For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth;
And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, AND | TO THE | SON,
AND | TO THE | HOLY | GHOST;
AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NOW, AND | EVER SHALL | BE,
WORLD | WITHOUT | END. A- | MEN.

5. DOUBLE. DR. BOYCE.



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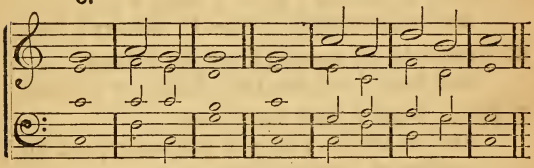

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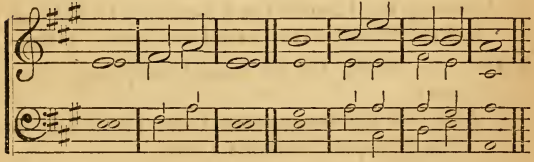

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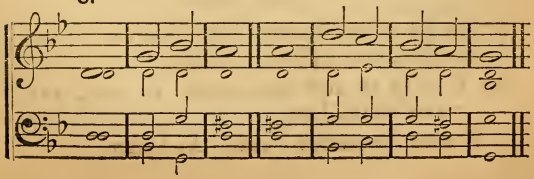


Gloria in Excelsis.

1. Glory be to | God on | high;
And on earth | peace, good | will towards | men.

2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee,
We glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee, for | thy great | glory,

3. O Lord God, | heavenly | King,
God the | Father | Al— | mighty.

4. O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Cnrist,
O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son — | of the | Father,

5. That takest away the | sins..of the | world,
Have | mercy | upon | us.

6. Thou that takest away the | sins..of the | world,
Have | mercy | upon | us.

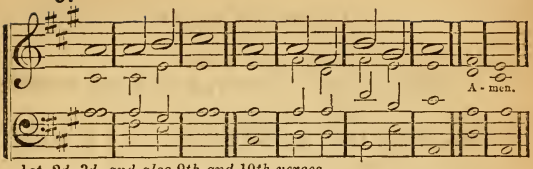
7. Thou that takest away the | sins..of the | world,
Re- | ceive — | our— | prayer.

8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father,
Have | mercy | upon | us.

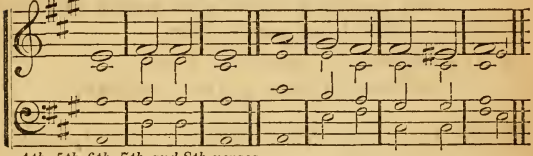
9. For thou | only..art | holy,
Thou | only | art the | Lord;

10. Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost,
Art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father.

9.



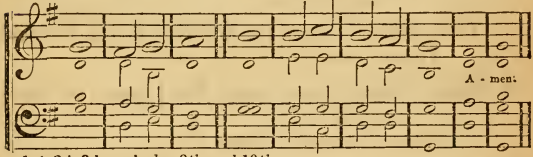
1st, 2d, 3d, and also 9th and 10th verses.



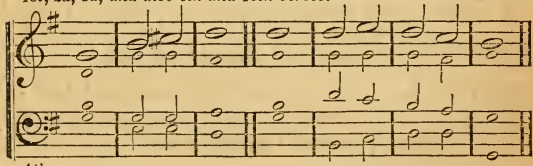
4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th verses.

10.

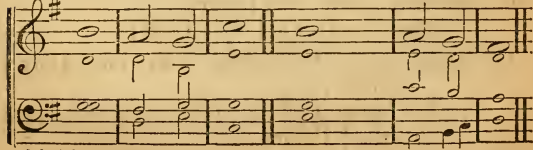
This triple chant is extensively sung to the *Gloria in Excelsis.*



1st, 2d, 3d, and also 9th and 10th verses.



4th verse.



5th, 6th, 7th and 8th verses. Have mercy up - on us.
Re - - - ceive our prayer.

Te Deum laudamus.

1. We praise | thee, O | God;
   We acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
2. All the earth doth | worship | thee,
   The | Father | ever- | lasting.
3. To thee all Angels | cry a- | loud;
   The Heavens, and | all the | Powers there- | in.
4. To thee, | Cherubim, and | Seraphim
   Con- | tinu-al- | ly do | cry,
5. Holy, | Holy, | Holy,
   Lord | God of | Sa-ba- | oth;
6. Heaven and | Earth are | full
   Of the | Majes-ty | of thy | Glory.
7. The glorious company of the Apostles | praise —| thee,
   The goodly fellowship of the | Prophets | praise —| thee.
8. The noble army of Martyrs | praise — | thee,
   The holy Church throughout all the world | doth ac-| knowledge | thee;
9. The Father, of an | infinite | majesty;
   Thine adorable, | true, and | only | Son;
10. Also the | Holy | Ghost,
    The | Com- — | for- — | ter.
11. Thou art the King of Glory, | O — | Christ.
    Thou art the everlasting | Son — | of the | Father.
12. When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man,
    Thou didst humble thyself to be | born — | of a | Virgin.
13. When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death,
    Thou didst open the Kingdom of | Heaven to | all be- | lievers.
14. Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God,
    In the | Glory | of the | Father.
15. We believe that | thou shalt | come
    To | be — | our — | Judge.
16. We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants,
    Whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | precious | blood.

17. Make them to be numbered | with thy | Saints,
In | glory | ever- | lasting.

18. O Lord, save thy people, and | bless thine | heritage.
Govern them, and | lift them | up for | ever.

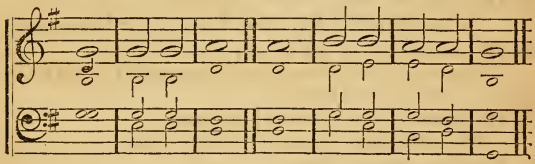
19. Day by day we | magni-fy | thee;
And we worship thy Name ever, | world with- |
out — | end.

20. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day with-|out —|sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us, have|mercy|upon|us.

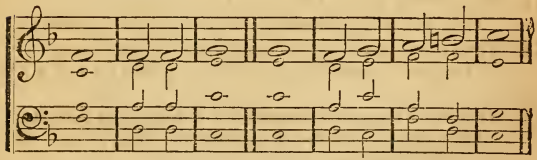
21. O Lord, let thy mercy | be up-on | us,
As our | trust — | is in | thee.

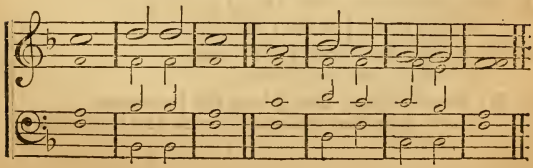
22. O Lord, in thee | have I | trusted;
Let me | never | be con- | founded.

12. *"Grand Chant" in the Tenor.*



13. Double.



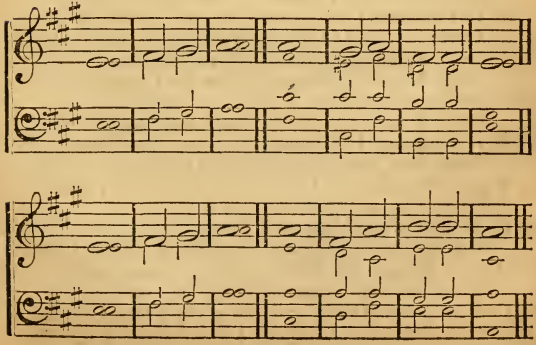


Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

1. O all ye Works of the Lord, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
2. O ye Angels of the Lord, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
3. O ye Heavens, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
4. O ye Waters that be above the firmament, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
5. O all ye Powers of the Lord, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
6. O ye Sun and Moon, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
7. O ye Stars of Heaven, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
8. O ye Showers and Dew, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
9. O ye Winds of God, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
10. O ye Fire and Heat, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
11. O ye Winter and Summer, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
12. O ye Dews and Frosts, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
13. O ye Frost and Cold, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
14. O ye Ice and Snow, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
15. O ye Nights and Days, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
16. O ye Light and Darkness, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
17. O ye Lightnings and Clouds, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
18. O let the Earth | bless the | Lord;
Yea, let it praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
19. O ye Mountains and Hills, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
20. O all ye Green Things upon the earth, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever.

21. O ye Wells, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
22. O ye Seas and Floods, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
23. O ye Whales, and all that move in the waters, | bless..
ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
24. O all ye Fowls of the air, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
25. O all ye Beasts and Cattle, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
26. O ye Children of Men, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
27. O let Israel | bless the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
28. O ye Priests of the Lord, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
29. O ye Servants of the Lord, | bless..ye the | Lord;
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
30. O ye Spirits and Souls of the righteous, | bless..ye the |
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever. [Lord;
31. O ye holy and humble Men of heart, | bless..ye the |
Praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever. [Lord;

14. DOUBLE. GREGORIAN, VIIIth TONE.

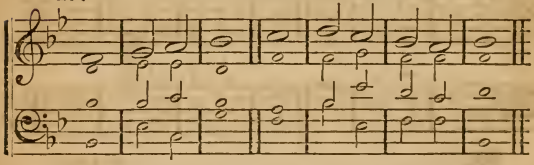


Jubilate Deo.

1. O be joyful in the LORD, | all ye | lands:
   Serve the LORD with gladness, and come before his | presence | with a | song.
2. Be ye sure that the LORD | he is | God:
   It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the | sheep of | his — | pasture.
3. O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise;
   Be thankful unto him, and speak | good of | his — | Name:
4. For the LORD is gracious, his mercy is | ever- | lasting;
   And his truth endureth from gene- | ration.. to | gene- | ration,

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, AND | TO THE | SON,
AND | TO THE | HOLY | GHOST;
AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NOW, AND | EVER SHALL | BE,
WORLD | WITHOUT | END. A- | MEN.

15. DR. WOODWARD.



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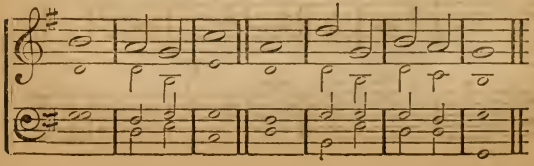
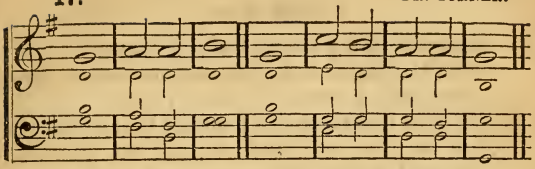
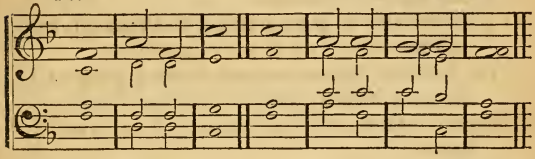


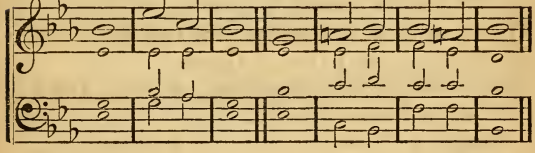
17. DR. TURNER.

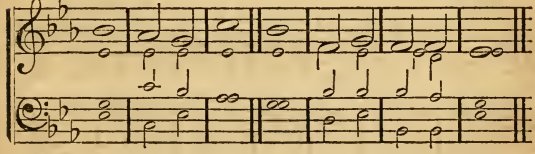


18. REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.

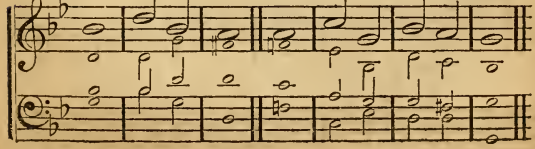


19. DOUBLE. ROBINSON.





20. WELDON.

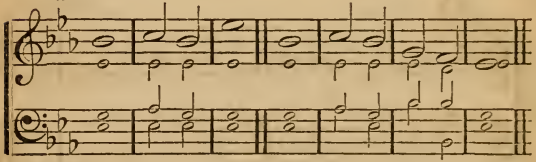


Benedictus.

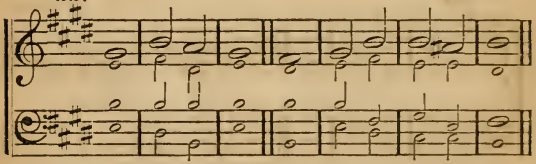
1. Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel;
   For he hath visited, and re- | deem-ed | his — | people;
2. And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation..for | us,
   In the | house..of his | servant | David;
3. As he spake by mouth of his | holy | Prophets,
   Which have been | since the | world be- | gan;
4. That we should be saved | from our | enemies,
   And from the | hand of | all that | hate us.

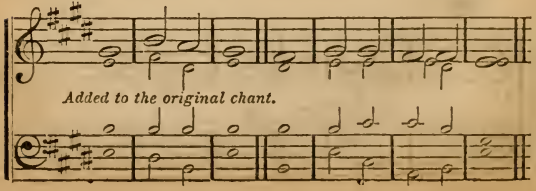
GLORIA PATRI.

21.

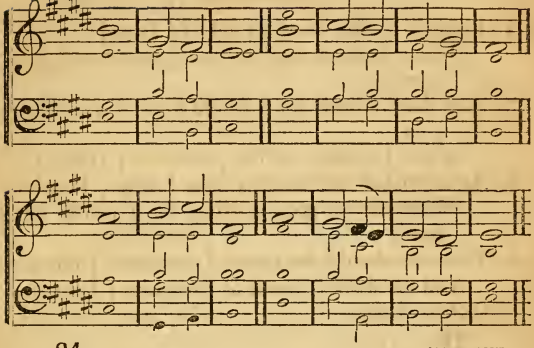


22. FITZHERBERT.

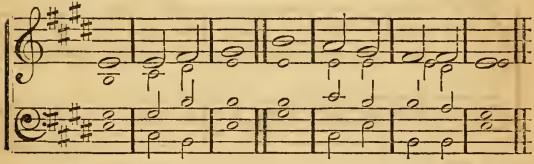




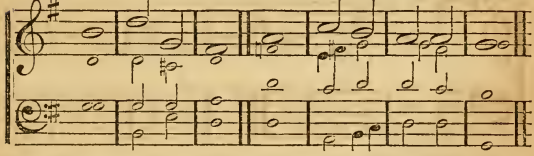
23. MORNINGTON.



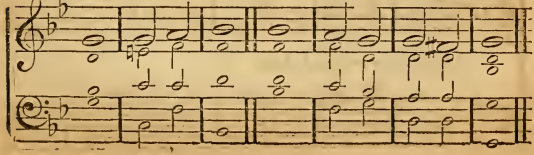
24. FARRANT.



25. CHRIS. GIBBONS.



26. DR. GREEN.



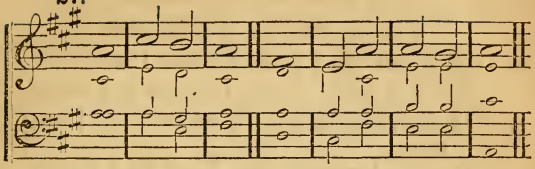
EVENING PRAYER.

Cantate Domino. Psalm xviii.

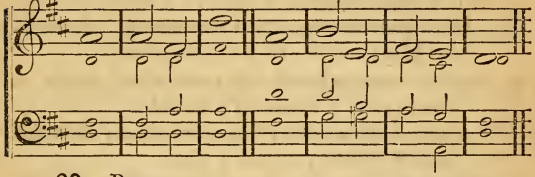
1. O SING unto the | LORD a..new | song;
   For | he hath..done | marvellous | things.
2. With his own right hand, and with his | holy | arm
   Hath he | gotten..him- | self the | victory.
3. The LORD declar-ed | his sal- | vation;
   His righteousness hath he openly | showed.. in the | sight..of the | heathen.
4. He hath remembered his mercy and truth towards the | house of | Israel;
   And all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.
5. Show yourselves joyful unto the LORD, | all ye | lands;
   Sing, re- | joice, and | give— | thanks.
6. Praise the LORD up- | on the | harp,
   Sing to the harp with a | psalm of | thanks— | giving.
7. With trumpets, | also,..and | shawms,
   O show yourselves joyful be- | fore the | LORD the | King.
8. Let the sea make a noise, and all that | therein | is,
   The round world, and | they that | dwell.. there- | in.
9. Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together, be- | fore the | LORD,
   For he | cometh..to | judge the | earth.
10. With righteousness shall he | judge the | | world,
    And the | people | with— | equity.

GLORIA PATRI.

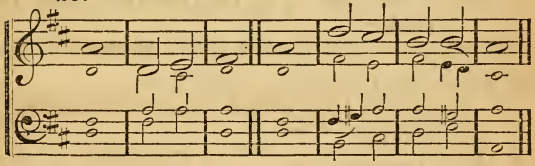
27.

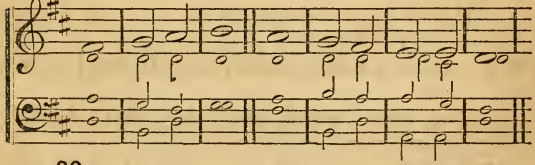


28.

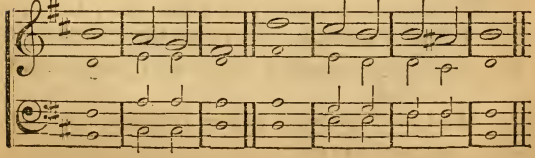


29. DOUBLE. DR. RANDALL.





30. DR. CROFT.

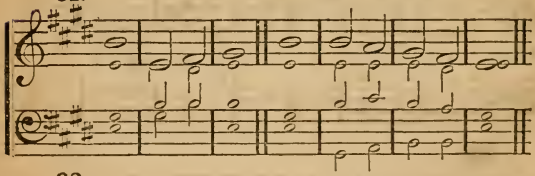


Bonum est Confiteri. Psalm xcii.

1. It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | LORD,
   And to sing praises unto thy | Name, O | Most— | Highest.
2. To tell of thy loving kindness early | in the | morning,
   And of thy | truth..in the | night— | season.
3. Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | lute;
   Upon a loud instrument, | and up- | on the | harp.
4. For thou, LORD, hast made me glad | through thy | works;
   And I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope- | rations | of thy | hands.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, AND | TO THE | SON,
AND | TO THE | HOLY | GHOST;
AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NOW, AND | EVER SHALL | BE.
WORLD | WITHOUT | END. A- | MEN.

31.



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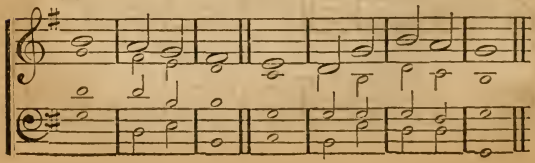
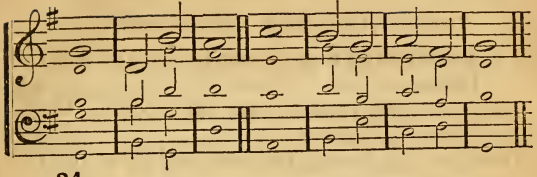


33. BATTISHILL.



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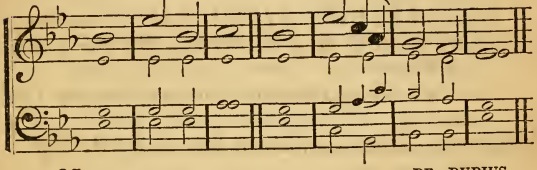
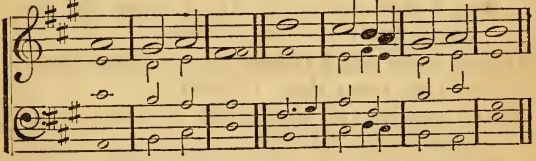
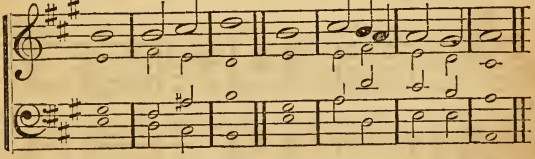


35. DR. DUPIUS.





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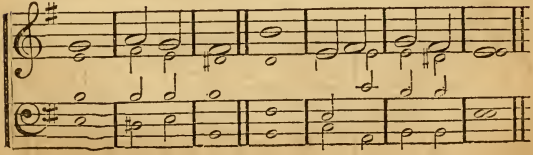


Deus Misereatur. Psalm lxvii.

1. God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us,
And show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci-ful | unto | us;

2. That thy way may be | known up-on | earth,
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

3. Let the people praise | thee, O | God;
Yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.

4. O let the nations rejoice, | and be | glad;
For thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.

5. Let the people praise | thee, O | God;
Yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.

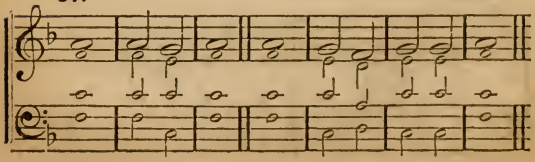
6. Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase;
And God, even our own | God, shall | give us ..his | blessing.

7. God | shall — | bless us;
And all the ends of the | world shall | fear — | him.

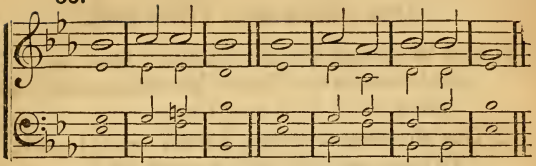
GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, AND | TO THE | SON,
AND | TO THE | HOLY | GHOST;

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NOW, AND | EVER SHALL | BE,
WORLD | WITHOUT | END. A- | MEN.

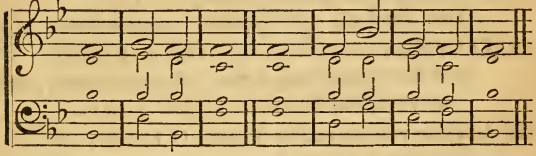
37. TALLIS.



38. GREGORIAN V.



39. *Grand Chant in the Tenor.*



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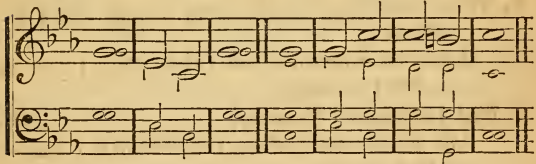
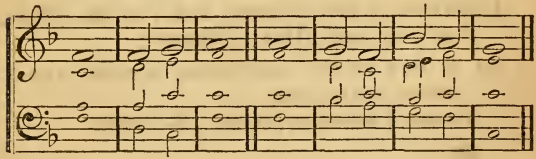
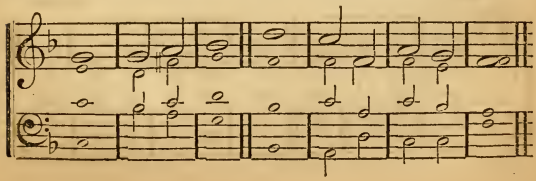


41. DOUBLE. LANGDON.





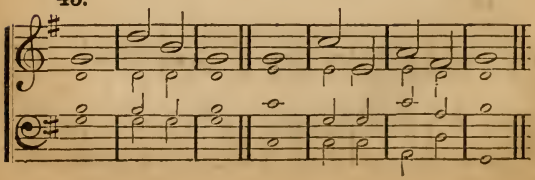
Benedic, Anima Mea. Psalm ciii.

1. Praise the LORD, | O my | soul;
   And all that is within me, | praise his | holy | name.
2. Praise the LORD, | O my | soul;
   And for- | get not | all his | benefits:
3. Who forgiveth | all thy | sin,
   And | healeth..all | thine in- | firmities;
4. Who saveth thy | life..from de- | struction,
   And crowneth thee with | mercy..and | loving- | kindness.
5. O praise the LORD, ye Angels of his, ye that excel in | strength,
   Ye that fulfill his commandment, and hearken unto the | voice of | his — | word.
6. O praise the LORD, all | ye his | hosts;
   Ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.
7. O speak good of the LORD, all ye works of his, in all places of | his do- | minion;
   Praise thou the | Lord, O | my — | soul.

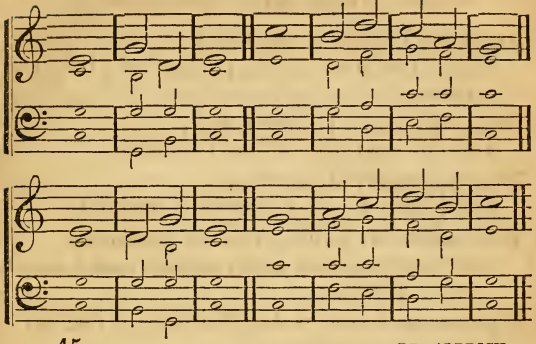
GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, AND | TO THE | SON,
AND | TO THE | HOLY | GHOST;

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NOW, AND | EVER SHALL | BE,
WORLD | WITHOUT | END. A- | MEN.

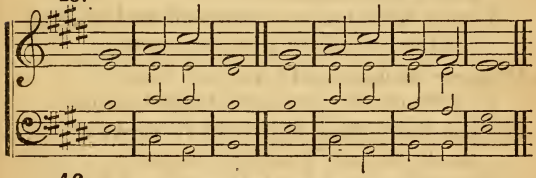
43.



44. *Recte et Retro.* REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.



45. DR. ALDRICH.



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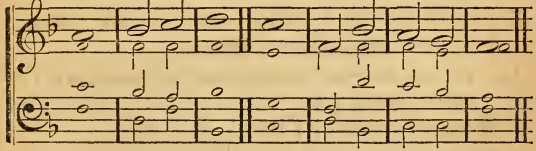

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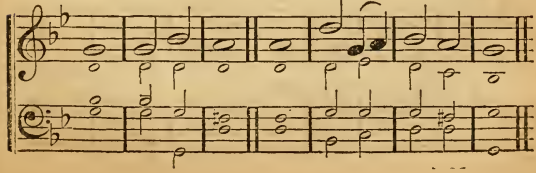


EASTER-DAY.

(Any well known, joyful, single chant will be appropriate.)

1. CHRIST our Passover is | sacri-ficed | for us;
   Therefore | let us | keep the | feast;
2. Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of | malice..and | wickedness,
   But with the unleavened | bread..of sin- | cerity.. and | truth;
3. CHRIST being raised from the dead, | dieth..no | more;
   Death hath no more do- | minion | over | him.
4. For in that he died, he died unto | sin — | once;
   But in that he liveth, he | liveth | unto | God.
5. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | unto | sin;
   But alive unto God through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.
6. CHRIST is risen | from the | dead,
   And become the first- | fruits of | them that | slept.
7. For since by | man came | death,
   By man came also the resur- | rection | of the | dead.
8. For as in Adam | all — | die,
   Even so in Christ shall | all be | made a- | live.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, AND | TO THE | SON,
AND | TO THE | HOLY | GHOST.
AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NOW, AND | EVER.. SHALL | BE.
WORLD | WITHOUT | END. A- | MEN.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

(Any well known, joyful, single chant will be appropriate.)

1. Praise ye the LORD; for it is a good thing to sing praises un- | to our | God;
   For it is | pleasant..and | praise is | comely.
2. The LORD doth build | up Je- | rusalem;
   He gathereth together the | out— | casts of | Israel.
3. He healeth those that are | broken..in | heart,
   And | bindeth | up their | wounds.
4. He covereth the heavens with clouds, and prepareth | rain..for the | earth;
   He maketh the grass to | grow up- | on the | mountains.
5. He giveth to the | beast his | food,
   And to the young | ravens | which — | cry.

6. Praise the LORD, | O Je- | rusalem,
   Praise thy | God, — | O — | Sion.
7. For he hath strengthened the bars | of thy | gates,
   He hath blessed thy | chil— | dren with- | in thee.
8. He maketh peace | in thy | borders,
   And filleth thee with the | finest | of the | wheat.

GLORIA PATRI.

Laudate Nomen.

(Any well known, joyful, single chant will be appropriate.)

1. O praise the LORD; laud ye the | name. .of the | LORD;
   Praise it, O ye | servants | of the | LORD.
2. Ye that stand in the | house. .of the | LORD,
   In the courts of the | house of | our — | God.
3. O praise the LORD, for the | LORD is | gracious;
   O sing praises unto his | Name, for | it is | lovely.
4. The LORD is | gracious. .and | merciful;
   Long-suffering, | and of | great — | goodness.
5. The LORD is loving unto | every | man;
   And his mercy is | over | all his | works.
6. All thy works praise | thee, O | LORD;
   And thy saints give | thanks — | unto | thee.
7. The LORD doth build | up Je- | rusalem;
   And gather together the | outcasts | of— | Israel.
8. He healeth those that are | broken. .in | heart,
   And giveth medicine to | heal — | their — | sickness.
9. The LORD's delight is in | them that | fear him,
   And put their | trust in | his — | mercy.
10. Praise the LORD, | O Je- | rusalem,
    Praise thy | God, — | O — | Sion.
11. For he hath made fast the | bars of. .thy | gates,
    And hath blessed thy | chil— | dren with- | in thee.
12. He maketh peace | in thy | borders,
    And filleth thee | with the | flour of | wheat.
13. He is our God, even the God of whom | cometh sal- | vation;
    GOD is the Lord, by whom | we es- | cape — | death.
14. O God, wonderful art thou in thy | holy | places;
    Even the God of Israel, he will give strength and power unto his people. | Blessed | be — | God.

GLORIA PATRI.

From Psalms xxxix *and* xc.

1. Lord, let me know my end, and the number | of my | days,
   That I may be certified how | long I | have to | live.
2. Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in res- | pect of | thee;
   And verily every man living is | al-to- | geth-er | vanity.
3. For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth him- | self in | vain;
   He heapeth up riches, and cannot tell | who shall | gather | them.
4. And now, Lord, | what is..my | hope?
   Truly, my | hope is | even..in | thee.
5. Deliver me from | all..mine of- | fences;
   And make me not a re- | buke un- | to the | foolish.
6. When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth | fretting..a | garment;
   Every man | therefore | is but | vanity.
7. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears con- | sider..my | calling;
   Hold not thy | peace at | my — | tears.
8. For I am a stranger with thee, | and a | sojourner,
   As | all my | fathers | were.
9. O spare me a little, that I may re- | cover..my | strength,
   Before I go hence, and | be no | more — | seen.
10. Lord, thou hast | been our | refuge
    From one gene- | ration | to an- | other.
11. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the | world were | made;
    Thou art God from everlasting, and | world with- | out — | end.
12. Thou turnest | man..to de- | struction;
    Again thou sayest, Come a- | gain, ye | children..of | men.

13. For a thousand years in thy sight are | but as | yester-
day,
Seeing that is past as a | watch — | in the | night.

14. As soon as thou scatterest them, they are even | as
a- | sleep,
And fade away | sudden-ly | like the | grass.

15. In the morning it is green, and | groweth | up;
But in the evening it is cut | down, dried | up, and |
withered.

16. For we consume away in | thy dis- | pleasure,
And are afraid at thy | wrathful | indig- | nation.

17. Thou hast set our mis- | deeds be- | fore thee,
And our secret sins in the | light of | thy — | coun-
tenance.

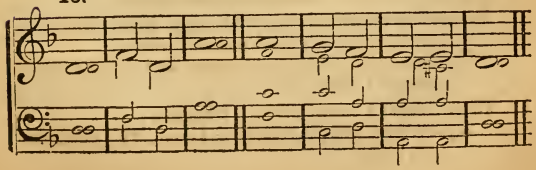
18. For when thou art angry, all our | days are | gone,
We bring our years to an end, as it were a | tale that
| is— | told.

19. The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and
though men be so strong that they come to four-
score years, yet is their strength then but | labor
..and | sorrow;
So soon passeth it a- | way, and | we are | gone.

20. So teach us to | number..our | days,
That we may apply our | hearts — | unto | wisdom.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, AND | TO THE | SON,
AND | TO THE | HOLY | GHOST;
AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NOW, AND | EVER..
SHALL | BE,
WORLD | WITHOUT | END. A- | MEN.

48.



Domine, Dominus noster. Psalm viii.

1. O LORD, our Governor, how excellent is thy Name in | all the | world;
   Thou hast set thy | glory..a- | bove the | heavens!

2. Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, be- | cause of.. thine | enemies,
   That thou mightest still the | ene-my | and.. the a- | venger.

3. For I will consider thy heavens, even the | works of..thy | fingers;
   The moon and the stars which | thou — | hast or- | dain-ed.

4. What is man, that thou art | mindful..of | him?
   And the son of man, | that thou | visitest | him?

5. Thou madest him lower | than the | angels,
   To crown him with | glo- — | ry and | worship.

6. Thou makest him to have dominion of the | works of..thy | hands;
   And thou hast put all things in subjection | under | his — | feet.

7. All | sheep and | oxen;
   Yea, and the | beasts — | of the | field;

8. The fowls of the air, and the fishes | of the | sea;
   And whatsoever walketh through the | paths — | of the | seas.

9. O LORD, our Governor, how excellent | is thy | Name
   In | all — | — the | world.

GLORIA PATRI.

Deus noster refugium. Psalm xlvi.

1. God is our | hope and | strength,
A very | present | help in | trouble.
2. Therefore will we not fear, though the | earth be | mov-ed;
And though the hills be carried into the | midst — | of the | sea.
3. Though the waters thereof | rage and | swell,
And though the mountains shake at the | tempest | of the | same.
4. The rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the | city of | God;
The holy place of the tabernacle | of the | Most — | Highest.
5. God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she | not..be re- | mov-ed;
God shall | help her,..and | that right | early.
6. The heathen make much ado, and the | kingdoms..are | mov-ed;
But God hath showed his voice, and the | earth shall | melt a- | way.
7. The Lord of | hosts is | with us;
The God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.
8. O come hither, and behold the | works..of the | Lord,
What destruction he hath | brought up- | on the | earth.
9. He maketh wars to cease in | all the | world;
He breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the | chariots | in the | fire.
10. Be still then, and know that | I am | God.
I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be ex- | alted | in the | earth.
11. The Lord of | hosts is | with us; } GLORIA
The God of | Jacob | is our | refuge. } PATRI.

Levavi oculos meos. PSALM CXXI.

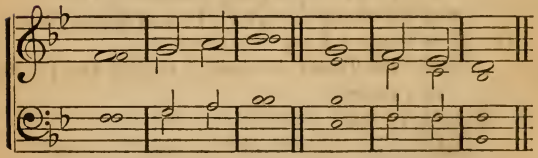
1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence | cometh my | help.
2. My help cometh even from the LORD,
Who hath made | heaven and | earth.

3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;
He that keepeth thee | will not | sleep.
4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither | slumber nor | sleep.

5. The LORD himself is thy keeper;
The LORD is thy defence upon | thy right | hand;
6. So that the sun shall not burn thee by day,
Neither the | moon by | night.

7. The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil;
Yea, it is even he that shall | keep thy | soul.
8. The LORD shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in,
From this time forth forever- | more. A- | men.

49. PECULIAR.



Domini est terra. PSALM XXIV.

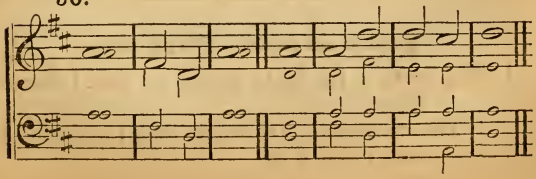
1. The earth is the LORD'S, and all that | therein | is;
The compass of the world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

2. For he hath founded it up- | on the | seas,
And prepar-ed | it up- | on the | floods.
3. Who shall ascend into the | hill..of the | Lord?
Or who shall rise up in | his — | holy | place?
4. Even he that hath clean hands, and a | pure — | heart;
And that hath not lifted up his mind unto vanity, nor | sworn..to de- | ceive his | neighbor.
5. He shall receive the blessing | from the | LORD;
And righteousness from the | God of | his sal- | vation.
6. This is the generation of | them that | seek him;
Even of them that | seek thy | face, O | Jacob.

7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever- | lasting | doors;
And the King of | glory | shall come | in.
8. Who is the | King of | glory?
It is the LORD strong and mighty, even the | LORD — | mighty..in | battle.
9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever- | lasting | doors,
And the King of | glory | shall come | in.
10. Who is the | King of | glory?
Even the LORD of hosts, | he..is the | King of | glory.

GLORIA PATRI.

50.

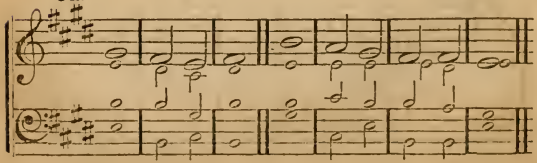


Dominus regit me. Psalm xxiii.

1. THE LORD | is my | Shepherd;
   Therefore | can I | lack — | nothing.
2. He shall feed me in a | green — | pasture,
   And lead me forth be- | side the | waters..of | comfort.
3. He shall con- | vert my | soul,
   And bring me forth in the paths of righteousness | for his | Name's — | sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil;
   For thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff — | comfort | me.
5. Thou shalt prepare a table before me against | them that | trouble me;
   Thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my | cup shall | be — | full.
6. But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of..my | life;
   And I will dwell in the | house..of the | LORD for | ever.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, AND | TO THE | SON,
AND | TO THE | HOLY | GHOST;
AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NOW, AND | EVER SHALL | BE.
WORLD | WITHOUT | END. A- | MEN.

51. PURCELL.



De Profundis. Psalm cxxx.

1. Out of the deep have I called unto | thee, O | LORD;
Lord, | hear — | my — | voice.

2. O let my ears con- | sider | well
The | voice of | my com- | plaint.

3. If thou, LORD, wilt be extreme to mark what is | done a- | miss,
O | Lord, who | may a- | bide it?

4. For there is | mercy..with | thee;
Therefore shalt | thou be | fear- — | ed.

5. I look for the LORD; my soul doth | wait for | him;
In his | word is | my — | trust.

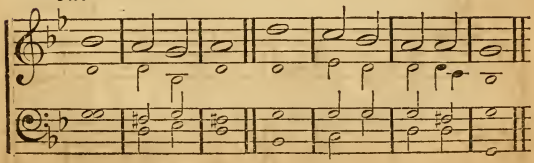
6. My soul fleeth unto the Lord before the | morning | watch;
I say, be- | fore the | morning | watch.

7. O Israel, | trust..in the | LORD;
For with the LORD there is mercy, and with | him is | plenteous..re- | demption.

8. And he shall re- | deem — | Israel.
From | all — | his — | sins.

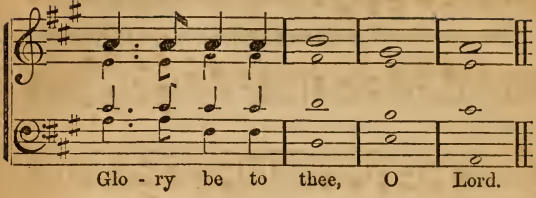
GLORIA PATRI.

52.



After naming the Gospel.

No. 1.



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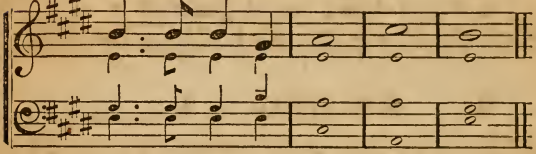

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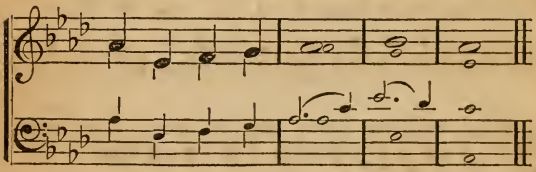
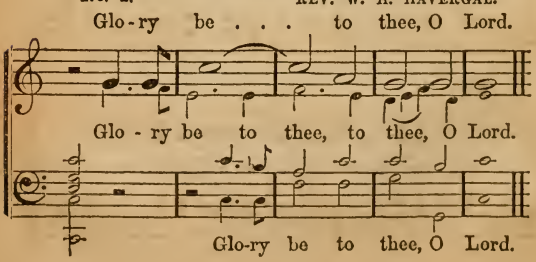


No. 4. REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.



1. THE OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

W. FRANK.

With one consent let all the earth To God their cheerful voices raise;

Glad homage pay with awful mirth, And sing before him songs of praise.

2. DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.

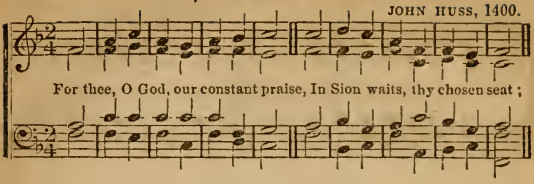
Thy mer-cies, Lord, shall be my song, My song on

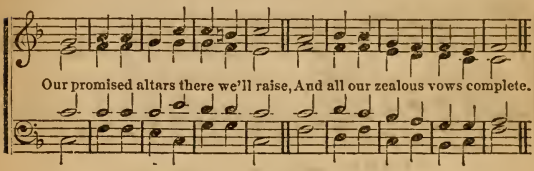
them shall ev - er dwell; To a - ges yet un- -

- - born, my tongue Thy nev-er - fail - ing mer-cies tell.

3. IOSCO, or PRAGUE. L. M.

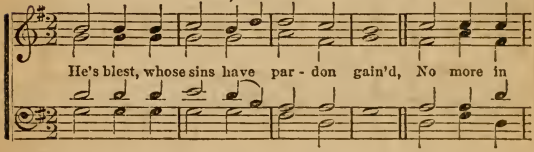
JOHN HUSS, 1400.

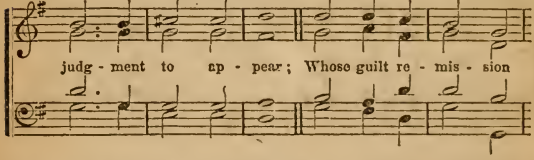


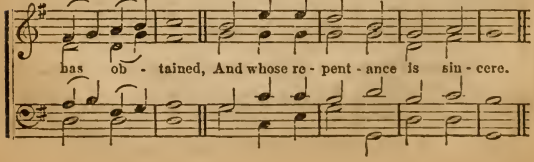


4. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

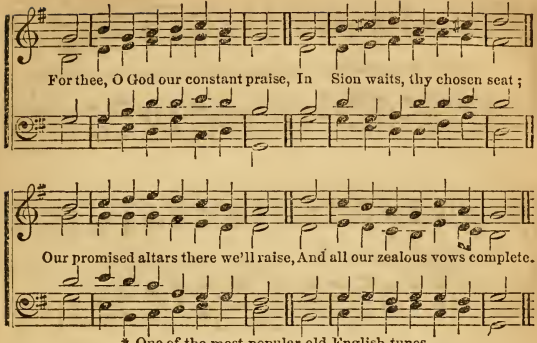






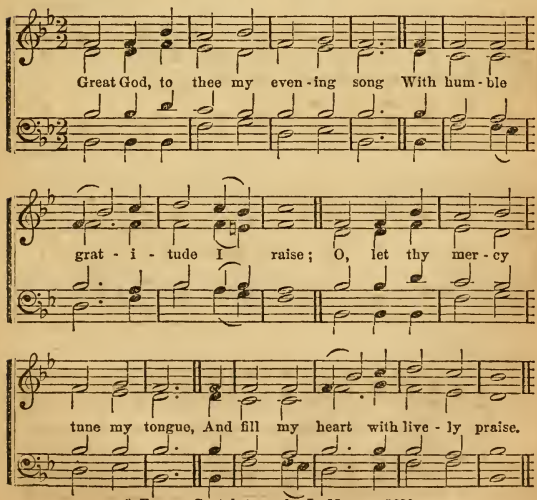
5. ANGELS' SONG. L. M.*

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.



* One of the most popular old English tunes.

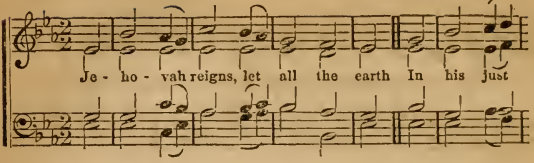
6. WARD. L. M.*

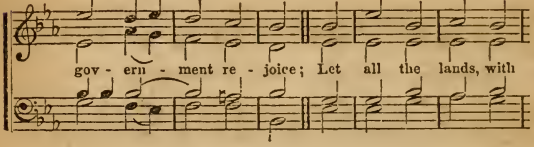


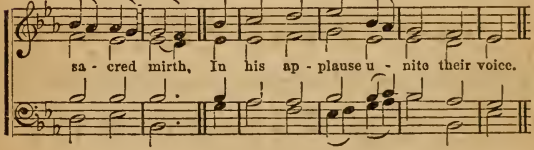
* From a Scotch tune, by L. MASON, 1830.

7. ALFRETON. L. M.

ALFRED BEASTALL.

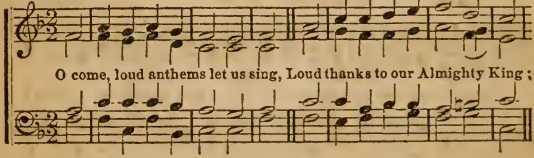


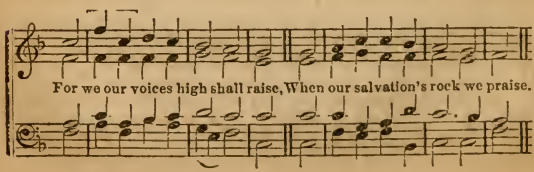




8. UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. MASON, 1830.





9. ERNAN. L. M.*

Far from my thoughts, vain world, be - gone; Let my re-

- - -li - gious hours a - - lone: From flesh and sense I

would be free, And hold com-mu - nion, Lord, with thee.

* From "*The Hallelujah,*" by permission.

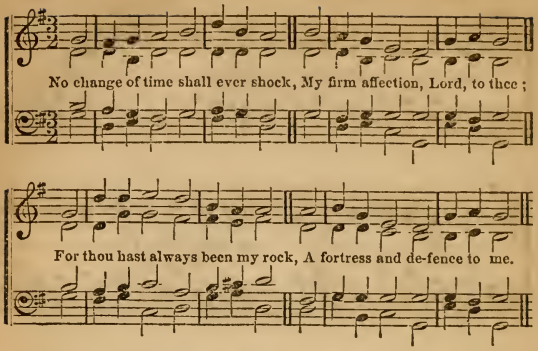
10. HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON, 1830.

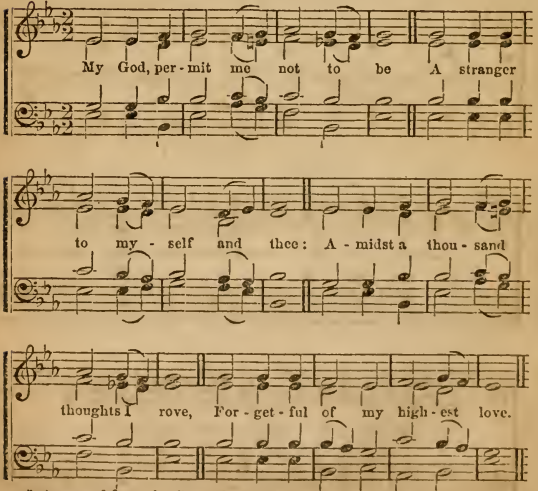
My soul inspired with sacred love, God's holy name for ev-er bless;

Of all his favors mindful prove, And still thy grateful thanks express.

11. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



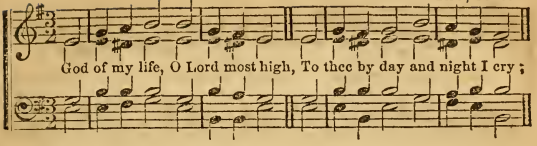
12. HAMBURG. L. M.*

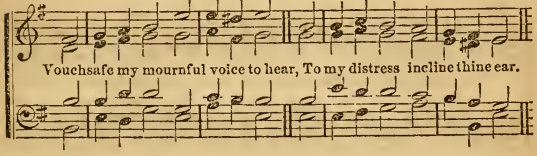


* Arranged from the Gregorian Tone I, and first published as a metrical tune, by L. Mason, 1825.

13. WINDHAM. L. M.

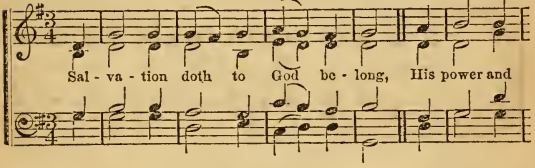
DANIEL READ, 1800.

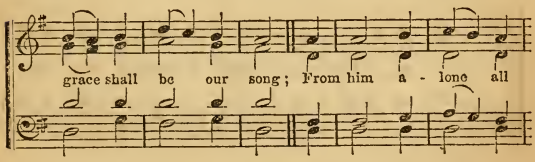


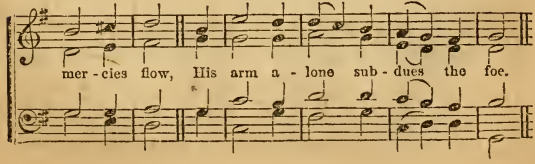


14. BECKER. L. M.

FROM HAYDN, 1809.







15. ORFORD. L. M.

Great God, to thee my even-ing song With hum-ble grat-i-tude I raise: O let thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with livo-ly praise.

16. ULM. L. M.

L. MASON.

O thou that hear'st when sinners cry, Tho' all my crimes before thee lie, Behold them not with angry look, But blot their memory from thy book.

17. EVENING HYMN. L. M.

FROM TALLIS.

Glory to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Under thine own almighty wings.

18. NAZARETH. L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1800.

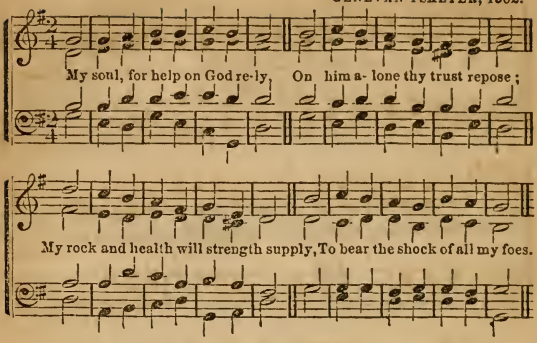
My soul, in - spired with sa - cred love, God's ho - ly

Name for ev - er bless; Of all his fa - vors mind-ful

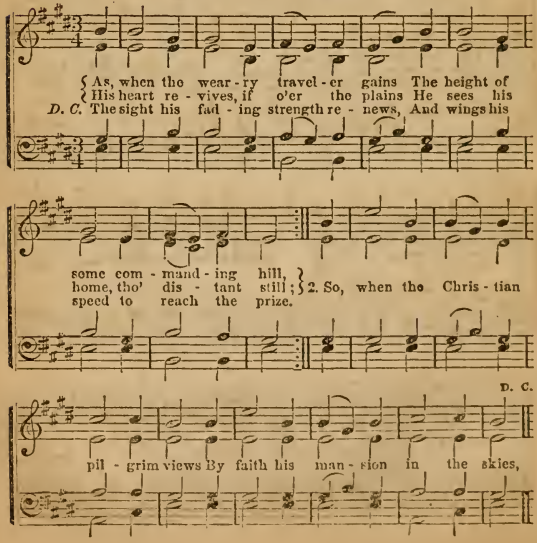
prove, And still thy grate-ful thanks ex - press. [*Interlude.*]

19. BAVA. L. M.

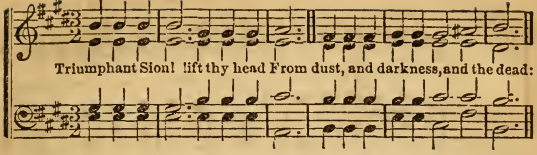
GENEVAN PSALTER, 1562.

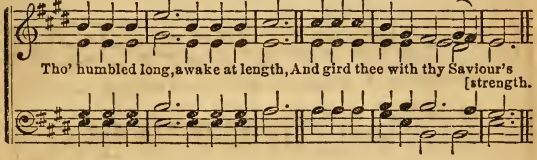


20. ANDREWS. L. M. Double.

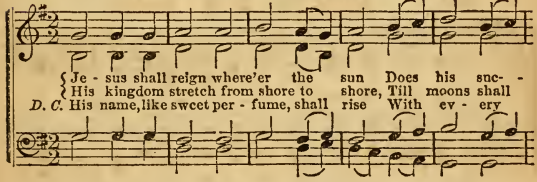


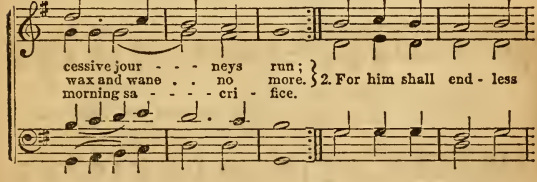
21. FENWOOD. L. M.

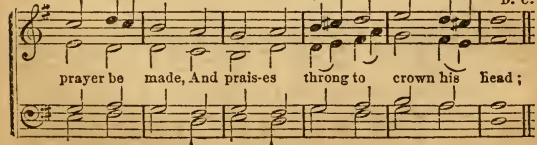




22. UNION. L. M. Double.







23. ORIEL. L. M. Double.

Not too slow.

1. { The spa - cions fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, }
{ And span-gled heavens, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - - - ri - gi - nal pro-claim. }
pub - lish - es to ev - ery land The work of an Al - might-y hand.

2. Th'unwearied sun, From day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And

D. S.

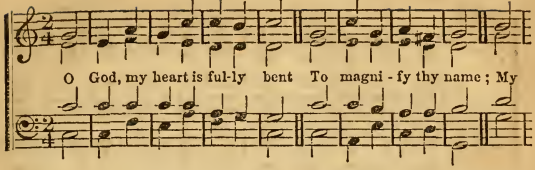
24. DRESDEN. L. M. Double.

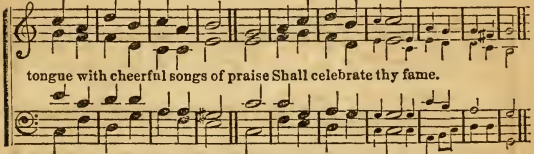
1. { My God, permit me not to be A stranger to myself and thee: }
{ Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love. }
D. C. Why should I cleave to things below, And all my purest joy forego?

D. C.

2. Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus debase my heavenly birth?

25. ST. ANN'S. C. M.*

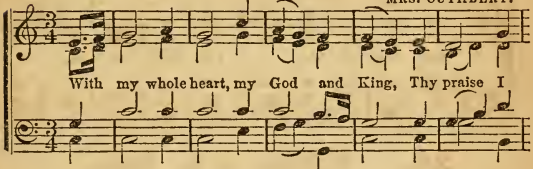


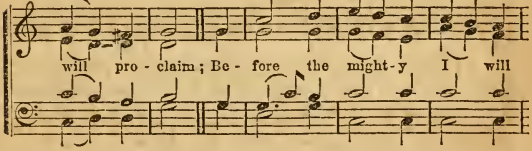


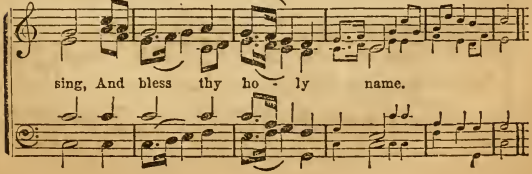
* One of the most admired old English tunes.

26. HOWARD. C. M.

MRS. CUTHBERT.







27. TALLIS. C. M.*

To celebrate thy praise, O Lord, I will my heart prepare; To

all the listening world thy works, Thy wondrous works declare.

* "This simple, but noble tune was composed by our great Cathedralist, 'Thomas Talys,' about the year 1562, to the second ordination hymn."—
Rev. W. H. Havergal.

28. DEDHAM. C. M.

WM. GARDINER.*

Thou art the way, to thee a - lone From sin and

death we flee; And he who would the Fa , ther seek,

Must seek him, Lord, by thée. *Ritard.*

* Author of the "*Music of Nature.*"

29. DUNDEE. C. M.*

The Lord himself, the mighty Lord, Vouchsafes to be my guide; The

shepherd, by whose constant care My wants are all supplied.

* Called also FRENCH. From the "*Scotch Psalter*," 1615.

30. NAOMI. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.*

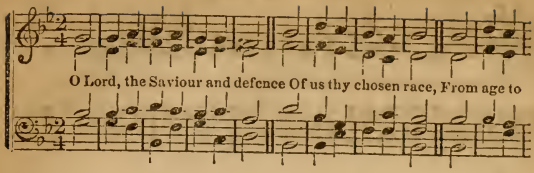
Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy

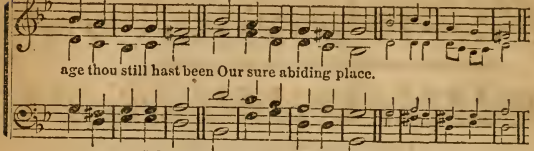
sov' - reign will de - nies, Ac - cept - ed at thy

throne, let this, My hum - ble prayer, a - rise.

* From "*Carmina Sacra*."

31. WINDSOR. C. M.*

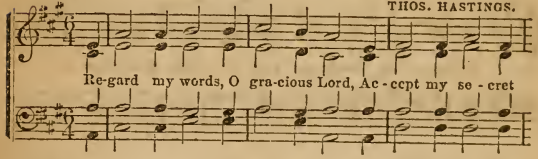


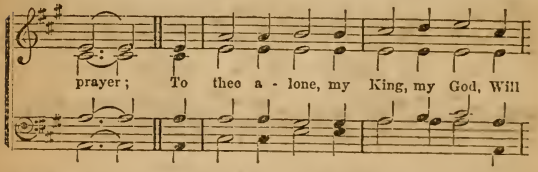


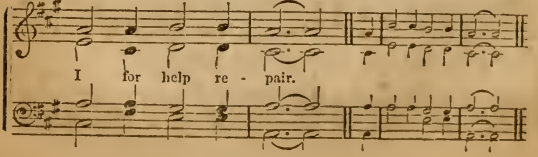
* From the "*Scotch Psalter*," 1615.

32. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

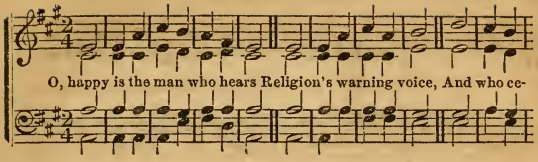
THOS. HASTINGS.

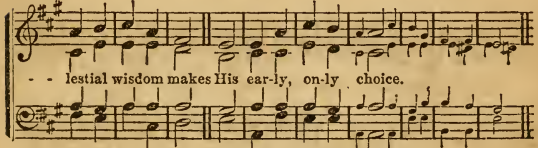






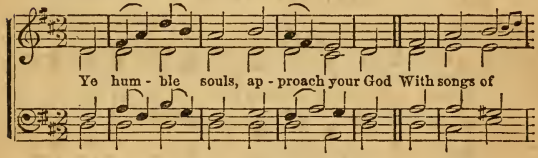
33. EVAN. C. M.*

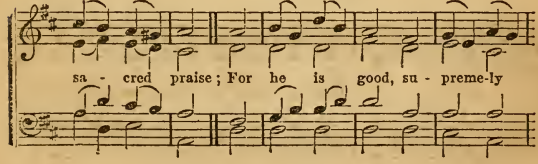


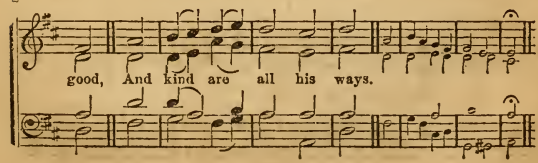


* From "*The Hallelujah*," by permission.

34. WARWICK. C. M.







35. DENFIELD. C. M.*

O, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heaven-ly frame; A light to shine up- - - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

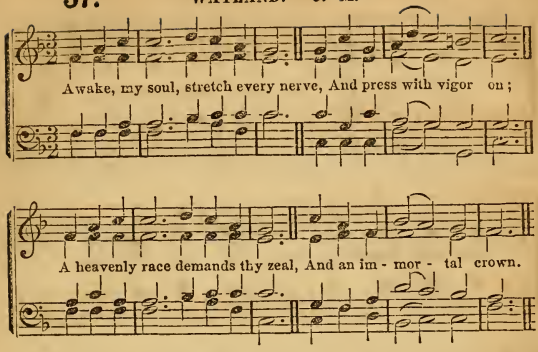
* From "*The Hallelujah*," by permission.

36. NOTTINGHAM. C. M.

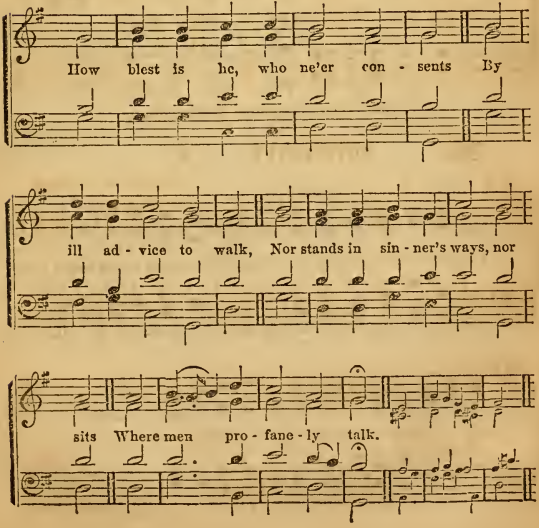
JEREMIAH CLARKE.

Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God their voices raise; Sing psalms in honor of his name, And spread his glorious praise.

37. WAYLAND. C. M.



38. PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



39. ELIM. C. M. Double.

L. MASON.

S.

1. { Through all the chang-ing scenes of life, In trou - ble and in joy,
{ The prais - es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em - ploy.
my ex - am - ple com - fort take, And charm their griefs to rest.

2. Of his de - liv' - rance

D. S.

I will boast, Till all that are dis - tressed From

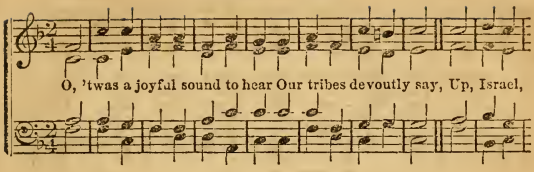
40. LUTZEN. C. M.

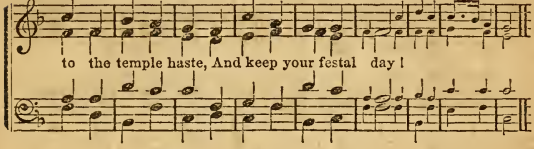
N. HERRMANN.

To God, our never-failing strength, With loud applauses sing:

And jointly make a cheerful noise To Ja-cob's aw-ful King.

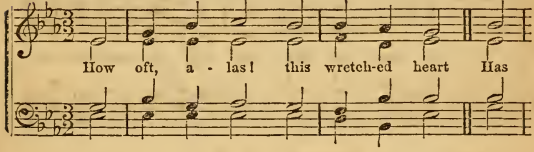
41. MEAR. C. M.

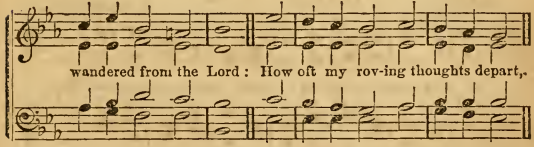


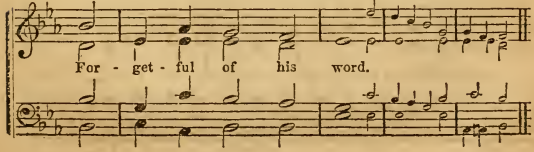


42. DOWNS. C. M.

L. MASON 1832







43. ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll

bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

44. ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

W. TANSUR 1735

O thou, to whom all crea - tures bow With-

- - in this earth - ly frame, Through all the world how

great . . art thou! How glo - - - rious is thy name!

45. PHUVAH. C. M.

MELCHOIR VULPIUS *

As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase, So

longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy refreshing grace.

* Cantor in Weimar, 1610.

46. DEVIZES. C. M.

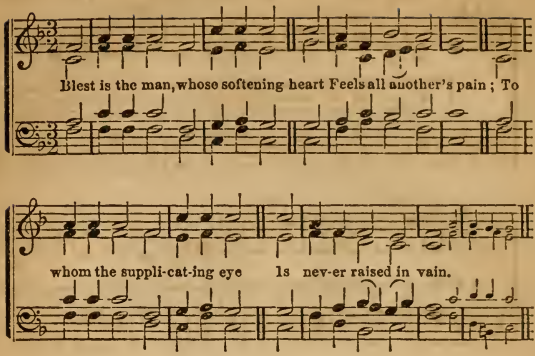
TUCKER.

O praise the Lord with one con - sent, And mag - ni-

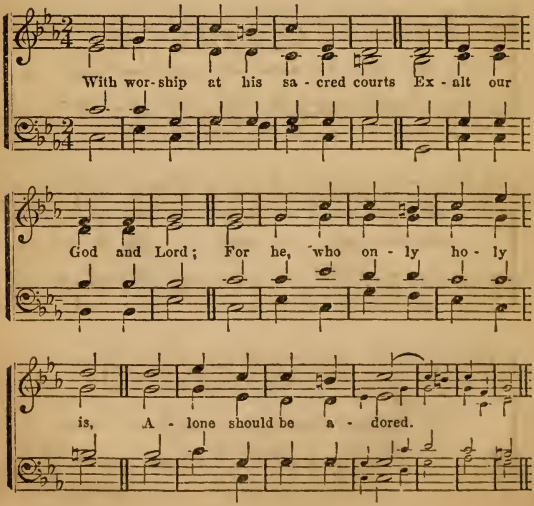
- - fy his name; Let all the ser-vants of the Lord His

wor - thy praise pro - claim, His wor - thy praise pro - claim.

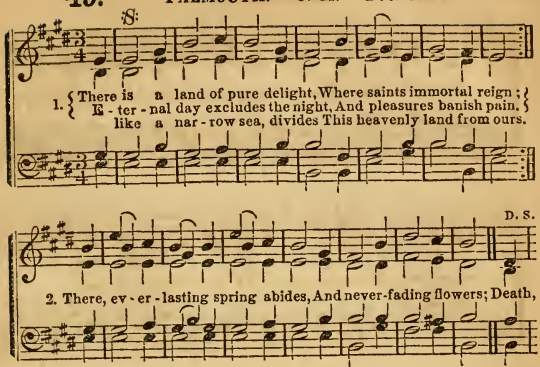
47. MARLOW. C. M.



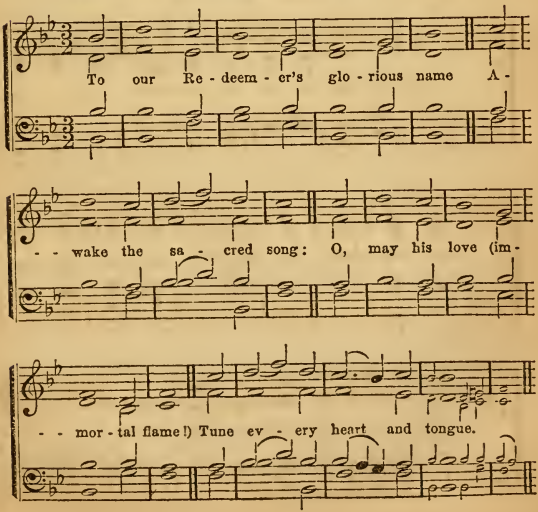
48. WARREN. C. M.



49. FALMOUTH. C. M. Double.



50. BALERMA. C. M.



51. CLAYTON. C. M.

How long wilt thou for - get me, Lord? Must I for-

ev - er mourn? How long wilt thou withdraw from me,

O! nev - er to re - turn.

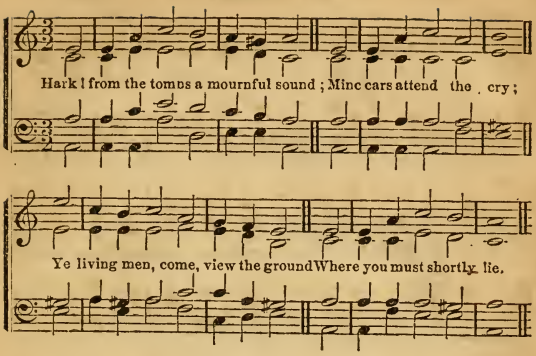
52. NEW YORK TUNE. C. M.*

O'er mountain-tops the mount of God In latter days shall rise, A-

- bove the summits of the hills, And draw the wondering eyes.

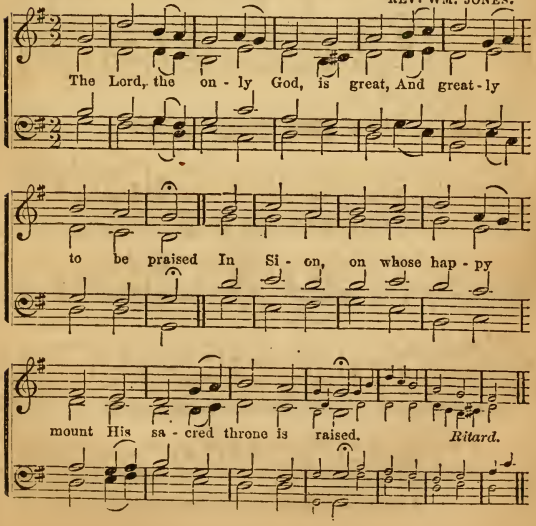
* From "*The Hallelujah*," by permission.

53. WARE. C. M.



54. STEPHENS. C. M.

REV. WM. JONES.



55. BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double.

FROM PLEYEL.

1. While thee I seek, pro - tecting Power, Be my vain wish - es

stilled; And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With

bet - ter hopes be filled. 2. Thy love the power of

thought bestowed, To thee my thoughts would soar: Thy

mer - cy o'er my life has flowed, That mer-cy I a - dore.

56. ST. MICHAEL. S. M.*

To bless thy chosen race, In mercy, Lord, incline, And cause the

brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.

* From "*Day's Psalter*," 1588. Harmony by Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

57 OLMUTZ. S. M.*

I love thy king-dom, Lord, The house of thine a-

- - bode, The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved

With his own pre - cious blood.

* From Gregorian Tone VIII., by LOWELL MASON.

58. ST. BRIDES. S. M.

DR. HOWARD.*

De - fend me, Lord, from shame, For still I trust in thee; As just and right - eous is thy Name, From dan - ger set me free.

* London. Died, 1783.

59. BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON. 1832.

The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear: O may we all re- - member well The night of death draws near.

60. BADEA. S. M.

GERMAN TUNE.

O bless the Lord, my soul, His grace to thee pro - claim; And all that is with - in me, join To bless his ho - ly Name.

61. LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON. 1830.

Sol - diers of Christ, a-rise, And put your ar-mor on, Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' his eternal Son.

62. WHITE. S. M.

O, where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul; 'Twere vain tho

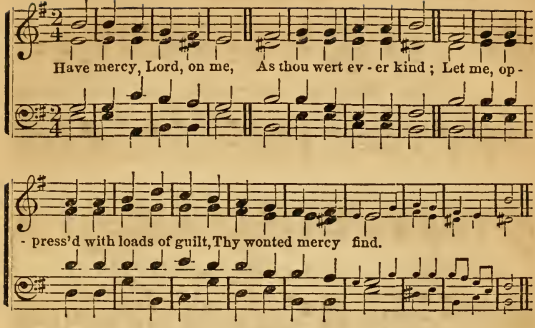
ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

63. CLYDE. S. M.

A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri -

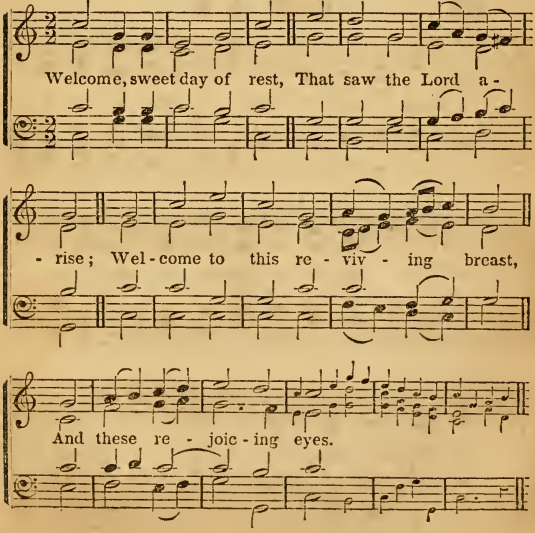
- - fy; A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And

fit it for the sky. *Ritard.*



65. SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.



66. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Si - on's hill; Who

bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

67. DANE. S. M. Double.

Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care,

:S: *Fine.*

With humble confidence look up, And know thou hear'st my prayer; Give
- mighty to cre - ate, Al - mighty to re - new.

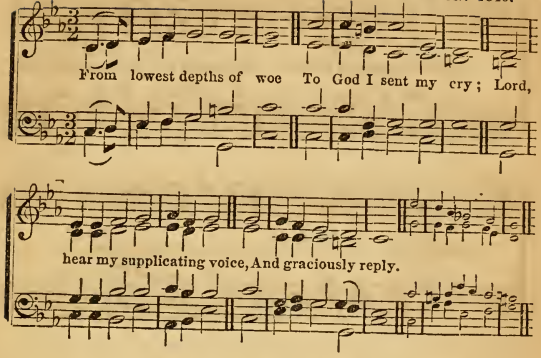
:S:

D. S.

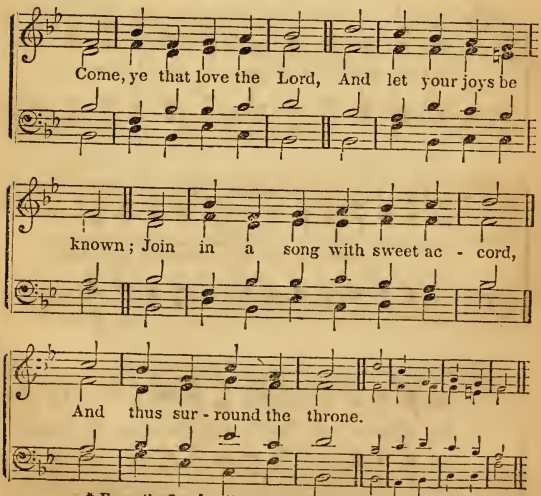
me on thee to wait, Till I can all things do; On thee, Al -

68. HEREFORD. S. M.

L. MASON. 1840.

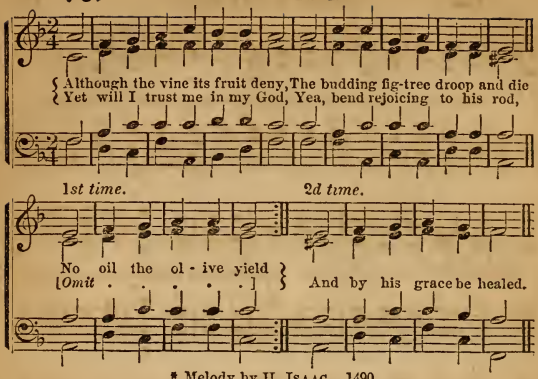


69. BRIGHTON. S. M.*



* From the London "*Congregational Church Music.*"

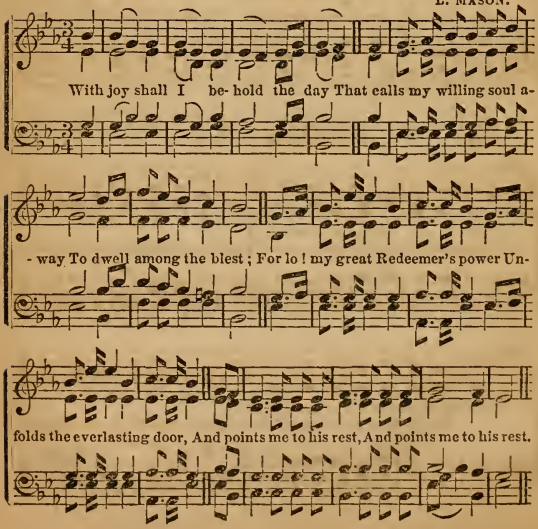
70. CLINTON. II. 1.*



* Melody by H. Isaac. 1490.

71. ARIEL. II. 1.

L. MASON.



72. GANGES. II. 1.

Be-gin, my soul, th'exalted lay; Let each enraptured thought obey,

And praise th'Almighty's Name: Let heav'n and earth, and seas and skies

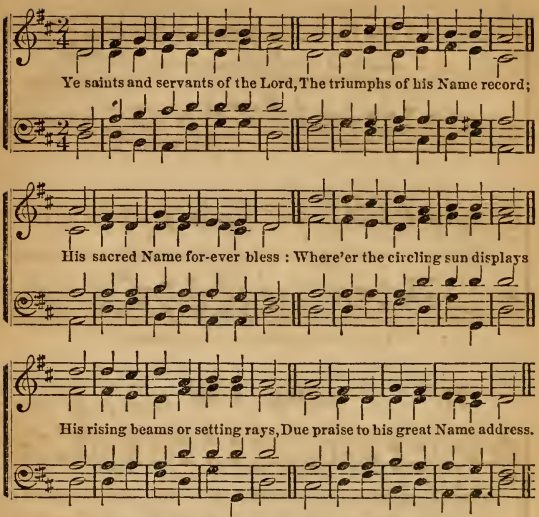
In one me - lo- dious concert rise, To swell th'inspiring theme.

73. FLETCHER. II. 2.

God is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press, In him, undaunted, we'll confide;

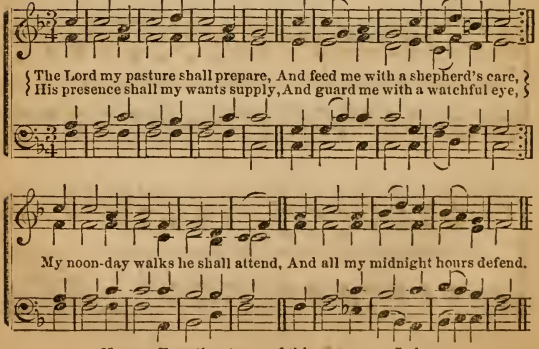
Tho' earth were from her center tost, And
mountains in the ocean lost, Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

74. NASHVILLE. II. 2.*



* From an old church melody, by L. Mason. 1832.

75. SUSSEX. II. 3.



Note.—For other tunes of this meter, see Index.

76. SANTEE. II. 4.*

1st time. 2d time.

Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ [*Omit* . . . . .] Above the starry frame:

Your voices raise, Ye Cherubim And Seraphim, To sing his praise.

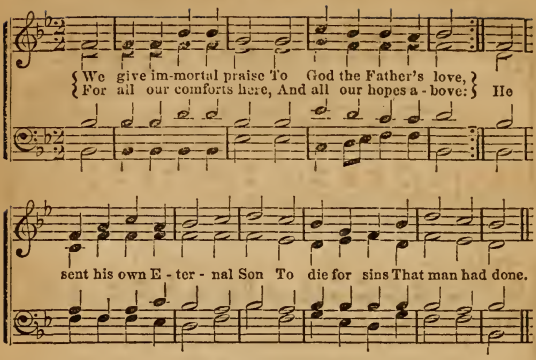
* From "*The Hallelujah*," by permission.

77. LENOX. II. 4.

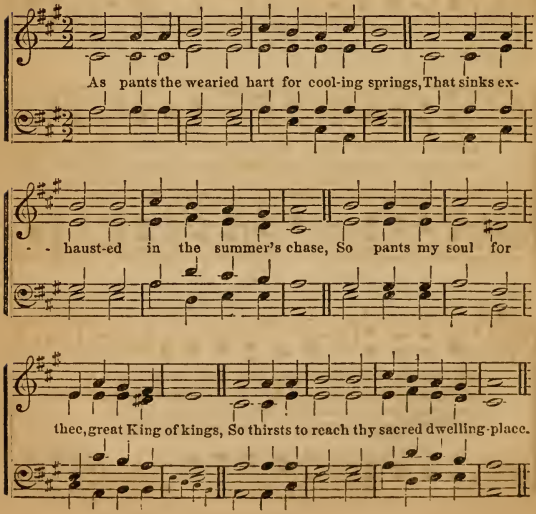
FROM EDSON. 1798.

To God, the mighty Lord, Your joyful thanks repeat; To him due praise af-
ford, As good as he is great. For God does prove Our constant friend; His
boundless love Shall never end, His boundless love Shall never end.

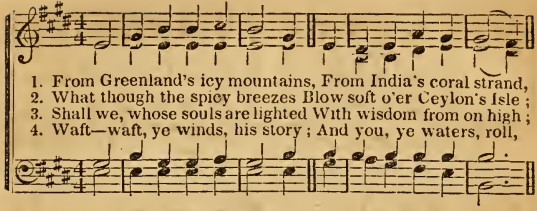
78. INMAN. II. 4.

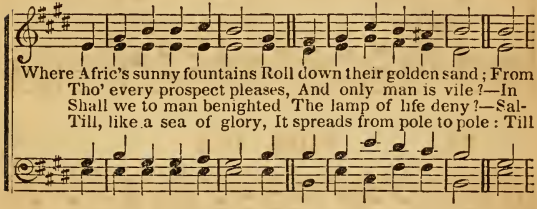


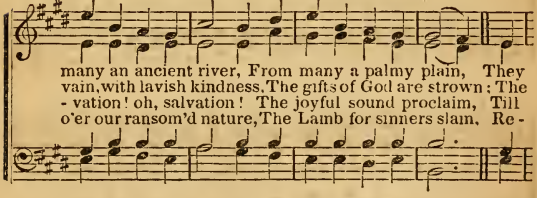
79. WALDO. II. 5.

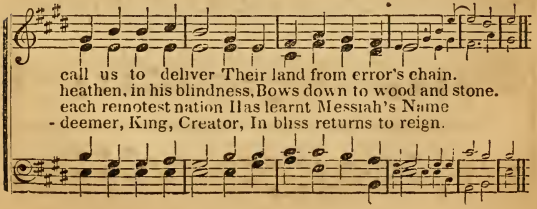


L. MASON.


1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand,
2. What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle ;
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high ;
4. Waft—waft, ye winds, his story ; And you, ye waters, roll,

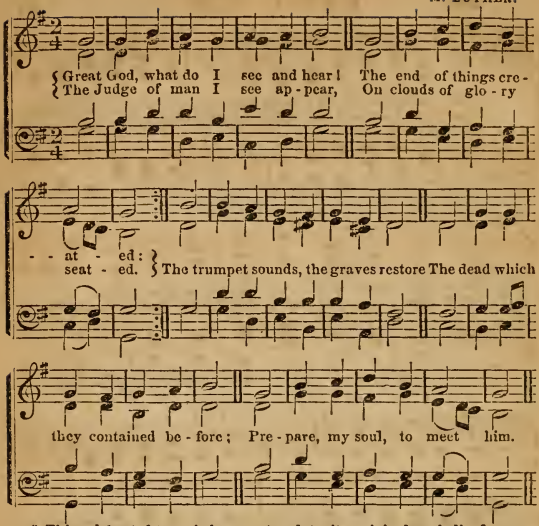

Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand ; From
Tho' every prospect pleases, And only man is vile ?—In
Shall we to man benighted The lamp of life deny ?—Sal-
Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole : Till


many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They
vain, with lavish kindness, The gifts of God are strown ; The
- vation ! oh, salvation ! The joyful sound proclaim, Till
o'er our ransom'd nature, The Lamb for sinners slain, Re -


call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.
heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.
each remotest nation Has learnt Messiah's Name
- deemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign.

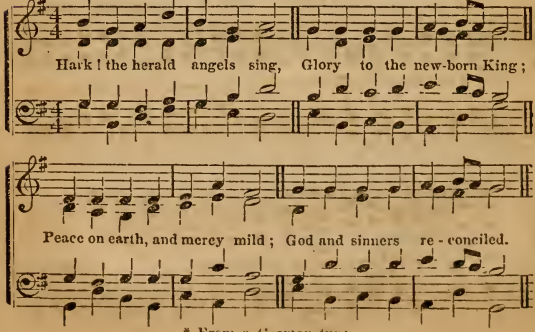
81. MONMOUTH. II. 7.*

M. LUTHER.



* This celebrated tune is here restored to its original melodic form, as composed by LUTHER. It is taken from the complete edition of his hymns and tunes, as published by C. v. WINTERFELD, Leipzig, 1849.

82. NUREMBERG. III. 1.*



* From a German tune.

83. GERMAIN. II. 8.

{Sing to the Lord a new-made song; Let earth in one assembled
{Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name, From day to day his praise pro-

throng, Her com - mon Pa - tron's praise re - sound; }
- - claim, Who us has with sal - va - tion crowned; } To

heathen lands his fame rehearse, His wonders to the u - ni - verse.

84. NORWICH. III. 1.

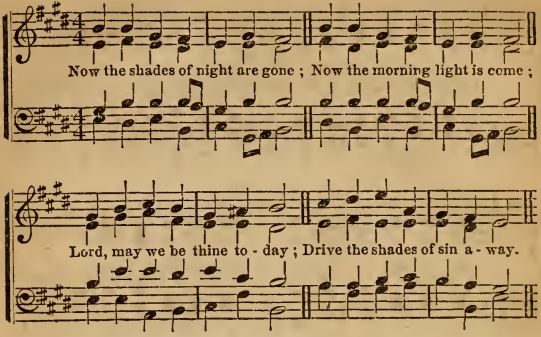
L. MASON. 1825.

Softly now the light of day Fades upon my sight away; Free from care, from

labor free, Lord, I would commune with thee. *Ritard.*

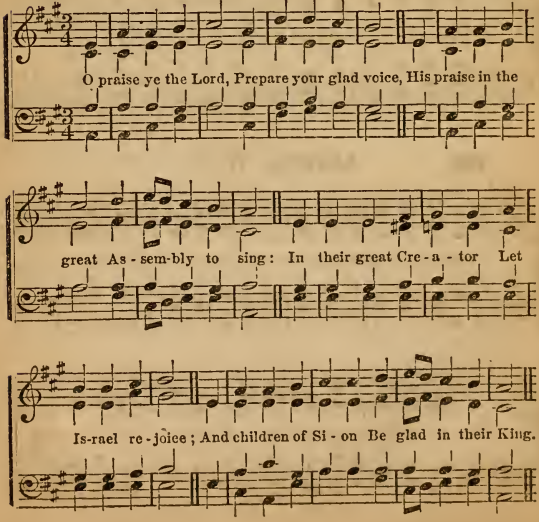
85. LATROBE. III. 1.

GERMAN TUNE.

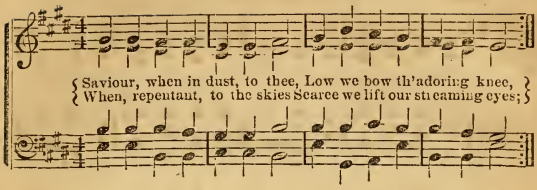


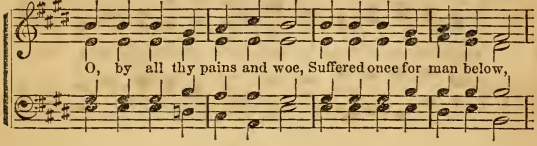
86. LYONS. IV. 1.

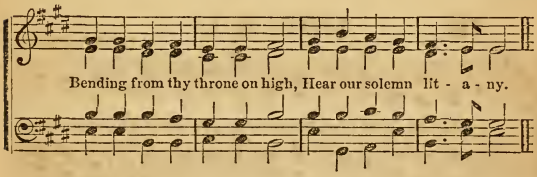
FROM HAYDN.



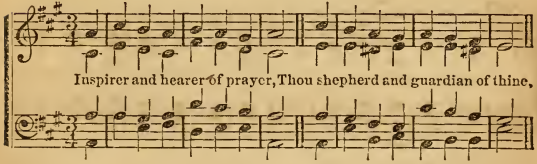
87. LENT. III. 1. Double.

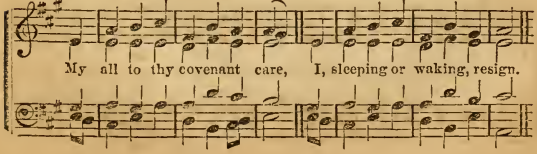






88. DAWTON. IV. 2.





89. PLEYEL. III. 1.

J. PLEYEL.

Children of the heavenly King, As we journey, let us sing;

Sing the Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways. *Rit.*

90. WESTBROOK. IV. 3.

Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth, O serve him with

glad-ness and fear; Ex - ult in him presence with music and

mirth, With love and devo-tion draw near.

91. MORNING. III. 1. Double.

SPANISH TUNE.

1. { Sing, my soul, His wondrous love, Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ev - er watchful o'er our race, Still to man extends his grace.
What are we that he should show So much love to us be - low. }

D. C.

2. Heaven and earth by him were made, All is by his scepter swayed;

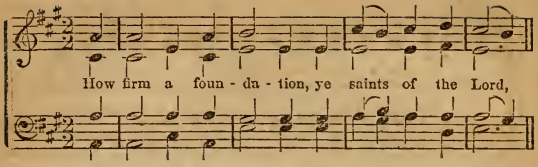
92. AKLON. IV. 4.

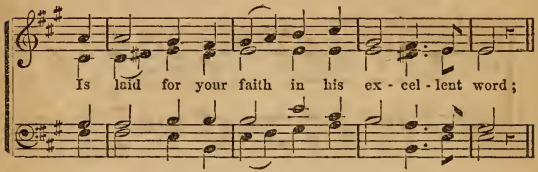
I would not live al-way: I ask not to stay Where storm after

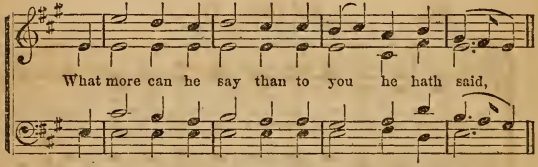
storm ri - ses dark o'er the way; The few lu - cid mornings that

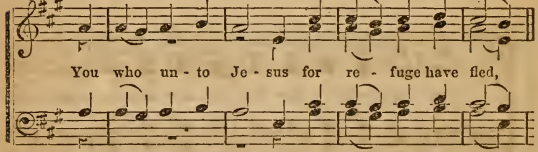
dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

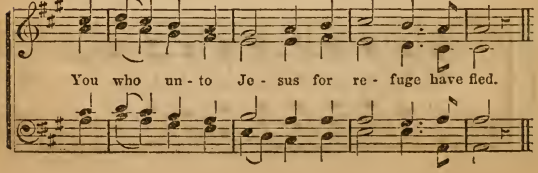
93. PORTUGUESE HYMN. IV. 4.



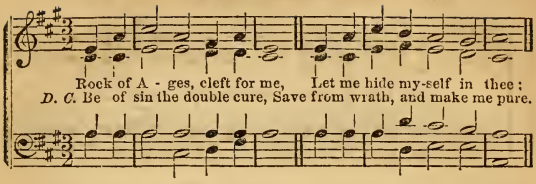


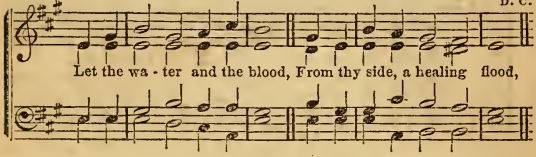




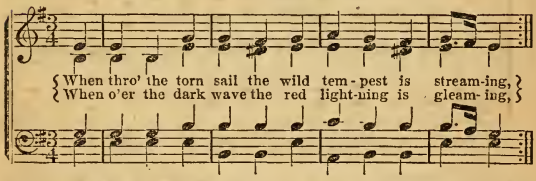


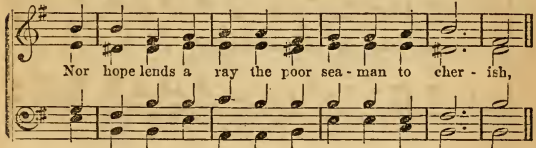
94. GRAHAM. III. 2.

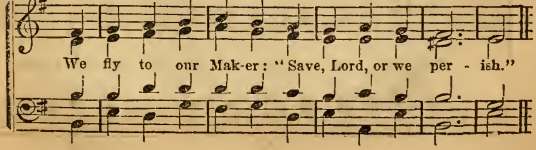




95. HOLTON. IV. 5







96. SICILY. III. 3.

Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim

thro' this bar - ren land; I am weak, but thou art

mighty, Hold me with thy powerful hand. *Ritard.*

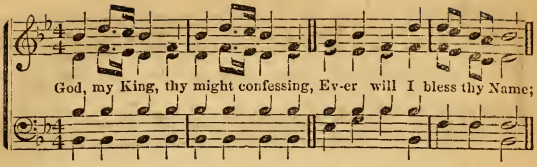
97. GREENVILLE. III. 3. Double.

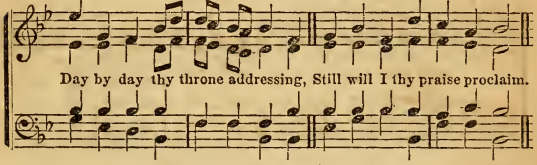
J. J. ROUSSEAU. 1776.

{ Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee For the bliss thy love bestows; }
{ For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows: }
D. C. Thou must light the flame, or never Can my love be warmed to praise.

D.C.

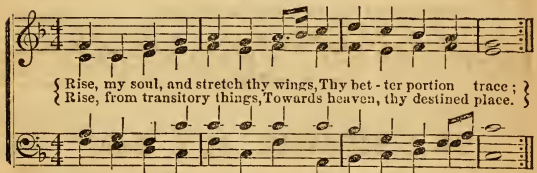
Help, O God, my weak endeavor; This dull soul to rapture raise:

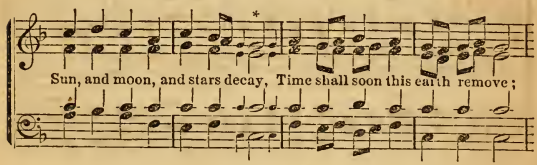


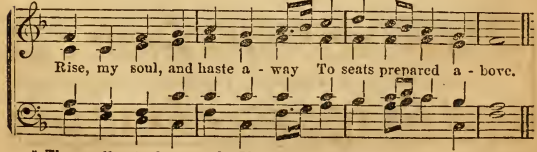


* From C. M. von Weber.

99. AMSTERDAM.

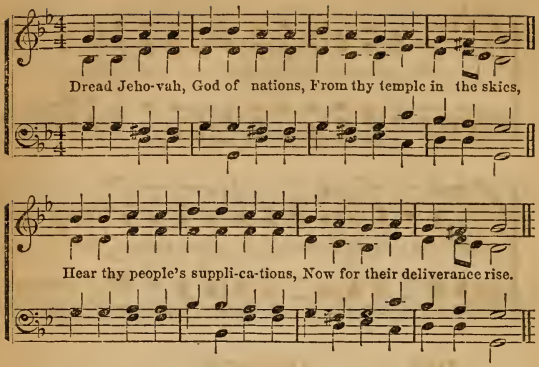




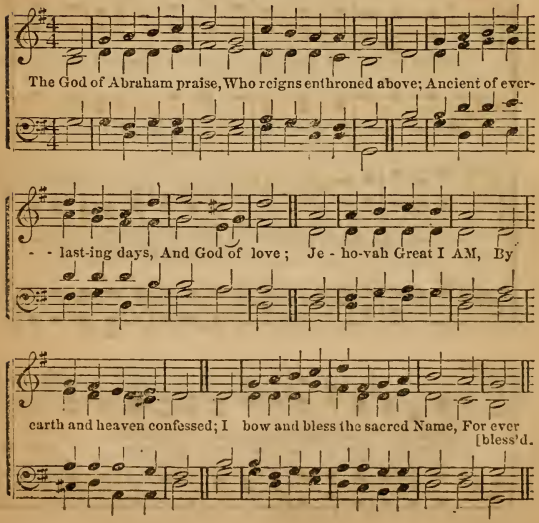


* The small notes here are for Hymn 185, "Since I've known a Saviour's Name."

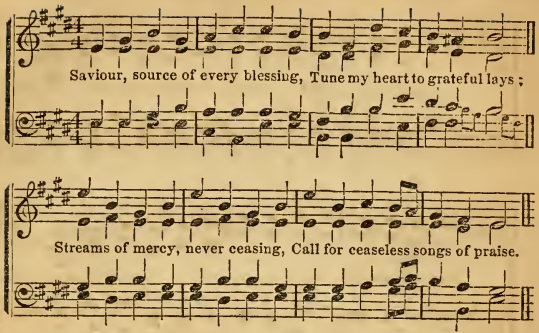
100. WELD. III. 3.



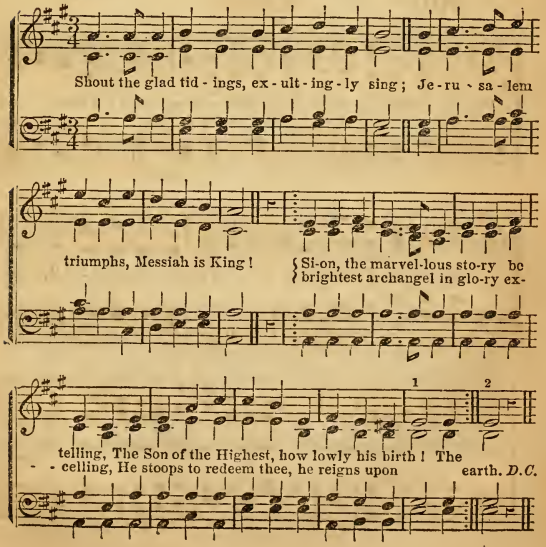
101. QUEBEC.



102. LUDLOW. III. 3.



103. LONGWORTH.



104. SELMA. III. 3. Double.*

1. { Sa - viour, who thy flock art feed - ing, With the
{ All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the
There, we know, thy word be - liev - ing, On - ly

shep - herd's kind - est care, }
lambs thy bo - som share; } 2. Now, *these* lit - tle
there, se - cure from harm.

D. C.

ones re - ceiv - ing, Fold *them* in thy gra - cious arm;

* From "*The Hallelujah*," by permission.

105. HAMDEN. III. 4.

L. MASON. 1843.

{ Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }
{ Let us each, thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace; }

O refresh us, Traveling thro' this wilderness.

106. GRESHAM. III. 1.

To thy tem-ple I re-pair; Lord, I love to worship there,

While thy glorious praise is sung, Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

107. ST. NICOLAI. III. 1.

GERMAN TUNE.

{ Who are these in bright ar - ray? This in - nu - mer -
{ Round the al - tar, night and day, Tun - ing their tri -
D. C. Wis - dom, rich - es, to ob - tain; New do - min - ion

- - a - ble throng, }
- umph - ant song; } Wor - thy is the Lamb once slain,
ev - ery hour.

D. C.

Blessing, hon - or, glo - ry, power, (*Interlude.*)*

D. C.

* Interlude to commence on the last note of the tune.

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METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

L. M.

	No.
Alfreton	7
Andrews (*Double*)	20
Angel's Song	5
Bava	19
Becker	14
Dresden (*Double*)	24
Duke Street	2
Ernan	9
Evening Hymn	17
Federal Street	4
Fenwood	21
Hamburg	12
Hebron	10
Iosco	3
Nazareth	18
Old Hundredth	1
Orford	15
Oriel (*Double*)	23
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C. M.

	No.
Arlington	43
Balerma	50
Brattle Street (*Double*)	55
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Clinton..... 70
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II. 2.

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Nashville..... 74

II. 3.

Sussex..... 75

[*The following tunes may be used for this meter by repeating the first two lines.*]

Alfreton..... 7
Angel's Song..... 5
Becker..... 14
Hebron..... 10
Iosco..... 3
Nazareth..... 18
Rockingham..... 11
Ulm..... 16

II. 4.

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II. 7.

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Graham (*Double*)..... 94

[*By repeating the first two lines*]

Gresham..... 106
Morning (*Double*)..... 91
Norwich..... 84
Nuremberg..... 82
Pleyel..... 89
St. Nicolai (*Double*)..... 107

[*The tunes, Class III. 3., may easily be adapted to this meter.*]

III. 2.

Graham..... 94
Nuremberg..... 82

[*By repeating the first two lines.*]

Latrobe..... 85

[*By repeating the last two lines.*]

III. 3.

Greenville (*Double*)..... 97
Ludlow..... 102
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Sicily..... 96
Weld..... 100
Wilmot..... 98

III. 4.

Hamden..... 105

IV. 1.

Lyons..... 86

IV. 2.

Dawton..... 88

IV. 3.

Westbrook..... 90

IV. 4.

Aklon..... 92
Portuguese Hymn..... 93

IV. 5.

Holton..... 95

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TUNES FOR

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS.

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108. NEWTON. II. 2.

LOWELL MASON. 1830.

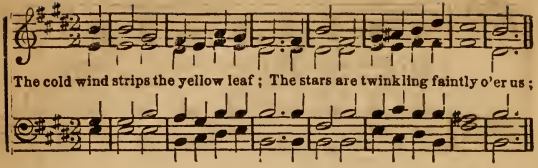
Safe - ly thro' an - oth-er week God has brought us on our way ;

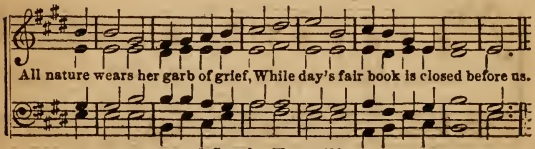
Let us now a blessing seek, Wait-ing in his courts to - day—

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest ;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

109. ABALA. 8s & 9s.*

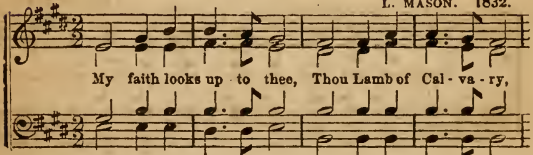


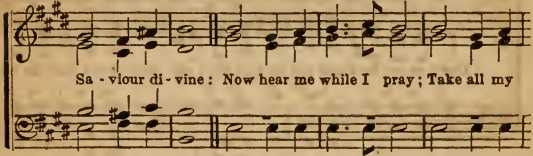


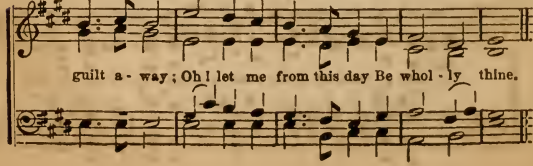
* See also Hymn 426.

110. OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

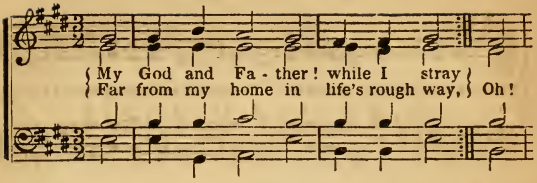
L. MASON. 1832.

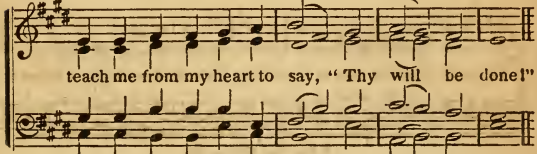






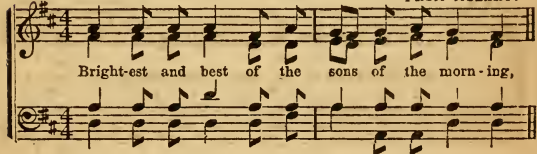
111. AMIDA. 8s & 4.

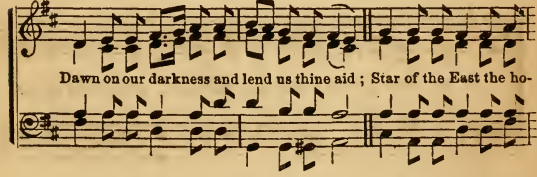


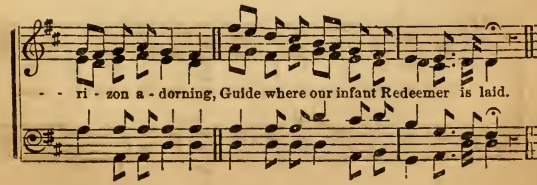


112. FOLSOM. 11s & 10s.

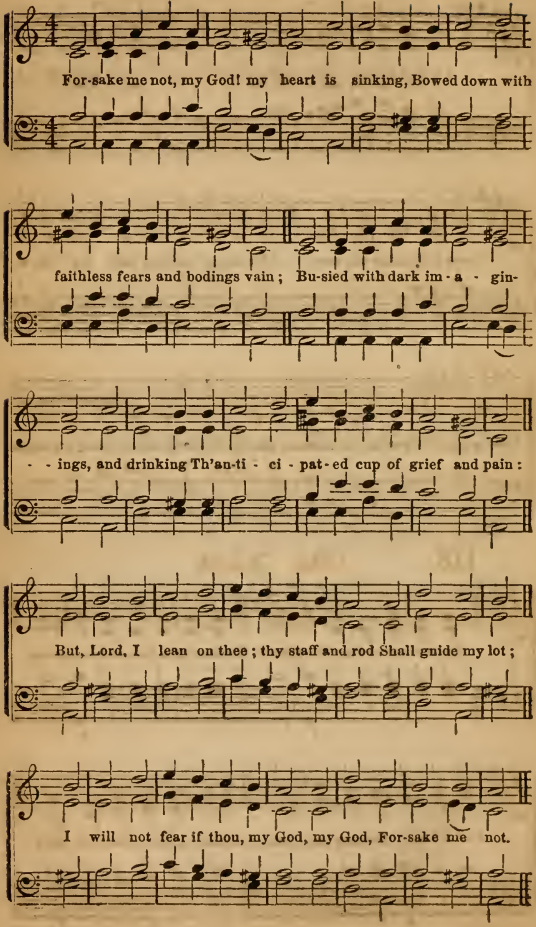
FROM MOZART.



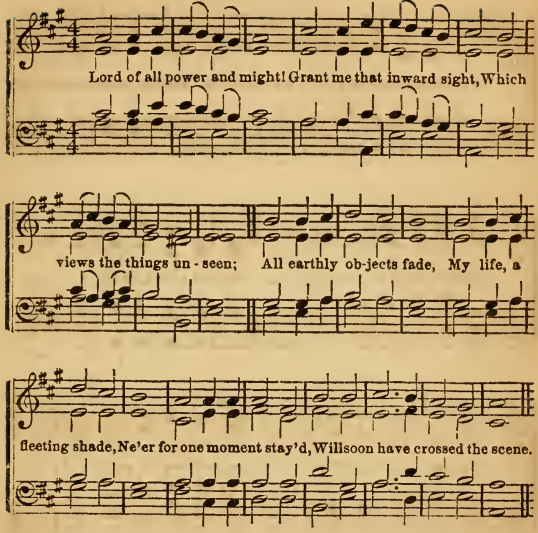




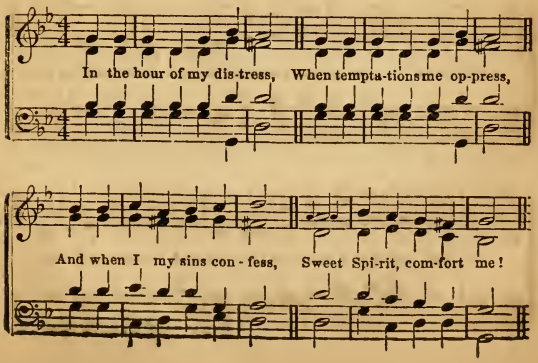
113. CADRA. 11s, 10s & 4s.



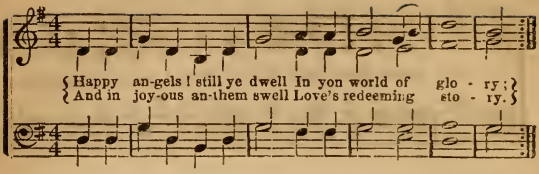
114. CASWELL. 7s, 7 lines.

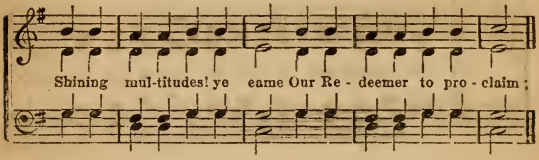


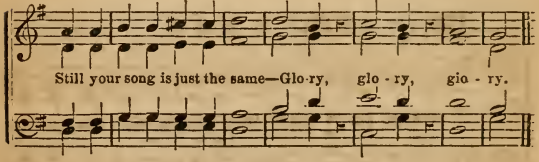
115. CORA. 7s & 6s.



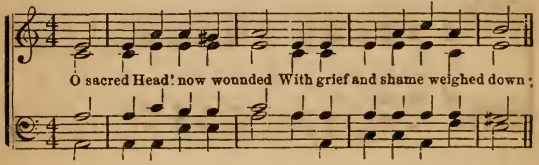
116. CRANSON. 7s & 6s.

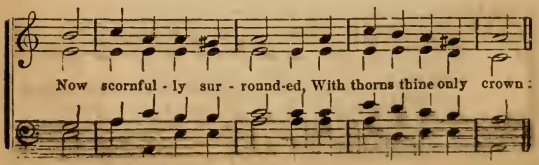


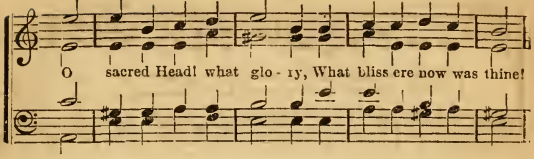


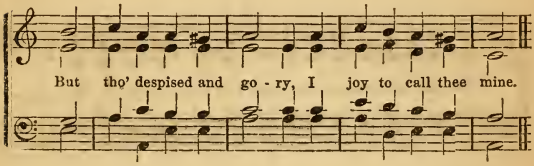


117. EUTON. H. 6.

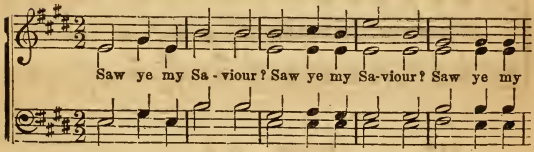


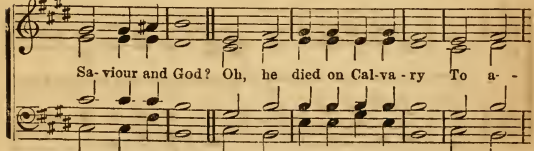


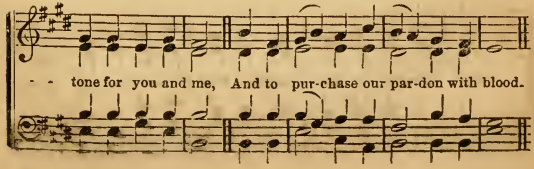




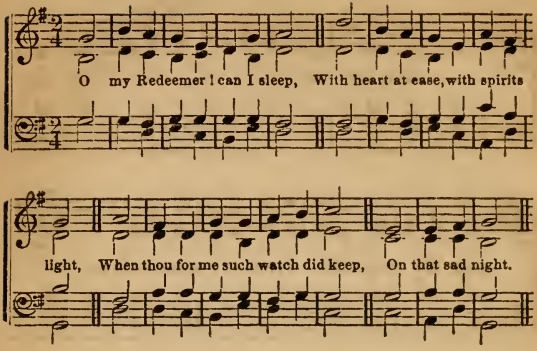
118. ELLIS. 10, 7s & 9.



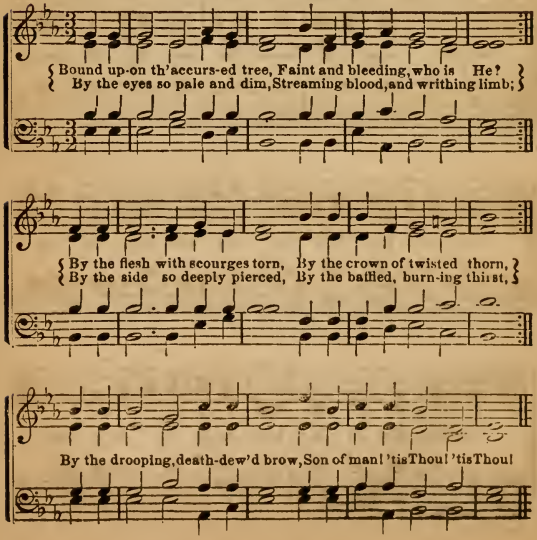


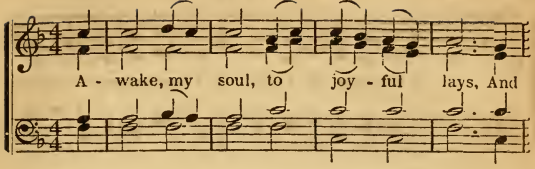


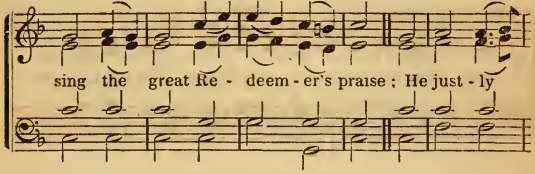
119. EDEN. 8s & 4.

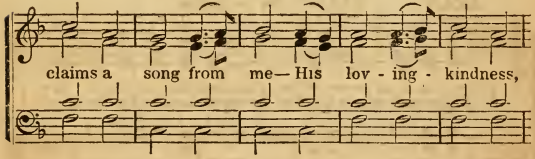


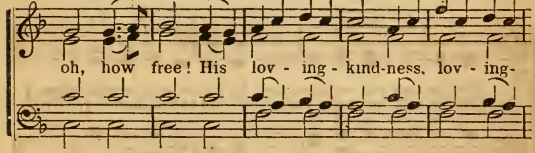
120. DANA. 7s, 10 lines.

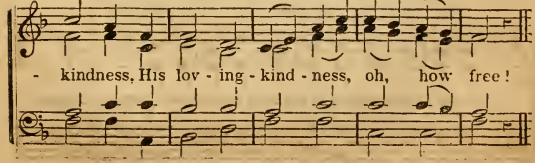



A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And


sing the great Re - deem - er's praise; He just - ly

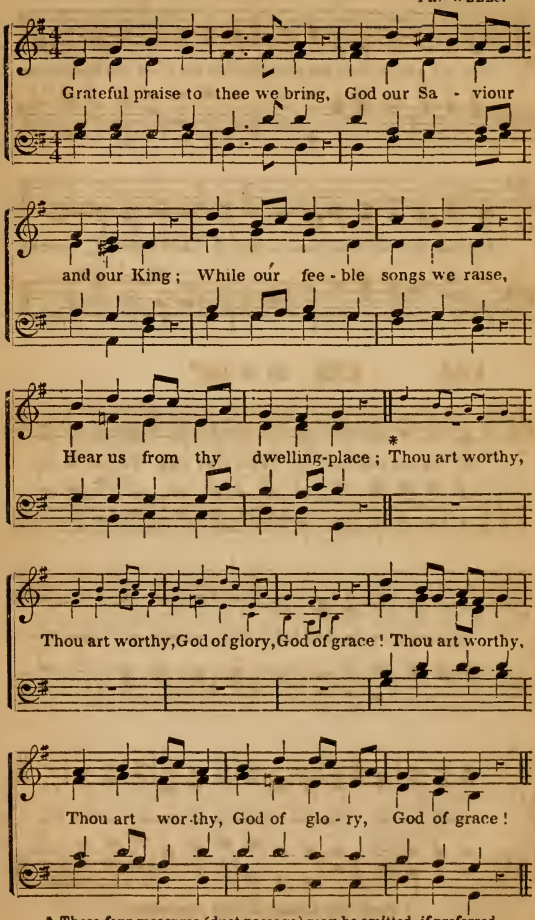

claims a song from me— His lov - ing - kindness,


oh, how free! His lov - ing - kind-ness, lov - ing-


- kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!

122. RICHLAND. 7s & 4s.

FR. WELLS.



* These four measures (duet passage) may be omitted, if preferred.

123. MATTHEWS. 8s & 6.*

SLOWLY.

Just as I am—without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,

And that thou bid'st me come to thee! O Lamb of God, I come!

124. ROSS. 6s & 11s.*

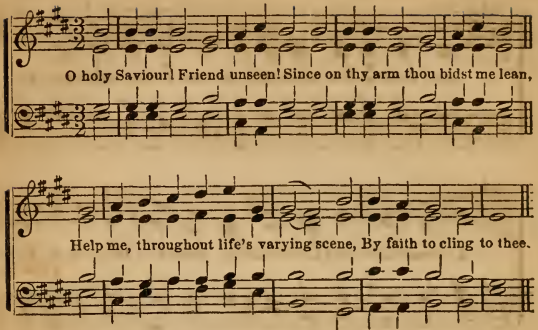
All ye that pass by, To Je-sus draw nigh, To you is it

nothing that Je-sus should die? Our ran-som and peace, Our

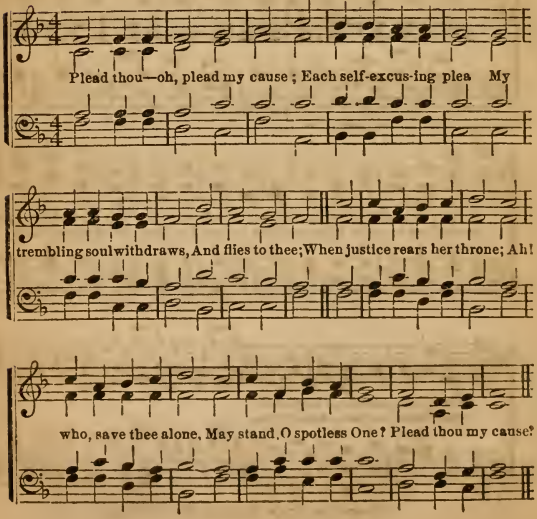
surety he is; Come see if there ev-er was sorrow like his.

* From *The Hallelujah*," by permission.

125. WARDWELL. 8s & 6.



126. FARLAND. 6s & 4s.



The voice of free grace cries, Es-cape to the mountain, For

A - dam's lost race Christ hath op - ened a foun-tain, { For
{ Hal-le-

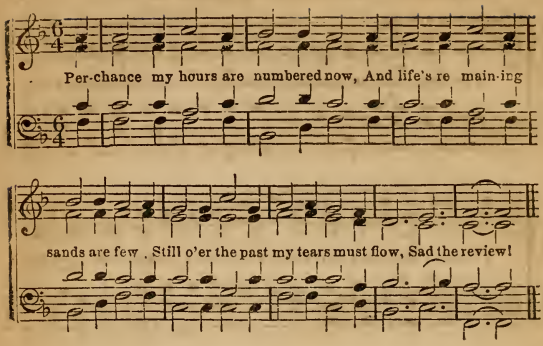
sin and un - cleanness, for ev - ery trans - gression, His
- - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has brought us a par-don, We'll

blood flow most freely in streams of sal- va - tion, His blood flows most
praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor-dan, We'll praise him a-

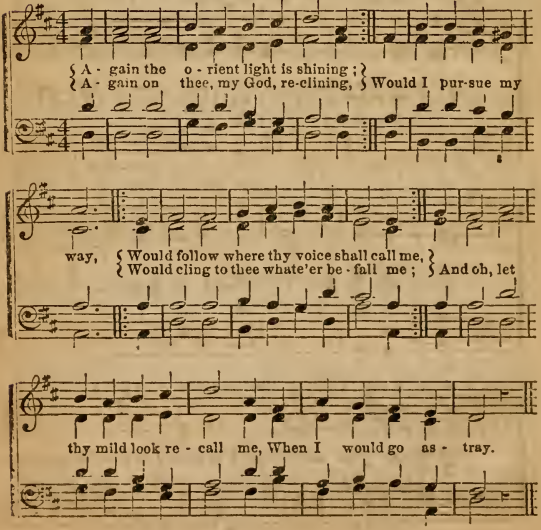
free ly in streams of salvation.
- - gain when we pass over Jordan.

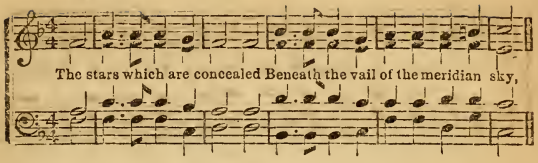
* From Dr. John Clarke Whitefield.

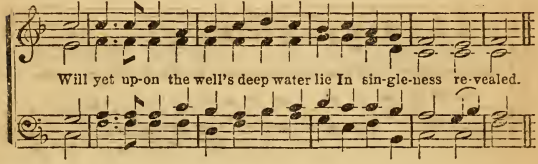
128. WHITWELL. 8s & 4.



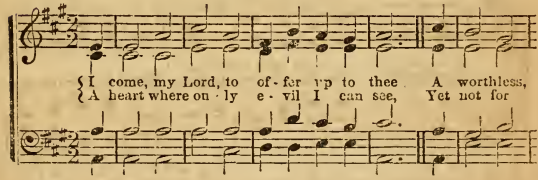
129. WENHAM. 9s & 6s.

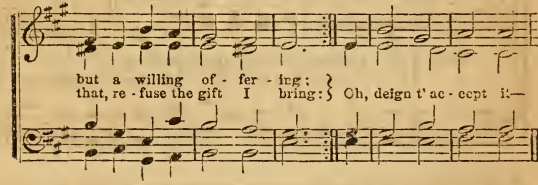


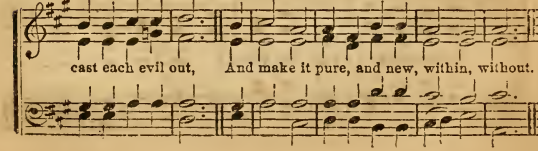




131. AMBOY. 10s.

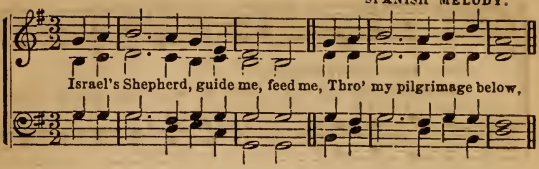


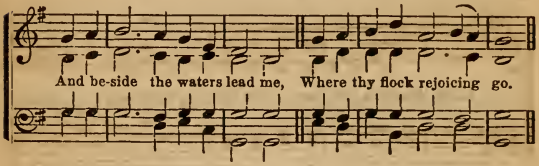


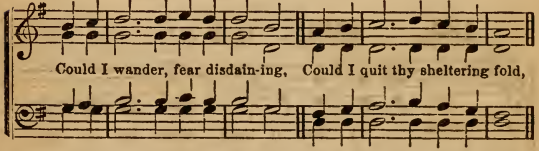


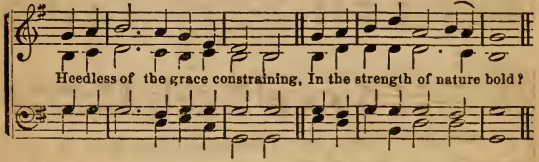
132. JAYNES. 8s & 7s. Double.

SPANISH MELODY.

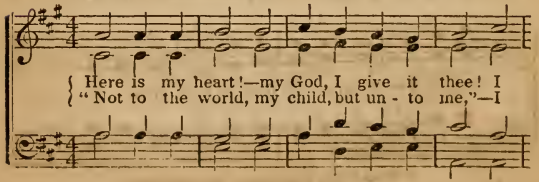


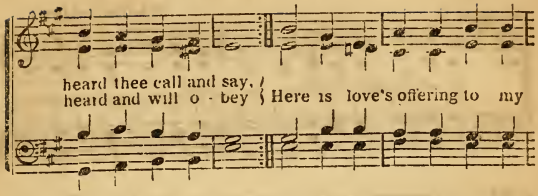


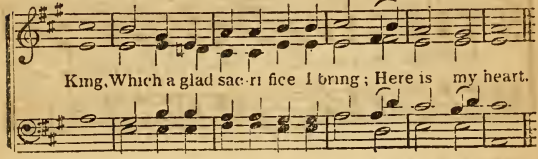




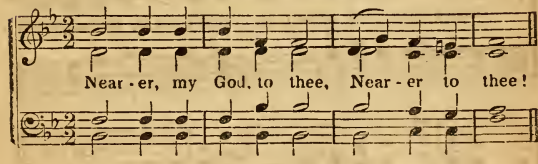
133. CONSTANCE. P. M.

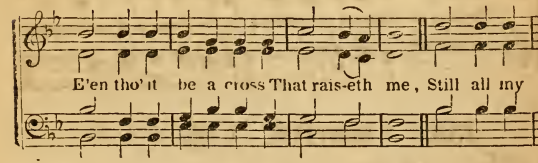


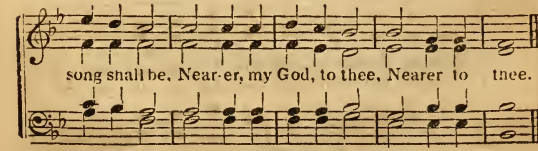




134. BETHEL. 6s & 4s.*







* From "*The Hallelujah*," by permission.

135. HAPTON. 5, 6s & 9s.

How hap - py are they Who their Saviour o - bey, And have

laid up their trea-sure a-bove! Oh, what tongue can express The sweet

com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

136. LENFIELD. 8s & 9s.

There is a tho't can lift the soul A-bove the nar-row sphere that
A star, that sheds its mild control Brightest, when grief's dark cloud sur-

bounds it,
rounds it; And pours a soft, pervading ray, Life's ills can never chase away.

137. HARWELL. III. 3.

L. MASON.

Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken, Formed thee for his own abode.

On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose?

With salvation's wall surrounded, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

138. RONOLD. 8s & 6s.

Father, when thy child is dying, On the bed of anguish ly-ing,

Then, my ev - ery want supply - ing, To me thy love dis - play.

139. CROWELL. 6s & 4s.*

Come, let us a - new Our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the

year, And never stand still till the Mas-ter ap - pear, His a-

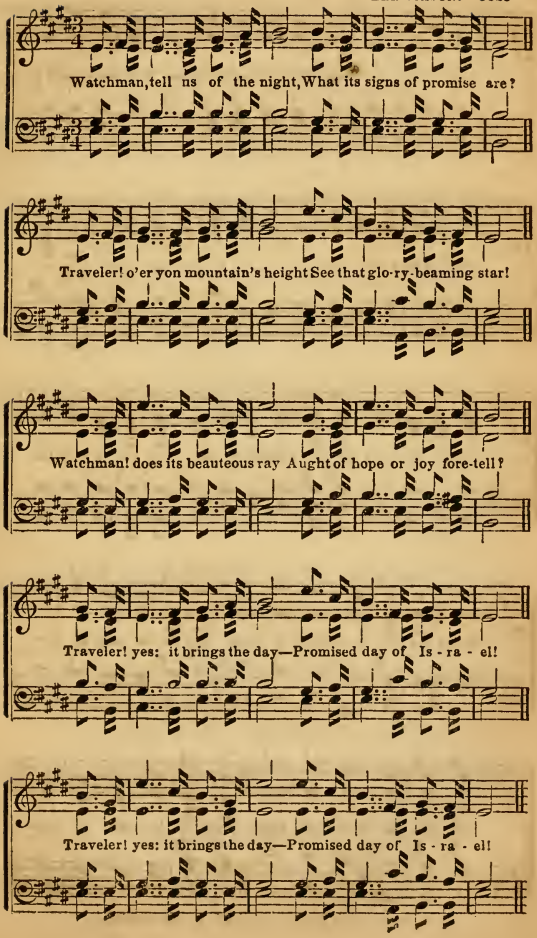
- - dor - a - ble will Let us glad ly ful-fill, And our ta-lents im-

- - prove By the pa - tience of hope, And the la - bor of love:

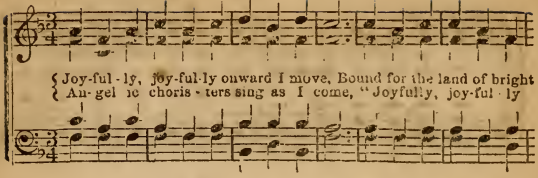
By the pa - tience of hope, And the la - bor of love.

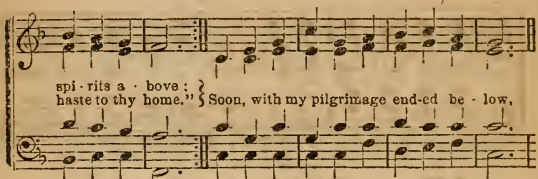
* From "*New Carmina Sacra*," by permission.

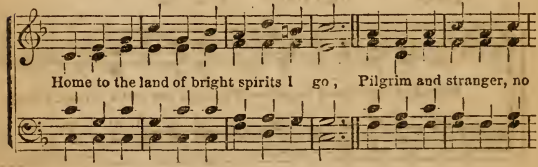
LOWELL MASON. 1825

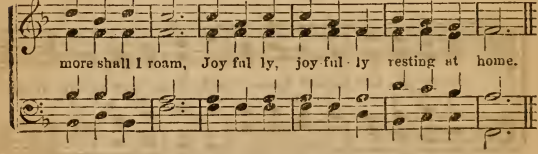


141. JENNINGS. 10s.

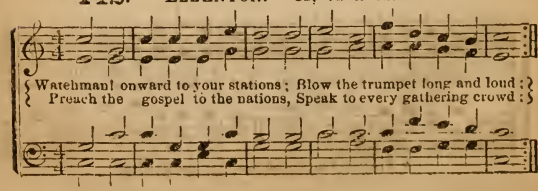


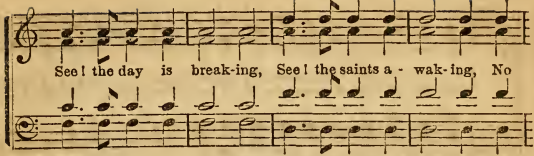


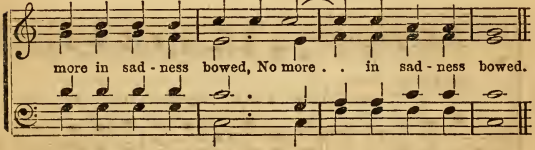




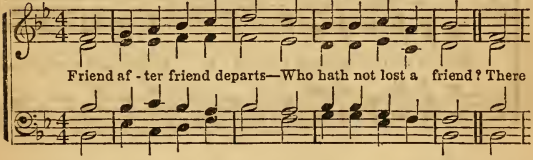
142. ELLENTON. 8s, 7s & 6s.

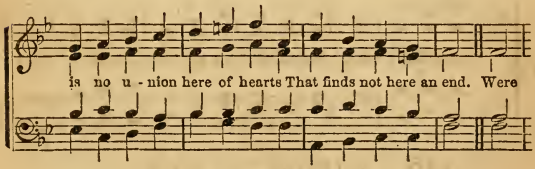


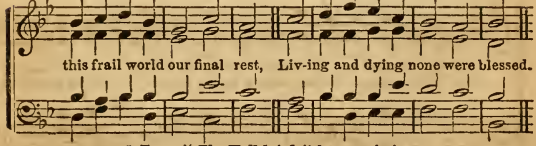




143. GRAYSON. 6s & 8s.*

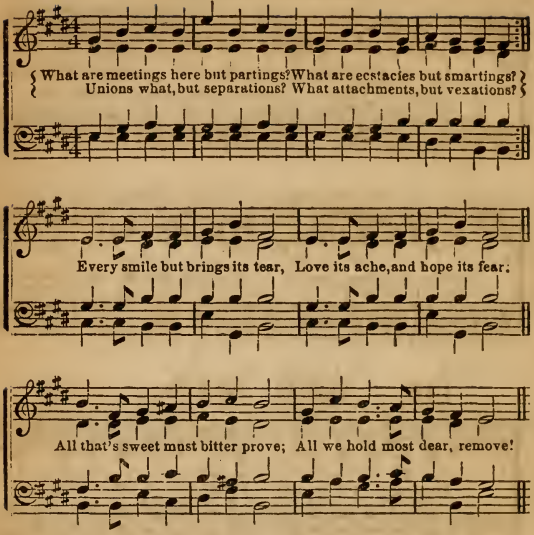




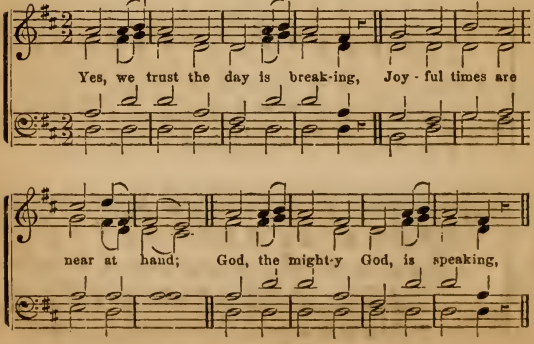


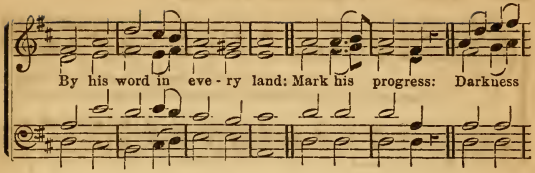
* From "*The Hallelujah*," by permission.

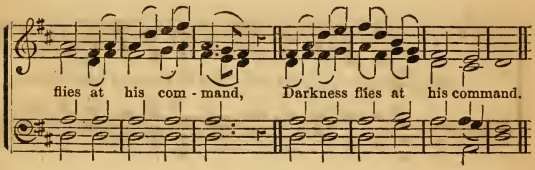
144. SAINTON. 8s & 7s.



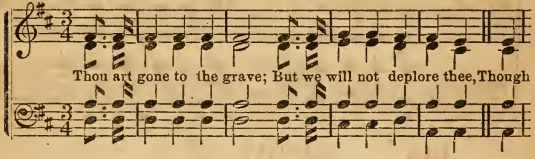
145. OLIPHANT. III. 5.

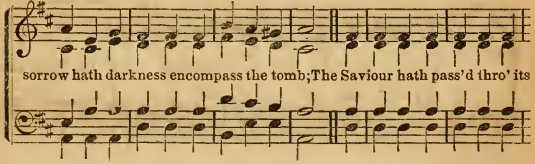


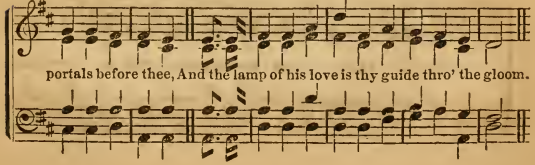




146. PURDAY. 12s & 11s.

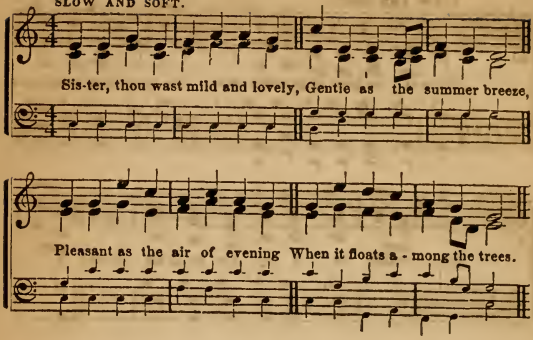




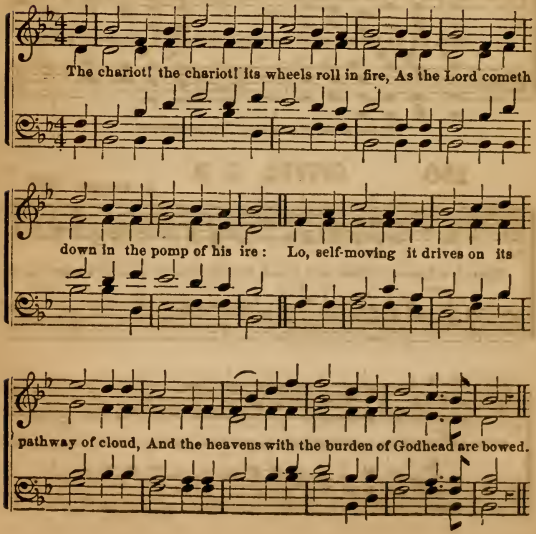


147. MOUNT VERNON. III. 3.

SLOW AND SOFT.



148. CONNOR. IV. 4.



149. TAPPAN. 8s & 6s*

SLOW AND SOFT.

There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls dis - tressed, A balm for ev-ery wounded breast—'Tis found a - bove—in heaven.

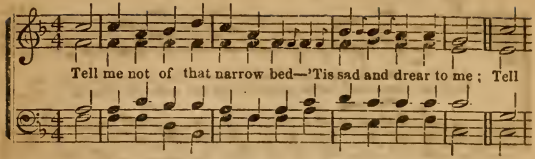
* From J. A. NAUMAN. By permission.

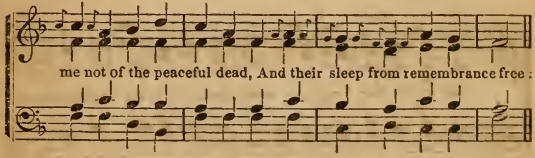
150. COWPER. C. M.

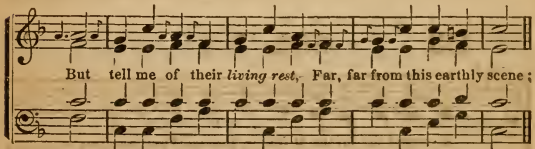
L. MASON. 1830.

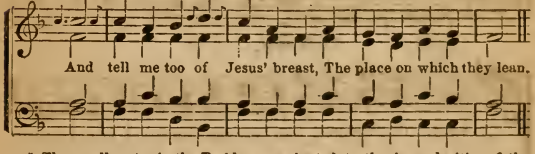
There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all, &c.

151. FRENCH. 8s & 6s. Irregular.*



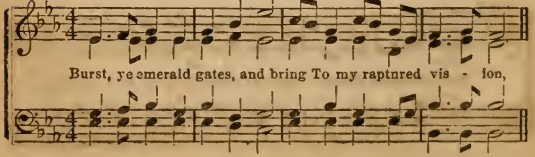


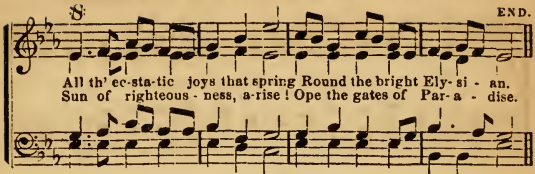


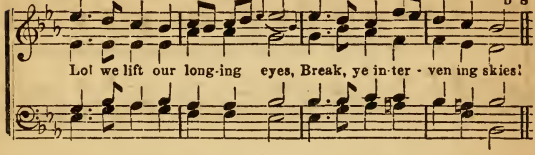


* The small notes in the Treble are adapted to the irregularities of the different stanzas.

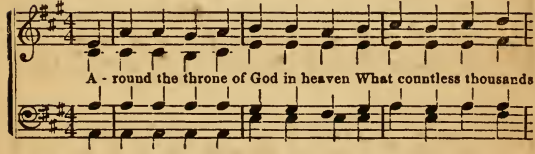
152. BEAUFORT. III. 1. Double.

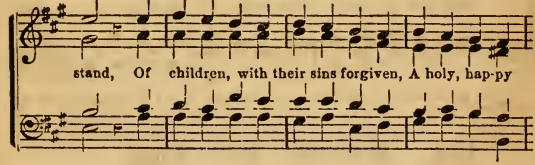


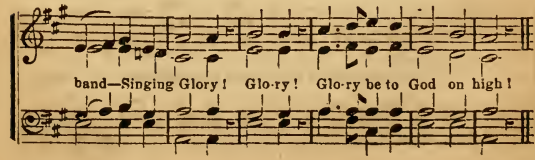

8
END.
All th' ec-sta-tic joys that spring Round the bright Ely-si - an.
Sun of righteous - ness, a-rise! Ope the gates of Par-a - dise.


D S
Lo! we lift our long-ing eyes, Break, ye in-ter - ven ing skies!

153. ASTOR. P. M.


A - round the throne of God in heaven What countless thousands


stand, Of children, with their sins forgiven, A holy, hap-py


band—Singing Glory! Glo-ry! Glo-ry be to God on high!

154. ZION. III. 5.

THOS. HASTINGS.

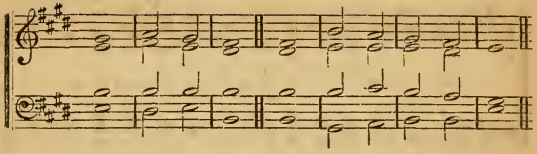
On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred he-rald
Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile

stan-lands. Mourning cap-tive! God him-self will loose thy bands;

Mourning cap-tive! God him-self will loose thy bands!

155. DE FLEURY. IV. 2. Double.

D. C.



HYMN 456.

1. One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me | o'er and | o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I've | ever | been be- | fore.

2. Nearer my Father's house
Where the many | mansions | be!
Nearer the great white throne;
| Nearer the | jasper | sea.

3. Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our | burdens | down!
Nearer leaving the cross,
| Nearer | wearing the | crown.

4. But lying darkly between,
Winding | down through the | night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
Which | leads me at | last to the | light.

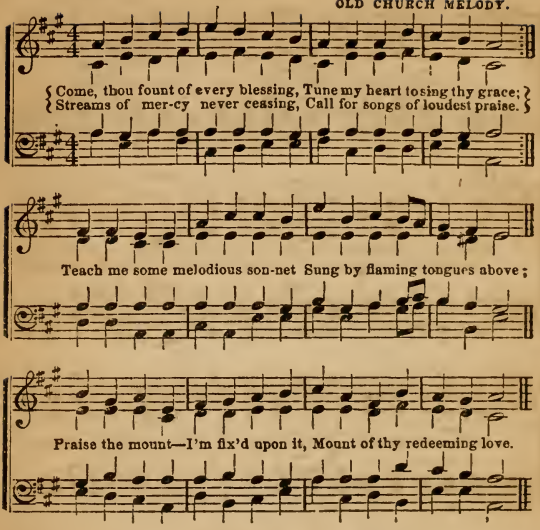
5. Closer, closer my steps
Come to the | dark ab- | ysm:
Closer death to my lips
| Passes the | awful | chrism.

6. Father, perfect my trust;
Strengthen the | might of my | faith:
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the | rock of the | shore of | death:—

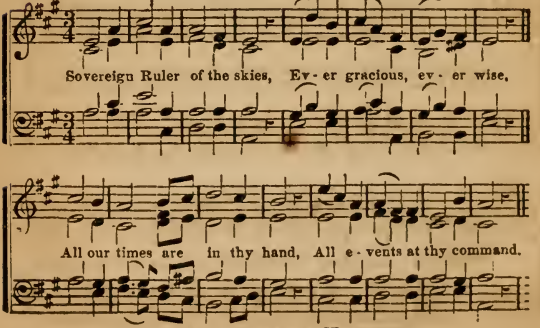
7. Let me feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping | o'er the | brink:
For it may be I'm nearer home,
| Nearer | now than I | think.

157. CORINTH. III. 3.

OLD CHURCH MELODY.



158. HORTON. III. 1.*



* From X. SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.

159. AMBOY. III. 3. Double.

FROM MOZART.

Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee ;

S.

Nak- ed, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be ;
Yet how rich is my con-di - tion. God and heaven are still my own !

D. S.

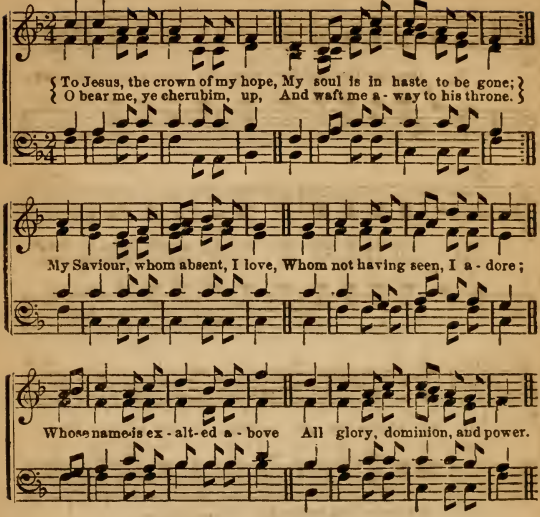
Per-ish ev - ery fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;

160. ELKTON. III. 4.

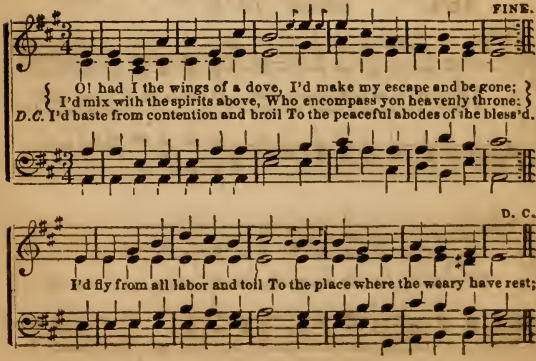
{ On the mountain's top appearing, Lo, the sacred Herald stands ; }
{ Wel-come news to Zi-on bearing, Zi - on long in hostile hands ; }

Mourn-ing cap - tive, God him-self will loose thy bands.

161. HAVILAND. IV. 2. Double.



162. WAKELAND. IV. 2. Double.



163. ALDGATE. II. 6.*

To thee, my God and Sa - viour, My heart ex-ult-ing sings;

S. FINE.

Re - - joic-ing in thy fa - vor, Al - mighty King of kings,
And tell the joy-ful sto - ry Of thy re - deeming love.

D. S.

I'll cel - e-brate thy glo - ry With all thy saints a - bove,

* From "*The Hallelujah*," by permission.

164. ERITH. III. 4.

Saviour! once to thee presented, At thy footstool I was laid;
In life's bloom my heart consented To the vows my sponsors made:

Thine in in - fan - cy and youth, Should I not have kept thy truth?

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